THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Four Benj. Franklin

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Bob"

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EXPOSED TO BOLSHEVISM

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

EVERYBODY who visits Russia these days comes out of that land of soviets and sorrow with a story to tell, and the fact that no two stories are ever quite alike even in general tone merely serves to prove that the real story is not a simple one, that it is many-sided, exceedingly complex, provocative of numerous and conflicting emotions, and that it makes a various appeal to variously constituted individuals.

A number of somewhat important contributors to the general fund of information on the subject have lent themselves vigorously to the defense of the system that has been established in Russia and, accepting the promise for the performance, have written about it as though it were a realization at last of Utopian dreams; this having led a considerable citizenry of conservative souls to fear that there is something irresistible in the philosophy of Bolshevism and to believe that the best thing for a sane person to do is to avoid contact with it.

Since I am likely to leave the United States almost any time for almost anywhere it seemed to me that my little circle of associates made more of my announcement that I was about to leave for Russia than was entirely justified. It caused them to unite in a very positive protest. Their primary objections to my plan were due of course to the sometimes vague and sometimes well-defined horror that nearly every so-called normal person feels with regard to the Russian situation, but after I had induced them to stop magnifying in their minds the risks I was running in connection merely with my personal safety they all began to predict that I would be ruined morally and spiritually. In other words, I would go into Russia, place myself in association with a lot of wild radicals and become myself as one of them.

Why Anna Went Back

JUDGING from the character of the evidence we were getting from persons of our own type—both British and American—who were in Russia at that time or who had been in Russia, this was what seemed to be happening to nearly everybody, and I myself wondered if I, too, would have revealed to me a really convincing promise in the Bolshevik system, once I saw it in actual operation. I was quite willing to expose myself to the contagion—along with other contagions that go with Bolshevism—and tried to persuade myself that I was entirely open-minded on the subject. My intention, however, was to believe nothing but my own eyes, and I may say at once that I have found even this exceedingly difficult.

Eleanor Franklin Egan, Photographed at Petrograd in "Cootie-Proof" Clothes

Because it was one of my first surprises I think I must begin by saying that "Bolshevik," "Bolsheviki" and "Bolshevism" are words one very rarely hears in Russia, though they are not regarded by the Bolsheviki themselves as being in any sense terms of opprobrium. They like "Bolshevism" and take great pride in it, but the simple fact is that the party in power in Russia is the Communist Party, and for purposes of ordinary conversation one is either a Communist or a Noncommunist.

Curiously enough, the words Bolshevik, Bolsheviki and Bolshevism are employed more often by those Russians who are known as returned Americans than by anyone else, this being due to the fact that most of these unfortunates are newly converted to the American interpretation of what Bolshevism amounts to and make use of it principally by way of relieving their feelings.

The person who used it oftenest in talking with me was a maid in the employ of the personnel of a certain American relief station. She did the bedroom work and waited on the table at the personnel residence, where I happened to be a guest for a while. She had very little English and what she had she evidently had acquired in a most unconventional environment. She knew a lot of cuss words and seemed to think that "damn" was an indispensable prefix of all adjectives, to say nothing of other parts of speech. The whole burden of this young woman's almost incessant babble was a burden of complaint against the "damn Bolsheviki."

No matter what occurred that was displeasing to her she laid it prayerfully at their door. If the lights went out and candles had to be produced; if fuel could not be obtained and the stoves got cold; if there was nothing to be found in the markets to eat but a bit of stringy, starved-to-death sheep meat; if the water pipes froze and burst and household activities were temporarily suspended; if the price of bread went up another notch; if a thief got into the kitchen and stole some food—all of which happened in the course of a week; if it snowed some more; if the day was dark and dreary—it was all the fault of the Bolsheviki. I shall never forget the sob of mingled sorrow and exasperation in her voice when she would say, "Ah-h-h, dese-a damn Bolsheviki, dey all time make bad!"

One day I questioned her.

"Anna," I said, "where do you come from? Where did you learn your English?"

"Me?" she replied in grieved astonishment. "I am American!"

"What!" I exclaimed. "You an American?"

It had not occurred to me to suspect that she might be one of the returned. In all the essentials she was such a simple soul, and up to that time I had encountered only the complex and so-called intelligent variety.

"Yes," she replied, "I go live New York three year."

"But why on earth did you ever come back to Russia?"

"Jus' damn fool! Two year now I live Russia! They tell me in New York Russia make fine; ev'thing good; all poor people get be rich people; me, I get fine house, fine dress, ev'thing fine; no gotta work; Russia poor people heaven!"

Shattered Illusions

SHE began to cry and each of her short sentences was a convulsive sob.

"I come; use all my money; they tell me no need have money in Russia; got two chil'n; baby girl; awfu' purty; awfu' sweet; Bolsheviki take away; put big house for school; not can have now, no more; gotta work or starve; last year they come get me; some soldiers; make me clean streets! Now I want go back America; not can."

By this time she was weeping bitterly and I had to set myself to the task of comforting her while being careful not to commit myself to a promise that I would help her to get back to my beloved country. That is what the returned almost invariably ask one to do. And it is astonishing how many of them one meets. I had no idea there had been such an exodus of Russians from the United States. They are everywhere in Russia, and in all kinds of employment. And they are particularly conspicuous in American relief circles; this being because their knowledge of English makes them useful in the relief work, which is directed exclusively by Americans.

When two of them meet for the first time they usually ask each other: "Did you return to Russia of your own accord or were you sent?"

When I heard this it struck me as being exceedingly funny and I laughed with great enjoyment, but I soon learned that it is a serious question. In radical Russian circles it is only natural that our deportees should be held in somewhat higher esteem than those who withdrew voluntarily from our unendurable midst. The deportees at least took an active part in the campaign against the accursed American capitalistic tyrants and oppressors, and therefore are to be regarded as veterans of the world revolution. They have won their laurels, and that very few of them have obtained anything in the way of visible or tangible rewards proves nothing against their philosophy and detracts nothing from the nobility and sacredness of their principles. This is more or less the way they talk when they are not talking about ways and means of

keeping soul and body together in Russia or of the vague possibilities of getting back to the United States.

But to go on from where I started: Before I left home my friends had grown tired of asking me if I couldn't think of some better country than Russia to go to, and had begun to ask me if I wouldn't, please, as long as I had to go to Russia, try to write something about the country that a gentle reader could get his teeth into. They complained of being fed up on glittering generalities and learned analyses, and, being for the most part distressingly bourgeois and disgracefully prosperous, they wanted to know what they might expect if the same sort of thing that has eventuated in Russia should eventuate in the United States. And all at once I realized that I, too, was strangely unenlightened.

Though I had followed the Russian story in a casual way in the daily press, as per the average citizen, had read nearly all the current books as they had come out, as well as a good many books about Communism in general and Russian Communism in particular, about the Russian revolutions, the Russian economic situation and various related subjects, I suddenly discovered that so far as really illuminating information was concerned I had accumulated very little. I had no picture in my mind of what life is like in Russia as a result of the communistic experiment. I knew that in communistic theory the element of personal incentive is omitted from all the calculations with regard to the common activities, but I found myself unable to visualize the effect of this omission in specific instances. And this must be what so many Russians mean when they say that conditions cannot be realized by those who have only read about them at a safe distance. The situation must be seen and felt and lived in.

I knew the program of the Third International, and had done my share of boiling with indignation about its brazen impertinences. I knew something about the propagandist activities of the Internationalists in my own country and I knew a lot of the patter of the tribe that has risen among us to destroy, and that—itself being anything but proletarian—makes its appeal to the least sanely and soberly thoughtful element in the world body politic.

An American Relief Administration Outfit Unloading Provisions

A Self-Styled Proletarian

IF ONE grants the existence of a world body politic. And one does. I myself am an internationalist within the limits of the necessities of international association, but internationalists with a capital "I," forsooth! It is my opinion that this kind of internationalism is for some persons a lucrative profession, but for very few an honest belief.

The Russian Communists are the leaders, the vanguard, the chief proponents of Internationalism as its aims are directed against the national existence of other peoples' countries, but I have never met one of them who really understood what I meant when I asked him if he would support Internationalism at the expense of the national existence of his own country.

You see I am not very intelligent, so I find it difficult to grasp the idea that, once all the capitalistic-bourgeois governments are overthrown, in the International organization each country would continue to be itself while being a part of a perfectly blended and completely harmonious whole, under the direction of an all-wise central authority. If you ask upon what happy spot they expect to effect their centralization you are told that the headquarters of the International are in Moscow.

"God bless and save us!" says you to yourself.

If you ask from what source they expect to draw their supermen for the superjobs in the International Government you may get nothing but a smile of patient tolerance, but the answer is likely to be, "From the proletariat, whose interests are above all other interests."

I was talking one day with a man in Petrograd who holds an important position in the government as a representative of the Central Soviet at Moscow. I asked him these questions, and these, sketchily recorded, were his answers. Then I said, "Just what do you mean by the proletariat? Are you a proletarian?"

"Certainly I am!" he replied. "I'm a sailor!"

He bristled when he said this, and drew his eyebrows down in a heavy frown, and I suddenly remembered that his proud boast was that he had more accursed bourgeois blood on his hands than any man in Russia. But I was not going to be intimidated by a mere growl.

"No, you are not," I said. "You are a government official, just like any other government official. You work here in this fine office; you wear good clothes and have plenty to eat and drink; you live in a fine house in warmth and comfort, and incidentally you are a great boss; in your official capacity you have a right to arrest anyone who offends you in any way."

He looked at me for a moment with an odd sort of gleam in his eyes, and by the queer fascination I felt I was prompted to add, "Moreover, I am told that you exercise this right on the slightest provocation." It was a good deal like discussing food calories with an anaconda.

He continued to regard me for a moment with a question in his eyes, then he said, "I'm a representative proletarian."

"Oh, I see," I replied. Though I didn't in the least, and was therefore persistent. As Wallace Irwin's Japanese schoolboy would say, I asked to know: "If you are a proletarian, what am I? Am I a proletarian?"

"Certainly not!" he answered, and with just a little more scorn than he needed to express in such a connection. "You have never worked with your hands."

I was glad they were gloved, because in comparison with his they were pretty badly kept. But I was living, you see, down among the submerged bourgeoisie, where, aside from the lack of facilities for the easy maintenance of the niceties, life was too full of a number of things to admit of concern about inconsequential and merely exterior effects.

I felt an urge to defend myself, so flashing my mind back down the years of my life, I exclaimed: "I have too! I have milked cows and hoed potatoes and curried horses and washed dishes and scrubbed floors and churned butter and raked hay and chucked it in the haymow and fed pigs and cooked for harvest hands and mended linen and made my own clothes and ——"

An American "Peasant"

I WAS out to enumerate all the things I had ever done with my hands, but a great light broke upon him and he interrupted me to say, "Oh, I see. You are a peasant intellectual."

I sat quite still and looked at him for a moment, then I asked, "Have you ever been in my country?"

He seemed to be pleased to be able to answer, "No, I never have. I am not a returned American."

"Well," said I, "in a way it's a pity you are not, because as an influential member of the Internationalist organization it might be useful to you to know that in the United States of America they ain't no such animal as a peasant."

He smiled upon me with a superior air and murmured in his beard, "Merely a difference in terms."

"Not a bit of it!" I exclaimed with considerable vehemence. "The difference is a difference in principles, in fundamental conceptions!"

"Ah," he replied, "fundamentals! The fundamental factors in the world social organization may exhibit differences in historic background and local phenomena, but in practical analysis each is universally identical." He spoke amazing English for a man of his type, but he had spent many years in England.

While I was taking that argument down on my bit of notepaper I wanted to ask him from what textbook of ism-istical terminology he had purloined it and whether or not he would think of using it in an attempt to get a lot of American farmers to regard themselves as being identical with so many Russian peasants; but instead I just kept quiet for a moment and then asked him if he knew anything about the agricultural bloc in the United States Congress.

(Continued on Page 45)

Russian Children Waiting at the Entrance of an American Dining Room

THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

By ROLAND PERTWEE

ILLUSTRATED BY H. J. MOWAT

IT IS unusual for genius to be sturdy, and yet Martyn Saville was very sturdy and it can hardly be denied that he was a genius. He had ideas by the thousand, and a practical capacity for realizing them. Mark you he was no dreamer, nor were his enthusiasms wholly centered in professional achievement. The day he invented a new graze fuse, perfectly safe to handle but so sensitively contrived that it would explode at the mere touch of a falling leaf, his mind was filled with joy at having won the monthly medal with a faultless seventy-two. The truth about Martyn was simply this—he had an uncanny knack of knowing what was wanted and how to make it.

He was responsible for a successful helicopter, and proceeding further along paths of aërial construction set about to design the first of the hush-hush air fleet, which by virtue of speed, carrying capacity, stability and power to hover indefinitely in the ether would render warfare so devastating in effect that no sane nation would hereafter engage in belligerent enterprises. Incidentally, the first experimental plane was a failure. An inexplicable fault developed, as fifteen brand-new tombstones bore testimony. Only three of the crew escaped with their lives, and Martyn was one of them. The rescue party came upon him sitting amidst the débris, a puzzled expression on his face.

His first words were characteristic: "Here's a damn thing, but I'll get it right next time."

What was left of the machine they swamped in petrol and burned to ashes; for even a very simple-looking villager may prove to be a wiser man than he seems, and it is not healthy to take chances where the safety of nations is at stake.

So Martyn Saville, with a broken collar bone which put golf and Rugger out of the question, set to work upon the drawings of Type B in a tight little office around the doors of which clustered plain-clothes detectives as plentiful as sparrows in a wheat field.

There is something in the very nature of secrecy that attracts attention. Fatima would never have wasted a thought on Bluebeard's chamber had the door been left unlocked. A firm of the magnitude and importance of Diplock, Mathews & Brandling is a magnet to espionage. Their roll of employes numbered over fifty thousand, the male inhabitants of an entire neighborhood answering to the summons of the huge siren from the central power station and thronging the galleries, workshops, stores and foundries of the mighty concern. Diplock, Mathews & Brandling made everything from a dreadnought to a lady's manicure set. In a sense they stood for the might and the mystery of England, and were as much a part of its government as the cabinet itself. It follows naturally that their activities attracted the notice of the entire world, civilized and uncivilized; and it would be no exaggeration to affirm that millions were spent yearly by inquisitive foreign offices to ascertain what was taking place in the vast square of industry sheltered behind the twenty-foot spike-topped walls.

During the war it was generally understood to be an unhealthy practice to ask questions at Diplock's. The chances of getting an answer were remote, but the risk of getting your skull cracked by a shifting spanner amounted almost to a certainty, assuming that no more permanent penalty was exacted. Quite a number of very plausible gentlemen whose bearing and accent were seemingly as English as a length of Harris tweed faced a firing party as a direct result of overmuch curiosity in that quarter.

That Night George Wedderton, the Italian, Mossi, and Two Other Men Conversed Together in Low Tones Until the Dawn

But these be matters of long ago, and at the time in which these incidents take place the waters of the world run smoothly, everybody is minding his own business. Thoughts of war excite the blush of shame, the scarred barrel of the siege gun is reforged into the shining plowshare. The dove of peace has settled upon the land, and Messrs. Diplock, Mathews & Brandling have reduced the personnel of their detective staff from a war establishment of three hundred and eighty-six to a permanent *cadre* of three hundred and seventy-nine. Here is matter that speaks for itself.

In the general way, the individuals composing this force were given every latitude for private investigation and private action; that is to say, they were not encouraged to trust one another unduly. Very often half a dozen would be working on the same case oblivious of one another's presence. The results were satisfactory, for what one man failed to discover another might very well find out.

There was a central bureau under the charge of a gentleman named Butterwick, but in the main he interfered but little with the doings of his subordinates. Butterwick was a small man, seemingly of nervous habit. A person of average height rarely saw more of him than the top of his head, since it was his custom to keep his chin on his chest and his eyes lowered. He appeared to be everlastingly examining his shoes, hypnotized, as it were, by the bright spots of light upon their toes. He said "Yes, yes, yes" nearly all the time, and he smiled a great deal more than the humor of life would seem to warrant. He could not tolerate persons who gave reasons for their findings; being interested solely in results. His grasp of any subject coming within the scope of his particular avocation was miraculous, but of the ordinary affairs of every day, of literature, art and home politics and small talk his ignorance was abysmal. Apart from work his only sources of relaxation and entertainment were contained in eating walnuts and playing bowls, in both of which practices he showed no small skill.

With the exception of Mr. Diplock, Senior, Butterwick was the only man in the firm acquainted with everything that was going on.

Prior to beginning on his designs for Type B, Martyn Saville had an interview with Butterwick in that gentleman's private office. It was a small room with double walls and windows looking out upon a narrow canal, into which flowed the waste products from the workshops, swill from lathes, engine drippings, paraffin and wash down from the floors. The oily water treacled slowly over its surface as colorful as a rainbow. Mr. Butterwick declared that he chose the room on account of its view. "Love opals," he said, "and those coal-tar dyes." But the real reason was the privacy insured by having one's castle protected by a moat.

Martyn Saville set forth his program frankly and minutely. Being essentially a modern in the way of speech he was ashamed of the inevitable technicalities, and garnished them with up-to-date formulas. Thus he spoke of jolly old dihedrals, and not infrequently addressed his audience as Old Fruit.

Butterwick filled in the gaps with more than the usual establishment of Yes-yes-yeses, and never once relaxed his smile. At the end he remarked: "Wonderful. I s'pose you'll do it."

"Bet your life," said Martyn.

"Yes, yes, yes. Nature's very odd, revealing such an idea to a harum-scarum fellow like yourself. Should say you're always getting into trouble?"

"I'm a bit unlucky," Martyn confessed.

"Yes, yes, yes. So our responsibilities increase! S'pose you're aware that this preventive weapon of yours would, in improper hands, constitute the greatest menace the world has ever known?"

"Sure thing."

"Yes. Seems a pity, really. However, must take our chances. All in the way of progress. You're beginning at once?"

"Just waiting for the flag to drop."

"There'll be a lot of bother about this. Yes; oh, yes. You know, of course, that the regular service is being informed?"

By the regular service Mr. Butterwick referred to the secret forces of the Crown.

"It's an R. A. F. stunt," Martyn replied. "So they were bound to be in it."

Mr. Butterwick shrugged his shoulders and cracked a walnut between his finger and thumb.

"As if I couldn't manage much better without 'em! Oh, well, I'll take care of you, Mr. Saville."

"Stout lad," said Martyn.

"But try and keep out of mischief."

"I will."

Mr. Butterwick ate his walnut in silence and dropped the shells into the waters of the canal. Then he said, "Yes, yes"; and added, "You won't."

Martyn Saville turned at the door, laughing.

"I'll be marrying soon and settling down."

"H'm! Why not marry first? Tackle this job afterward, eh? Hey?"

"No jolly fear, old top. Want a bit of rope after that event."

"Much safer," said Mr. Butterwick, and cracked another nut.

II

WHEN Martyn Saville confessed to being a bit unlucky he in no way implied that Fate had set her frown against him. It was merely that some of the scatter-brained enterprises in which he engaged—always with motives of the highest altruism—were wont to react upon himself in surprising fashion. He belonged to the class of individuals that are ever ready to enlist in hazardous causes for the betterment of friends. He could not persuade himself to stand by at another's funeral, but would hustle the bearers aside and lend a shoulder to the coffin, even though previous experience had taught him that it not infrequently slipped and delivered its weight upon his toe. Personal risk was with him rather an incentive than a deterrent, and danger was the little spark that ignited the slow gases of life and made the old world spin.

His happiest years were between 1914 and 1919, when the pleasant odors of fire and brimstone were borne upon every breeze. Do not imagine that Martyn Saville liked being shot at; he hated it as cordially as any other healthy-minded man. It was the reason that brought him under rifle and shell fire which intrigued him to the extent of forgetting these unpleasant addresses. Imminence of death is an admirable tonic for the wits and abolishes the dull vapors of every day. It was therefore with no unalloyed delight he read of the armistice and realized the end of the greatest adventure of all.

However, time heals most sorrows and having completed his mourning duties for the old love he sang her requiem and betook himself to the wooing of a new.

Leslie Kavanagh was the first serious affair in Martyn's life, probably because the girl had a serious turn of thought and expression, which made her smile better worth winning. She was grave and lovely, and very sincere indeed. She admired in Martyn the very characteristics which he held in lightest esteem. Martyn admired himself but as a sportsman, as a game and inarticulate male of 1921. His own inventive genius and constructive ability he disparaged as being assets more appropriate to a grave and reverend signior.

He knew himself to be extraordinarily gifted and was ashamed that he should be so, having a healthy and modest distaste for any outstanding feature that distinguished him from the standard man. His efforts to avoid notoriety in any shape or form, except as a sportsman, were as unceasing as they were fruitless. Popularity he loved—notoriety he abhorred. He would blush with pleasure all day should he hear "That's Saville, who knocked out Billy Watkin in the Amateur Championship"; but should a whisper go round to the effect that he was Saville of the Naval Gun Works, who invented so-and-so, he would bolt in shame and affright. His philosophy in life was "to put to proof Art alien to the artist," a phrase for which Browning was responsible. Incidentally Martyn used to read Browning with secret delight, but it was a practice he never indulged in without a copy of the Winning Post convenient to hand wherewith he might mask the volume should a visitor intrude.

Armed With a Drink He Disposed Himself Luxuriously, While Martyn Heaved Clothes Into a Capacious Gladstone Bag

Having possessed herself of the affections of this amiable young man Miss Leslie Kavanagh set about to regenerate him, and it was a task of no mean dimensions. She proposed to turn Martyn from paths of adventure and folly into the graver avenues he was reluctant to pursue.

Leslie herself stood about five foot nothing. Her hair was bobbed and curly, and you could have weighed her on a chemist's scale. Of such proportions are lion tamers made. She was one of the littles who go a long way—a homeopathic dose of pure and crystalline womanhood.

Of course Martyn didn't stand a chance, for he was six foot two, and there is an old song about that which speaks the truth. The line of her eyes was exactly level with his heart, which gave her an unfair advantage, since it will not be denied that the woman who can control a man's pulses will inevitably overrule his mind.

Leslie established herself firmly before dictating terms upon which she might consent to an engagement. In saying she established herself firmly, deed rather than word of mouth prevailed. Martyn's encircling arms wrought irreparable havoc to the flimsy escalloped frock she was wearing, but she spoke not in reproof. Martyn's head crushed the pretty French flowers at her shoulder and brilliantined them, but she did not bid him beware. And even when he kissed her nose until it was quite shiny she smiled with her eyes at a range of nearly half an inch. It was a wonderful evening; never before had they known such an evening; the air had a nip of frost in it, an oily drizzle had drifted up from the sea and there was a touch of fog. Thus for their wooing they had need to seek refuge in a bathing machine which smelt very powerfully of damp towels and seaweed. Wherefore it was a very wonderful evening, for there is nothing much the matter with a love that doesn't mind getting its feet wet.

Martyn had kissed many other girls in his light-hearted past, but these were affairs of paper lanterns, conservatories and distant jazz bands bespeaking their need to return to Swanee. They were part, in fact, of an education without which no man should be free of the city of his fellows. Memory of these did not stir his soul at the break of day, but on the morning after he and Leslie first discovered each other he never woke up at all, for the simple reason that he hadn't been to sleep but had lain in bed watching the livid green and vermilion lights of amazement flash and curve in the space before him.

They knew each other for the real thing, real and absolute; and fortified by this knowledge Martyn was for rushing at the altar for all the world as though it were a running mark. He was knocked of a heap when Leslie pronounced judgment against this unholy expedition.

"But, my blessed sweetheart," he protested, "let's get married first and do the talking afterwards."

"No," said Leslie, "we won't."

A man who is in love has the sense of having relinquished every care in the world, but it is not so with a woman. For the first time, perhaps, she is aware of the true meaning of responsibility. Before he has kissed her, man appears as a grown-up proposition; but afterward he stands revealed as a helpless infant who unless carefully controlled is like to get into every kind of mischief. The transformation is complete—her every attitude and view reorganized; for although it may not be widely known, no more than a kiss separates a sweetheart from becoming a nurse whose first charge is the man who so fondly imagines himself her protector.

"Why, you great, clever, stupid old thing," she said, "you don't imagine I'd risk you as you are!"

"But, dammit ——" said he.

"I wouldn't. I hardly know anything about you."

"But there's nothing you can't know. I've played the fool a bit and ——"

"Oh, Martyn, not that sort of thing. It's—well, you're such a flibbertigibbet. Never in the same place for two seconds."

"I'll settle down first rate after marriage. What about a honeymoon in the Rockies? We could have no end of a time if you're fond of climbing and shooting."

"There you go," said Leslie, wagging a finger at him. "Don't you realize you're a frightfully important man and you've got to be that?"

"Chuck it," he implored.

"You're thirty-five, Martyn."

"Not until to-morrow. I'm only thirty-four to-day."

"And you're just as irresponsible as a schoolboy."

"No, I ain't, my dear."

"But everybody says so."

"Rats to 'em!"

"You are! I should be terrified every time you were out of my sight, expecting you were doing a tight-rope act along the telephone wires."

"Wouldn't mind—if you were at the other end. Let's get married."

"No," said Leslie; "and until I've seen a genuine sign of improvement I shan't even allow the engagement to be announced."

Thus it came about that the sugar of engagement was placed upon Martyn's nose with the strict injunction that he should sit up and behave himself if he wanted to hear the words "paid for."

Now it is a very sorry thing for any young man to be denied in a single season not only the pursuit of Diana but also of Venus.

"I don't know what it is," said Leslie, "but I do know you've a tremendous job of work on hand, so it'll be much better for everyone if we don't see a great deal of each other until it's finished."

"But, good Lord!" he protested.

"I've a heap of engagements too."

"I'll chuck my work if you chuck your engagements, Les."

She looked at him severely.

"If you talk like that, Martyn," she said, "I'll go away for a year and not even write."

"Bully," he moaned.

"But if you're really good for two months you shall come to Nice for Christmas and perhaps ——"

"Two months is a lifetime, old girl. I'd die."

"Oh, no, you wouldn't."

"'Pon my soul," said he, "I believe you're sick of me already."

"You idiot! I love you," she answered.

"My idea," said Martyn, "is that your idea is a rotten one."

"I shall be staying with Mrs. Conyngham at the La Rhone."

"Young Cyril going to be there?"

"'Spect so."

"And I suppose he'll be wanting to run you around."

"He wouldn't have the chance if you were there."

"Mean that?"

"'Course I do."

Martyn looked at her gravely. "Oh, well," he allowed, "if those are the best terms you can offer, s'pose I must put up with them. All the same, I hate this pussy-foot kind of engagement. Damn all prohibition, say I."

"And you'll finish your work?"

"Oh, yes."

"And be very good?"

"Try."

"I'll miss you desperately," said Leslie.

III

BEHOLD Martyn Saville spending six weeks securely locked in his office for ten hours out of the twenty-four. In this peculiar atmosphere of India ink, vellum, blue print and protractor he was a different man. His entire being underwent a change. Lines of concentration crosspatched his forehead, his mouth thinned and his eyes lost their laughter. He became a machine armed and engined to conquer unknown difficulties. Ideas flowed in and out of his head to be held, discarded, examined, matured or reshaped. His brain contained, as it were, three compartments—an inventions board, a higher chamber for criticism and analysis, and finally a workshop. In making his drawings he rarely resorted to instruments or books of formulas. His hands were uncannily crafty and his mind a veritable slide rule.

The work engaged upon presented almost insuperable difficulties, but never for an instant did they overshadow him with doubt. The difficulties of work were to him like the dangers of life—in a word, delightful.

If a very ordinary fly could hover indefinitely in the air, what was to prevent a man from doing likewise? This was the question he asked, and had pledged himself to find the answer. But that was not enough. The hovering fly made a deal of buzzing and doubtless expended a lot of energy. It was Martyn's ambition to invent a machine that neither buzzed nor expended energy. In the ideal achievement the only energy wasted should be just enough power to prevent drift. He had an agreeable vision of anchoring in the sky, of being able, if necessary, to remain in one atmospheric square for days on end, too high up to be observed, too silent to be apprehended. The project was attractive. It had attracted others before him. He drove his inventions department exhaustively, and it gave him but one solution to the problem—an association of gas and metal; and upon this principle he worked.

The eventual result of his labors was extraordinarily simple, and differed in appearance but very slightly from the original type, which had crashed so disastrously. It was in fundamental principles that the change lay. Had the two blue prints been laid side by side scarcely one man in a dozen would have spotted the difference between the machine that had failed and the one that would succeed.

Martyn's finished drawings were miracles of neatness and completeness. On a single sheet he contrived to set forth not only the design of the whole and of every moving part but also the formula of the gases to be used. From A to Z the entire mystery was revealed at a glance—a working drawing so comprehensible that any mechanic of average skill could begin operations forthwith.

Each evening at 6:30 Martyn put the drawings in a huge safe behind his writing table. The door of this was secured with two keys, which in turn were placed inside another smaller safe with a five-letter combination lock. Then he rang a bell and one of Mr. Butterwick's men entered the office and touched his hat.

"Good night," said Martyn.

And "Good night, sir," said the man.

On the step outside two other men would offer him the compliments of the evening, their polite salutation synchronizing with the click of the latch and sound of a bolt being shot within.

Martyn Saville would then turn to the left toward the general offices. Proceeding down a long corridor he would enter the study of Mr. Diplock, Senior. Being well assured that no one was about he would greet the old gentleman in some such wise as this:

"It's a fine night, James."

And Mr. Diplock, whose Christian name was Stanley, would reply "Yes, yes; to be sure."

Sometimes, by way of variety, Martyn would announce, "Looks like frost."

Again Mr. Diplock would agree.

On one occasion a clerk entered unexpectedly, whereupon Mr. Diplock said "I hardly think so."

So Martyn had retraced his steps to his own office, sent the detective to wait outside, occupied himself for a moment with the combination lock of the second safe, and returned to his employer with the words, "That was silly."

"Quite so," said Mr. Diplock; "very silly. Good night, Saville."

It was not until the designs were approaching completion that a third party was admitted to the secret of the safe. This person was a gentleman in the employment of the secret service, who in pursuance of his calling went by a variety of names. To his intimates he was known as Old George Wedderton—the "old" applying more to his amiability than advancement in years. In appearance he was for all the world like any middle-aged guest at a shooting party. To be more precise, he was of medium height and fairly heavy build. His complexion was bronzed, his hair dark brown and his mustache a light sandy color. His eyes were very blue and rather small. Outwardly he seemed as comfortable, good-natured and lazy a kind of fellow as you would wish to meet.

"What is your friend Mr. Wedderton like?" Leslie had asked, for Martyn and George were old associates.

"Lord, don't ask me—nothin' in particular."

"But what's he look like?" she insisted.

"Forty-five," replied Martyn, and hit off the type to a hair.

Easy-going and affable, George Wedderton strolled through life with his hands in his pockets, picking up acquaintances by the thousand. He could be all things to all men. His honest simple countenance soaked up confidence like a sponge. Comparative strangers, beholding in him a tolerant and sympathetic listener, uninvited revealed their mysteries and their woes. He was so kindly and so obviously harmless that even the most astute failed to detect the possibility of another side to his nature. Women adored him, for he possessed to a singular degree the power to make them feel like nieces.

When asked what he did, his usual reply was, "I just fool round a bit—travel and that sort of thing. Dull life."

Had he spoken the truth, however, he must have confessed to something far removed from dullness. Very few men had looked down the barrel of a revolver more often than Old George Wedderton; or, for that matter, had given others the opportunity of doing likewise. His part in the Great War was not perhaps conspicuous, but it had certainly

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He Spoke of Jolly Old Dihedrals, and Not Infrequently Addressed His Audience as Old Fruit

SECRET MOVEMENTS

By George Kibbe Turner

ILLUSTRATED BY DOUGLAS RYAN

SECRET movements—said the fat foreman—secret and educational. The world is full of them to-day, all whispering and pointing and drilling up the worker for the great secret revolution which hangs beetling over us now. It minds me of old Mike Slattery and them three radicals there this spring in the D. U. tower.

'Tis a lonely job and speechless in them towers—especially one like that one where he was, out there in the woods six miles back of nowhere. You get fed up with the yelling of the frogs and crows and all them hekaty-dids and bull insects, till the sound of the human voice—if only from a passing freight—falls like soothing sirup on a raw and wounded soul.

So, naturally 'tis a grand spot for conversation—when you can get it. And Slattery got all he could by fair means or foul—though strictly speaking it was agin the rules to let others up there with him in his place. And more than all else he'd try to get them radicals up there, talking all their deep and secret plans for revolution, for then he would be sure to get his fill of human speech, the radicals furnishing the speech and him the tobacco.

He was sitting there this day and the local freight had dropped a driving rod from the engine and been shoved in on his siding, and three of them different radicals was up in there with him—two shacks, or brakemen, as you'd call them, and this here Russian gandy-dancer, or trackwalker, that stopped in there now and again. And Slattery was getting them going on one of their radical arguments—to fill and satisfy his craving for the pleasant noise of the talk of men.

"What show has this man Foster, the old steel-strike man, got raiding old Sammy Gompers with this new secret boring-in scheme of his?" says Slattery, aiming his question at that Twohey, the radical he was satisfied was working in with that boring bunch in the Trainmen Brotherhood.

A tall slim fellow he was—a good slick talker, with a still small smile at the far corner of his mouth, and a mysterious look down deep in his eye.

"If you want my opinion," he says, "he's got a damned good show."

And the Wobbly brakeman and the Russian said nothing yet.

"It's a slick scheme at that," says Mike, persevering on. "The way he plans to work it."

"It is," says Twohey, "with all them nuclei."

"Them nuclei?" says Mike.

"Them nuclei, yes," he says. "Them one thousand men he wrote them secret organizing letters to in all them one thousand towns and cities—one only in each place, each one a good and reliable and red-blooded radical that can be trusted not to be a company dick or spy."

"You're right, probably," says Mike, watching the others from the corner of his eye.

"And from there, in them one thousand cities, each man—each nuclei," says Twohey, continuing, "builds up his hand-picked bunch of borers, to make their own branches again—each one of these last to work and bore in soft and secret inside its own particular union—until they eat it up and consume it and take it over."

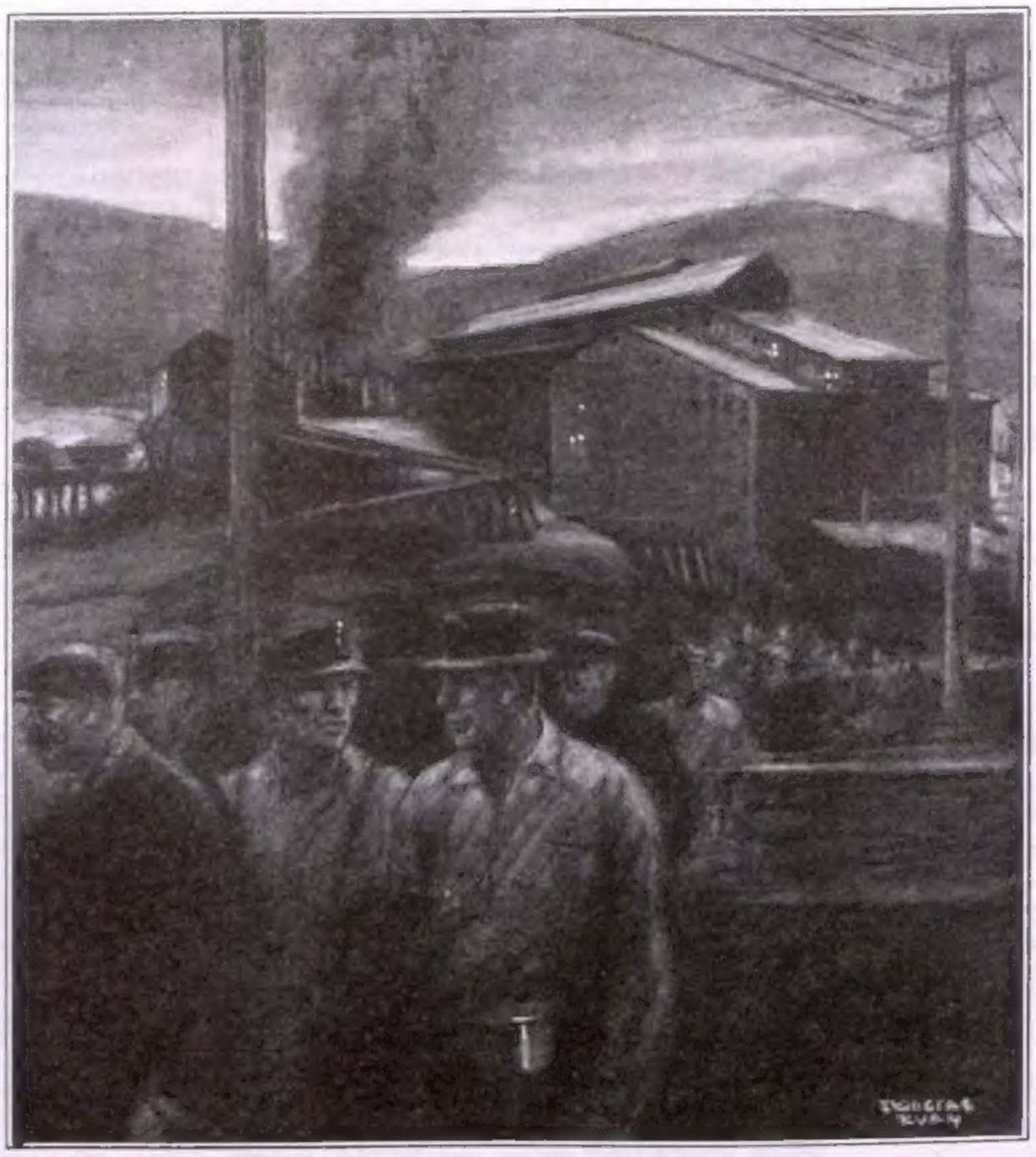
"And it's in the railroad unions that they're starting first, they tell me," says Mike.

"It is," he says. "But that's only a start to boring out through all them millions more."

And now Slattery turned his head around, for he seen at last he had them going.

"A swell chance that pie-cart artist has got," says the Wobbly, talking out finally in that hard, rough, sneering way those Wobblies, or I. W. W.'s, as you'd call them, talk. He was one of them old-time boomer brakemen with a hard-boiled eye and a smile hard as a crack in a china plate. Smear, they called him, as a nickname.

"You don't think he's all there is to this thing, do you?" says Twohey, staring at him, and chewing hard and hostile.



"From There You Come Into the Federation, Through the Mine Workers, by Far the Biggest Union"

And just then, when he had them started, Mike had to turn, for they was calling him from down the line on his telephone.

He talked, with his back to them, and swung round again. And then he seen them there—all three silent. The two shacks just sitting there, and the Russian staring out the window that meek and humble way he had.

"That's strange and odd," says Mike then. "They've stopped their arguing!"

For usually by now they'd been tearing the tower down. But instead this Twohey, the borer-in, the minute Slattery turned back, started in talking to him, and not to the Wobbly—talking and kind of holding onto his eye.

"You know what the big secret move that's framing up all over this country now is, don't you? Or do you?" he says to Slattery, low and mysterious.

"I dunno," says Mike. "What is it?"

"They're raising us up to where Europe is."

"Raising us up to Europe?" says Slattery. "How? In what way?"

"By organizing the workers together, way down deep—so they'll get the power, the way they've got it over there."

"Is that it?" says Mike, still with his eye held in his.

"It is," he says. "All them millions—all together. And do you know how bad they've got us beat over there?"

"I do not," says Mike.

"Take England," he says, going on giving it to him. "Take England, for instance, with her one union member to her every six of the population; and Germany with one to every four and a half—while here we have a mere paltry one in twenty-seven."

"Is that right?" says Mike, listening without avail for the Wobbly to break in and argue. But not a word.

"It is," says Twohey, going on holding him with his eye. "And you know what that would mean if we were fixed up right in this country like Europe."

"I do not. What would it?" says Mike, wondering more and more why this one was doing all the talking alone.

"From twenty to twenty-five million workers, all banded in together—instead of the mere paltry four or five million, all split up, like it is now."

"Is that right?" says Mike, making his mind up now he'd draw his eye away when he could—for the silence of them other two behind him—or the Wobbly, anyhow—was getting more and more unnatural and oppressing.

"Twenty millions at the least," says Twohey, going on hauling Slattery's eye back. "And do you know why it is that Europe's beating us so—and we're so behindhand in this country?"

"Go on," says Mike. "Tell me."

"It's the old-time crafts union," he says, "splitting us all up into a million pieces. For of all the world this one country alone preserves the old antiquated and moldy union of just crafts—all the rest being organized industrially—that is, by whole big industries, and not little parts and fractions of them."

"You're right without a doubt," says Mike, hearty, but still anxious and wondering.

"I am," he says. "And it's well known. For here, more than all the rest of the world, the capitalists are all bound together in their great huge Wall Street syndicates and their great enormous trusts, while we toilers are all split up here in these little dinky crafts unions. But now we're getting together like the capitalists, and we'll bore in under these old unions of the crafts that came over on the Mayflower with George W. Washington—and destroy them—and organize instead the worker by industries, and then by countries, and then by the world—like they're doing now in Europe."

"Is that right?" says Mike, kind of absent—but keeping him on talking and orating.

For now he'd been stealing back a look at the two behind him, and seen them—the Russian still staring out the window, quiet and innocent, and the Wobbly sitting staring ugly at him—and neither one paying no attention to this other radical that was running on, spreading his ideas, alone and without contradiction.

"What's going on here?" says Slattery to himself, more and more suspicious. "They ain't arguing to-day!"

"We must all reorganize still and secret, all together," says Twohey, now talking over to the Wobbly, that he'd seen Mike looking around at. "Am I right?"

"You are," he said back.

And Mike gave a still worse jump inside—to hear them two agreeing on anything!

"We must organize right—by industries, as we should have long ago!" says Twohey.

"What's been hindering you then, all these years?" says Mike—to say something.

"Rank, rotten and diabolical deceit! Deceit and robbery of the worker. Am I right?" says Twohey, turning now again to the Wobbly that he'd seen Slattery's eyes upon once more.

"You are," says the Wobbly right away.

And Slattery could see now pretty certain that something was going on there wrong. And growing every minute more and more restless and uneasy and looking always still and careful around, Slattery's heart now gave a sudden bounce in his bosom, for he seen now what it was.

He had his coat hanging on its regular old nail on the side wall where that Russian Hunk was looking out so far and innocent through the window. It hung there kind of inside out, and in the inside pocket of it he had that money—that three hundred dollars he had drawn out of the savings bank that morning to pay off on his mortgage that night.

"It's gone!" says Slattery to himself, starting suddenly inside—but by no means outside, so they could see it! "Them radicals have got it!" and he thought woe to himself for his foolishness.

He kept his eye out always, naturally, when them radicals were in there, and especially that bowing, humble,

low-spirited Russian—for he'd suspicioned him more than once before on account of different things that would turn up missing after he was gone. And everyone knows what those Wobblies are—them boomer brakemen like this one, that wander on from one road to another, raising hell and taking a specimen of most everything but the right of way with them when they move along. And they said this Twohey was no better than he should be, in spite of all his soft talk. And now, worse than a hen, Slattery'd taken his eye off that big wad of his when they were all in there, and now, naturally, it was gone!

"What'll I do?" says Slattery to himself. "Between them they have got my roll!" And he sat still—and made no sign nor motion—for he seen what lay before him.

There was one of them three radicals had it—that he knew. But which one? That was the question—and what he had to dig out secret, before whoever it was could up and light out. For he couldn't naturally accuse the whole of them at once—or he'd have them all pouncing on him together, calling him a paltry thieving lowdown liar; and he'd not only be out his three hundred but handed a good healthy murdering besides.

So he done what he seen he had to do—he sat there still, with his face smooth and innocent as a new-planed board, listening and watching underneath, while this Twohey, the boring-in radical, went on explaining free and soft and slippery about what was going on away down deep under in the framing of the secret revolution in the country.

"What's hindering us," he says, "from organizing right? You know what's always been hindering us, don't you? It's the American Federation of Labor, ain't it? It's Sammy Gompers and his gang—his paid and nefarious network of general and special organizers, and trained spies and politicians all over the land. And then also the big fatheads of the railroad brotherhoods, with their marble banks and their insurance companies and their Wall Street salaries. Them and the ones that count the votes for them in the different elections."

"It is?" says Mike, eying him—for of course that is the radicals' claim now all over—that they would be in control of the federation, and the brotherhoods probably, if they wasn't always counted out on election.

"It is," he says. "But, thank God, that time's about over! With the final breaking up of the A. F. of L.!"

"Is that right?" says Slattery, striving always to get a look-in when he could at the other two behind him. "Is the old federation coming to its end?"

"It is," he says. "It's standing and shivering to pieces where it stands to-day—from its own weakness. They'll tell you the federation shot up to over four million members in the war.

"Yes—and now it's shooting down a lot quicker than ever it went up—with the membership of its international unions all out of work or on a strike—or else losing interest in their unions altogether. And the treasuries of them all, from the locals up, gone bankrupt from all the strikes and the lack of working members to pay in dues. And it's the same everywhere."

"So I heard," says Mike, keeping him going. "It is with us, anyhow."

"And the leaders know it, naturally—the old time labor skates like Gompers. And the manufacturers and the Wall Street capitalists know it just as well. And that makes it all the worse for them!"

Slattery Was Getting Them Going on One of Their Radical Arguments

"Worse?" says Slattery.

"Certainly," he says. "For they're going after them old-time unions, and hammering them down with insane and foolish haste—each smash driving the poor old doddering federation lower to its knees—and their murdering bloodshot system of capitalism with it. And both to-day are starting on their way together in this country, staggering on to one common grave, like crafts unionism and capitalism have done already there in Europe."

"Is that the case?" says Slattery, still striving to look back of him unseen.

"It is," he says. "For crafts unionism is starting now to go down here—as it done eight or ten years ago in England, just before the toilers there started in making their tremendous strides they've made since. And it's going on fast here now, with the falling and crumbling down finally of that old Noah's Ark, the American Federation of Labor."

"The federation's gone then?" says Mike.

"It is," he says. "They're fighting and quarreling already—the inside gang—amongst themselves. And every day the whispers of it are growing louder and more public. For the first time in years they've had a real genuine contest for the presidency. The tried-and-true staff of paid organizers and professional politicians of Gompers' have been out on extra vacations to save money for the busted treasury—all grumbling against their master for having to do so on account of the money he wasted during the war. The old inside political boss of the closest run political machine in the land—after a good lifetime of continued office—goes tottering to his fall, and the eyes of any man can see that the time is close at hand when old Sammy Gompers will walk no more like a little sacred duck at the head of American labor, uttering wise-sounding noises."

"Is this right?" asks Mike, thinking uneasy of what that Wobbly and Russian might be doing behind him, but still not able yet to get a good clear look at them.

"It is," he says. "And taking advantage of just this exact and critical moment, the wise silent boys in the know inside start now their boring-in plans—their great far-spreading secret movements."

"Secret movements, yes!" says Slattery in his mind, and gave a still secret movement of joy inside, himself. For now for just a second he got his eye loose from Twohey's, and he caught good and plain for once what the Wobbly was doing. He was motioning and waving at the Russian, who was beyond him at the window—shaking and threatening at him with his fist, and trying to catch his eye and point him to the stairway out, and having no luck at doing so, for not a motion did the Russian make at the window that showed that he was seeing him.

"Aha!" says Mike to himself. "So that's how it stands!"

And he felt better, for now he had his roll located.

He seen how it was, probably—just as he suspicioned it might be at first. The Russian had been pulling out the wallet from his coat pocket, secret, for himself. And they'd caught him doing it. And now they'd got to get him outside some way and get their slice out of it—before their train pulled out, and also without Slattery's getting onto them. So by winks and nods and silent movements while he was telephoning, they had without a doubt divided up the work of doing this between them—this Twohey, the trainman, going on eloquent and blandandering on the revolution of the workers, while the other one was to sign and motion at the Russian to come out and divide up with them at once—or they'd murder him and mash him and leave him for dead the next time they ran across him.

But the Russian still stood there at the window—pretending not to see nor notice him, with that sad humble way those Hunks and Wops all have of never noticing nor understanding what they don't want to.

"Secret movements," this Twohey, the trainman, was going on when, with one swift and noiseless look, Mike was taking all this in. "Secret movements. And you may see now what they will be built and founded on."

"What will they?" says Mike, drawing his eye back and fixing it again in haste on his, for now he seen what he must do. He must play in from now on

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"With the Machinists and the Federation Clothing Workers and the Others That are Radical, They're Easy a Majority"

Squire Truman Turns a Plank

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY J. C. SHEPHERD

"THIS here court," said Squire Truman with a patience that showed signs of wear, "calc'lates to take notice of the disposition of every dawg in Amity Township."

"But," expostulated the youthful attorney, "no court can take judicial notice of a dog. I refer your honor to ——"

"Can't, eh? Can't, eh? Wa-al, young man, you jest keep your eye peeled onto this proceedin' and you'll see it done. That'll do. Set down! Verdict fer the plaintiff. Seven dollars 'n' a half 'n' costs."

Both lawyers, young men imported from the city to try this *cause célèbre*, leaped to their feet protesting.

"I want to offer evidence ——"

"Offer it," snapped the squire, "some'eres else. If you young fellers has got the time and inclination to listen to witnesses gabblin' all day, why, take 'em over to the barber shop. Next case, constable."

"I shall take an appeal," declared the defendant's counsel. "This court cannot ride roughshod over the right of my client to present his case."

Squire Truman put on his glasses deliberately, and the crowd which packed the court room sighed with relief. It had come in the confident expectation of rare entertainment, but the squire had shown unexampled patience with the youthful counsel, and had ended the proceedings with what seemed to the crowd unfair suddenness. He allowed the plaintiff to testify how his dog had been shot. At this point he interrupted counsel to ask a question of the defendant.

"Jake," he demanded, "do you deny shootin' the critter?"

"I shot him, squire, but ——"

"Shet up! I know this here dawg Ranger. The' hain't been a day in months I hain't stoned him away from my swill pail. Knew his mother before him, and, if markin's is any token, I knew his father. He never harmed nobody and never offered to harm nobody—that didn't come a-prowlin' in the nighttime."

It was here objection was made to the court's taking judicial notice of the character of a dog. The squire put on his glasses and the crowd became hopeful. They were glassed with rectangular lenses such as old gentlemen used to wear some fifty years ago. Indeed these had been worn by an old gentleman fifty years before, for the squire inherited them from his father. Personally he had no need for them except for judicial purposes, for his eyesight was of the keenest. When he put them on he was careful to set them so far down his nose that they could not interfere with his vision, and when he put them on one might await consequences.

"Appeal, did you say, young man? Appeal? When this here court makes a decision it calc'lates it to be final. I don't tolerate no appeals. The courts of this county's got plenty to do 'thout potterin' with things I'm amply able to take care of right here. When I give out a verdict it goes as it reads. I hain't never yit found a case so complicated that Tiffany's Justices' Guide and me couldn't git to the meat of it. Now don't go quotin' no law to me! I aim to foller Tiffany so long's he runs in a line with what's fair and right, and so long as he 'n' me don't disagree. If I don't know what law's good for Amity Township after livin' here sixty-two year, then you kin bet your bottom dollar no court forty mile off does. Young feller, the' won't be no appeal."

"I've a right to appeal. The statutes governing practice in the justices' courts give me the right to appeal."

"Um-m! You got a right to go clerkin' in a grocery store too—and it might be better for all concerned if you was to avail yourself of it—but you don't do it. Uh-huh Jake"—he turned to the defendant—"heard my verdict?"

"Yes, squire."

"Aim to appeal?"

"No, squire."

"Shows ye got some sense left. Now clear out of here, all of ye, and as fer you, young spriggins"—this to the attorney—"when next you come practicin' in this here court, check your college learnin' at the hotel and fetch your brains, sich as they be. Looks like you was so plumb full of statutes and decisions that they've kind of crowded your intellec' out through your ears. . . . Next case, constable."

"If You Change Your Mind To-morrow, or Next Month, or in Fifty Years, Come Back and Rap on My Door and I'll be Here"

"Jim Finch agin Susan Briggs, replevy," bellowed Ollo Dawdy.

"Involves a silver cornet, don't it?" asked the squire.

"Uh-huh," said Ollo.

The squire fixed Jim Finch with a stern eye.

"Now you look here, Jim, your house hain't more'n fifty feet from mine. Think I'm goin' to tolerate a cornet in it? You'd be yowlin' into the thing continual from mornin' till night. You kin take your choice, Jim. Either dismiss this here case or git fined fer contempt of court. If blowin' a cornet in the court's ear hain't contempt, I'm dummed if I know what is. . . . Next case, constable."

He motioned to Ollo with his finger and Ollo bent over the desk.

"Mighty int'restin' case—the dawg shootin'," said the squire.

"Didn't observe no special features," said Ollo.

"Um-m! What was the dawg shot with?"

"Buckshot."

"In the head," said the squire. "Where was it shot?"

"Just to the no'th of Jahala Bond's barn."

"Funny place fer Jake Morrow to shoot John Chase's dawg. Seems like neither of 'em had a right to be there."

"John says he sort of give the loan of the dawg to Jahala. Says it lived there more'n it did to home."

"Mebby so. Mebby so. Dark night, wa'n't it?"

"Darker'n a stack of black cats."

"Jake made a fust-class shot in the dark, didn't he?"

"Must 'a' been luck."

"Or a jack light," said the squire. "A jack light shinin' on a dawg's eyes.

"Now what I want to know's why Jake went dawg huntin' with a jack light. . . . H'm. . . . Nigh Jahala's barn. That Ranger was a fust-class watch-dawg. . . . Never heard tell of a man jackin' a dawg before. Cur'ous."

"Mebby," said Ollo, "Jake's took on a appetite fer dawg meat."

"I don't like for folks to do things I can't understand," said the squire. "Mysteries is in the nature of nuisances. I've a dummed good notion to issue a summons agin Jake for maintainin' a nuisance."

During this colloquy Ollo was painstakingly studying the squire and carefully imitating each gesture and change of expression. The squire did not mind; he was used to it. For upwards of twenty years Ollo had been giving a conscientious impersonation of the old justice, which was somewhat difficult when one considers that the squire was five feet and six inches in his stocking feet, while Ollo was an ample six feet; also that the squire weighed at his most robust a hundred and fourteen pounds to Ollo's two hundred and twelve. But in the matter of whiskers the constable achieved a notable success. Both he and the judge wore a bristly, paintbrush beard—bristly and belligerent. Both shaved upper lip, under lip and jowls. Squire Truman was bald with the exception of a sparse oasis above each ear. Ollo's hair was, or had been, of the curly, luxuriant variety. He was possessed of an indomitable spirit, however, and even this seemingly insurmountable obstacle was overcome. He shaved his head each morning to the pattern of the squire's. In the matters of gait, mannerisms, mode of expression, Ollo did his best possible. On the whole it made one think of a St. Bernard that believed he was a fox terrier.

"Jake," said Ollo in the justice's voice and with a staccato gesture borrowed from his principal, "hain't a feller to do nothin' 'thout a end in view."

"Come to that conclusion, have ye?" said the squire.

"I'll kind of study it out," said Ollo.

"So do, so do," said the squire.

During the remaining court proceedings that morning the squire was most unsatisfyingly mild; indeed, he might have been accused of inattentiveness. He was thinking about Jahala Bond. He was not thinking of her in connection with the murdered dog; but the dog had reminded him of her affairs, having come to his death close to her barn. Everybody was acquainted with Jahala's story. It elevated her to the status of a local celebrity, and Amity was proud of its celebrities. The tale of her misfortunes contained all the elements dear to such populations as those of the little town: Love and sorrow, romance and perfidy, mystery and courage. It was better than a novel, because Amity had witnessed the actual characters in their several parts. It was a serial, continuing from day to day, from month to month.

Squire Truman remembered the day Jahala was born. He could give you the dates on which her parents died. There was little he could not tell you about her, or about any other resident of his township. Hers was the sort of history one could not expel from one's thoughts. The squire had undertaken the formalities incident to the appointment of Fabius Sprague as the guardian of her person and property, and felt well satisfied of the wisdom of the selection. And later, when she put on long dresses and piled her abundant hair high, as a young woman should, he noted with satisfaction how Jahala and young Paul Sprague seemed to select each other, simply, as if by some natural law. Theirs was not so much a courtship as it was the molding together of two young people foreordained to union. It was a love affair perfectly in tune, simple, sweet, and with a sort of inevitability about it. You could not imagine Paul loving anybody but Jahala or Jahala giving her love to anybody but Paul.

Fabius Sprague, with the approval of the probate court, invested Jahala's little fortune of some fifteen thousand dollars in good farm mortgages, consulting with the squire as to the moral risk involved in each transaction. . . . The squire frowned and waggled his head with a quick, squirrel-like movement. He was remembering the reputation for probity which Fabius had earned and deserved in Amity. The man's word was as good as his bond.

Jahala and Young Paul Sprague Seemed to Select Each Other, Simply, as if by Some Natural Law

Then, just before Jahala's twentieth birthday, her guardian was killed in his planing mill. With awful suddenness he was snatched out of the march of events, leaving them to go on without him, incapable of making corrections or explanations.

To its dismay and astonishment Amity learned that Fabius Sprague's affairs were in so involved a condition that bankruptcy would have been inevitable. It was even hinted his death was not accidental; but that Squire Truman refused to believe. What, to Amity, seemed worse than suicide was the astounding fact that Jahala Bond's inheritance had vanished. A number of mortgages had fallen due at once and been paid, the money being deposited in the savings bank awaiting fresh investment. Two weeks before his death Fabius had withdrawn the total sum in cash, some thirteen thousand dollars. It could not be traced.

The squire was witness and auditor to what followed. Young Sprague rang his doorbell and stood upon the mat, refusing to enter the house.

His face was not pale; it was too much tanned by wind and sun for that; but there sat upon it a fixed gravity unbecoming his years, and his eyes were those of a man who thrusts his hand into a brazier of glowing charcoal.

"It's not fitten I should go under any man's roof," he said in answer to the squire's invitation to enter, and the squire did not argue with him, for he knew, in some measure, what the boy was suffering.

"What kin I do fer ye then?" he asked.

"I want you should go with me to see Jahala," said Paul, and the squire put on his hat and went with him.

"Ask her to come out here," Paul said when they arrived at the home of his sweetheart. So the squire entered her door without rapping, which was his custom, and called.

She came out to him, hiding as best she could her grief, for somehow grief, in Amity, is a thing which must not be displayed. Jahala was not resentful. Her mood did not accuse her guardian; it wept for him.

"Paul wants you sh'u'd come out," said the squire.

"Poor Paul! Poor boy," she said that was all. Amity is not effusive. She offered him her lips when she came up to him in the yard, but he would not accept her proffer—ignored it.

"I'm going away, Jahala," said Paul. "I've got to go away."

She nodded.

"When shall I be ready?" she asked simply.

At this his eyes became hungry and his clenched hands opened and shut. It was the utmost she could have done. Nothing could have been added to it. He was going; she offered to accompany him. For a moment he did not speak—could not speak for the amazement that filled him at her fineness and her fidelity. Then he shook his head, but his eyes were not dry.

"I can't take you, Jahala," he said. "I've come to say good-by and give you back your promise. There's that in my blood that makes me unfit to marry any woman, you most of all. It's blood that mustn't be passed on to others."

This was an amazing speech, for in Amity one does not refer to unborn generations. She waited, knowing him too well to attempt to dissuade

"We'd both remember always what—what he did," Paul went on. "It would stand between us. You'd be watchin' for it to crop out in me. We'd be watchin' for it to crop out in them.

"Every week money'll be comin' to you—every cent I don't need to keep body and soul together—until it's paid, principal and interest."

"I don't want the money, Paul," she said, and he understood what she left unsaid. She didn't want the money; she did want him.

"I'm obliged," he said in the idiom of the place. "I fetched the squire to witness—and, if you need advisin', to give you advice."

"I need no advice," she said. "What you must do, you must do. You know that best, Paul. But if you change your mind to-morrow, or next month, or in fifty years, come back and rap on my door and I'll be here, Paul, waiting for you."

"Good-by," he said, not offering his hand, not asking for the kiss she would have given so gladly. In its morality Amity is austere. In matters involving honesty it is hard and exacting.

"Good-by, Paul," she said, and stood watching him until he passed out of the gate with the squire, and until he turned the corner, which seemed to shut him out of her life.

That was two years ago, the squire recalled. Every Monday since that day Jahala Bond took from the post office an envelope containing a money order in her name. These she accepted without question, even though she knew the sacrifices and privations Paul underwent in order to send them. She knew they were privations she had not the right to deprive him of. But she did not touch the money. Every penny of it lay in the bank, and she regarded it as accursed.

Jahala went to teaching school; picked up her life at the point where it was broken and carried it on in a manner considered by Amity to be admirable. She did not complain, she did not pine; but neither did she take on again the lightness and gayety which had been hers before Fabius Sprague's death. She walked steadily, but quietly. She was not subdued so much as grave, and dignity so sat upon her that she seemed older than her years. Amity knew, as Squire Truman knew, that she would not change. Neither would she be faithless to Paul. Each year would add to her age; she would merge from maidenhood to spinsterhood, and that would be her story.

"Ollo," said the squire, "did ye ever think how many innocent folks suffers, while guilty ones slips off scot-free?"

"The sins of the fathers," said Ollo. "That's Scripture fer it."

"I wonder if Gawd intends it so," said the justice, "or if it's jest the result of human fumblin'. Man has undertook the job of ladlin' out punishments. Near's I kin see, the idee is to hurt somebody, it don't matter who. Kind of a gen'ral gettin' even, as ye might say. One man up and commits a crime, and then justice sort of lashes out regardless, 'thout lookin' to see who it hits."

"Thinkin' of Jahala and Paul?"

"Uh-huh," said the squire. "On account of a matter of twelve-fifteen thousand

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"He Knew a Good Man Stays Good. He Knew a Man That Was Honest to His Backbone Don't Turn Thief"

WOMEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

By Franklin P. Adams

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

"Whene'er I take my walks"—you know
The rest—"abroad," I always meet
Elaine or Maude or Anne or Flo,
Belinda, Blanche or Marguerite;
And Melancholy, bittersweet,
Sets seal upon me when I view
Coldly, and from a judgment seat—
The women I'm not married to.

Not mine the sighs for Long Ago;
Not mine to mourn the obsolete;
With Burns and Shelley, Keats and Poe
I have no yearning to compete.
No Dead Sea pickled pears I eat;
I never touch a drop of rue;
I toast, and drink my pleasure neat,
The women I'm not married to!

Fate with her celebrated blow
Frequently knocks me off my feet;
And Life her dice box chucks a throw
That usually has me beat.
Yet although Love has tried to treat
Me rough, award the kid his due.
Look at the list, though incomplete:
The women I'm not married to.

L'ENVOI

My dears, whom gracefully I greet,
Gaze at these lucky ladies who
Are of—to make this thing concrete—
The women I'm not married to.

Elaine

THERE have been more beautiful girls than Elaine, for I have read about them, and I have utter faith in the printed word. And I expect my public, a few of whom are—just a second—more than two and a quarter million weekly, to put the same credence in my printed word. When I said there have been more beautiful girls than Elaine I lied. There haven't been. She was a darb. Blue were her eyes as the fairy flax, her eyebrows were like curved snowdrifts, her neck was like the swan, her face it was the fairest that e'er the sun shone on, she walked in beauty like the night, her lips were like the cherries ripe that sunny walls of Boreas screen, her teeth were like a flock of sheep with fleeces newly washen clean, her hair was like the curling mist that shades the mountain side at e'en, and oh, she danced in such a way no sun upon an Easter day was half so fine a sight! If I may interrupt the poets, I should say she was one pip. She was, I might add, kind of pretty.

Enchantment was hers, and fairyland her exclusive province. I would walk down a commonplace street with her, and it would become the primrose path, and a one-way path at that, with nobody but us on it. If I said it was a nice day—and if I told her that once I told her a hundred times—she would say, "Isn't it? My very words to Isabel when I telephoned her this morning!" So we had, I said to myself, a lot in common.

And after a conversation like that I would go home and lie awake and think: If two persons can be in such harmony about the weather, a fundamental thing, a thing that prehistoric religions actually were based upon, what possible discord ever could be between us? For I have known families to be rent by disagreements as to meteorological conditions.

"Isn't this," my sister used to say, "a nice day?"

"No," my reply used to be; "it's a dreadful day. It's blowy, and it's going to rain." And I would warn my mother that my sister was likely to grow up into a liar.

But, as I have tried to hint, beauty was Elaine's, and when she spoke of the weather I used to feel sorry for everybody who had lived in the olden times, from yesterday back to the afternoon Adam told Eve that no matter how hot it was they always got a breeze, before there was any weather at all.

It wasn't only the weather. We used to agree on other things. Once when she met a schoolgirl friend in Hyde Park whom she hadn't seen since a year ago, out in Lake View, she said that it was a small world after all, and I told her she never said a truer word. And about golf—she didn't think, she said one day, that it was as strenuous as tennis, but it certainly took you out in the open air—well, that was how I felt about it too. So you see it wasn't just the weather, though at that time I thought that would be enough. Well, one day we were walking along, and she looked at me and said, "I wonder if you'd like me so much if I weren't pretty."

FLO

MARGUERITE

ELAINE

It came over me that I shouldn't. "No," I said, "I should say not."

"The first honest thing you ever said to me," she said.

"No, it isn't," I said.

"It is too," was her rejoinder.

"It's nothing of the kind," I said.

"Yes, it is!" she said, her petulant temper getting the better of her.

So we parted on that, and I often think how lucky I am to have escaped from Elaine's distrust of honesty, and from her violent and passionate temper.

Maude

MAUDE and I might have been happy together. She was not the kind you couldn't be candid with. She used to say she admired honesty and sincerity above all other traits. And she was deeply interested in me, which was natural enough, as I had no reservations, no reticences from her. I believed that when you cared about a girl it was wrong to have secrets from her.

And that was her policy, too, though now and then she carried it too far. One day I telephoned her and asked her what she had been doing that morning.

"I've been reading the most fascinating book," she said.

"What book?" I asked politely.

"I can't remember the title," she said, "but it's about a man in love with a girl, and he ——"

"Who wrote it?" I interrupted.

"Wait a minute," said Maude. I waited four minutes. "Sorry to have kept you waiting," she said. "I mislaid the book. I thought I left it in my room and I looked all around for it, and then I asked Hulda if she'd seen it, and she said no, though I asked her that the other day about something else, and she said no, and later I found out that she had seen it and put it in a drawer, so I went to the library and the book wasn't there, and then I went back to my room and looked again, and I was just coming back to tell you I couldn't find it when here it is, guess where, right on the telephone stand. Who wrote it? Hutchison is the author. A. M. S.—no, wait a minute—A. S. M. Hutchinson, not Hutchison. There's an *n* in it. Two *n*'s really. But I mean an *n* between the *i* and the *s*. I mean it's Hut-chin-son, and not Hut-chi-son. But what's the difference who writes a book as long as it's a good book?"

There may have been more, but I was reasonably certain that the author's name was Hutchinson, so I hung up the receiver, though the way I felt at the time was that hanging was too good for it.

I had dinner with her that night at a restaurant.

"Coffee?" asked the waiter.

"No," I said. And to her: "Coffee keeps me awake. If I took a cup now I wouldn't close an eye all night. Some folks can drink it and not notice it, but take me: I'm

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BLANCHE

MAUDE ANNE

BELINDA

MEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

By Dorothy Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

No matter where my route may lie,
  No matter whither I repair,
In brief—no matter how or why
  Or when I go, the boys are there.
On lane and byway, street and square,
  On alley, path and avenue,
They seem to spring up everywhere—
  The men I am not married to.

I watch them as they pass me by;
  At each in wonderment I stare,
And "But for heaven's grace," I cry,
  "There goes the guy whose name I'd bear!"
They represent no species rare,
  They walk and talk as others do;
They're fair to see—but only fair—
  The men I am not married to.

I'm sure that to a mother's eye
  Is each potentially a bear;
But though at home they rank ace-high,
  No change of heart could I declare.
Yet worry silvers not their hair;
  They deck them not with sprigs of rue.
It's curious how they do not care—
  The men I am not married to.

L'ENVOI

In fact, if they'd a chance to share
  Their lot with me, a lifetime through,
They'd doubtless tender me the air—
  The men I am not married to.

Freddie

"OH, BOY!" people say of Freddie. "You just ought to meet him sometime! He's a riot, that's what he is—more fun than a goat."

Other and more imaginative souls play whimsically with the idea, and say that he is more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Still others go at the thing from a different angle, and refer to him as being as funny as a crutch. But I always feel, myself, that they stole the line from Freddie. Satire—that is his dish.

And there you have, really, one of Freddie's greatest crosses. People steal his stuff right and left. He will say something one day, and the next it will be as good as all over the city. Time after time I have gone to him and told him that I have heard lots of vaudeville acts using his comedy, but he just puts on the most killing expression and says "Oh, say not suchly!" in that way of his. And of course it gets me laughing so that I can't say another word about it.

That is the way he always is, just laughing it off when he is told that people are using his best lines without even so much as a word of acknowledgment. I never hear anyone say "There is such a thing as being too good-natured" but what I think of Freddie.

You never knew anyone like him on a party. Things will be dragging along, the way they do at the beginning of the evening, with the early arrivals sitting around asking one another have they been to anything good at the theater lately, and is it any wonder there is so much sickness around with the weather so changeable. The party will be just about plucking at the coverlet, when in will breeze Freddie, and from that moment on the evening is little short of a whirlwind. Often and often I have heard him called the life of the party, and I have always felt that there is not the least bit of exaggeration in the expression.

What I envy about Freddie is that poise of his. He can come right into a room full of strangers, and be just as much at home as if he had gone through grammar school with them. He smashes the ice all to nothing the moment he is introduced to the other guests by pretending to misunderstand their names, and calling them something entirely different, keeping a perfectly straight face all the time as if he never realized there was anything wrong. A great many people say he puts them in mind of Buster Keaton that way.

LLOYD

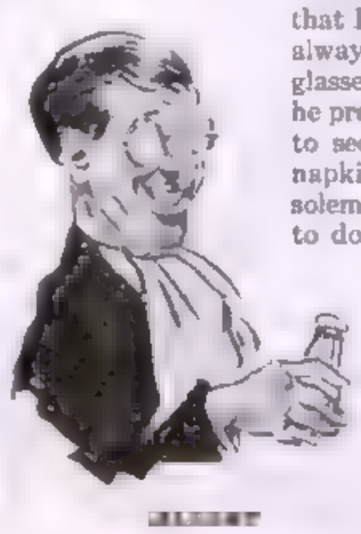
He is never at a loss for a screaming crack. If the hostess asks him to have a chair, Freddie comes right back at her with "No, thanks; we have chairs at home." If the host offers him a cigar, he will say just like a flash "What's the matter with it?" If one of the men borrows a cigarette and a light from him, Freddie will say in that dry voice of his "Do you want the coupons too?" Of course his wit is pretty fairly caustic, but no one ever seems to take offense at it. I suppose there is everything in the way he says things. And he is practically a whole vaudeville show in himself. He is never without a new story of what Pat said to Mike as they were walking down the street, or how Abie tried to cheat Ikie, or what old Aunt Jemima answered when she was asked why she had married for the fifth time. Freddie does them in dialect, and I have often thought it is a wonder that we don't all split our sides. And never a selection that every member of the family couldn't listen to either—just healthy fun.

OLIVER MORTIMER

Then he has a repertory of song numbers too. He gives them without accompaniment, and every song has a virtually unlimited number of verses, after each one of which Freddie goes conscientiously through the chorus. There is one awfully clever one, a big favorite of his, with the chorus rendered a different way each time—showing how they sang it when grandma was a girl, how they sing it in gay Paree and how a cabaret performer would do it. Then there are several along the general lines of Casey Jones, two or three about negroes who specialized on the banjo, and a few in which the lyric of the chorus consists of the syllables "ha, ha, ha." The idea is that the audience will get laughing along with the singer.

If there is a piano in the house Freddie can tear things even wider open. There may be many more accomplished musicians, but nobody can touch him as far as being ready to oblige goes. There is never any of this hanging back, waiting to be coaxed or protesting that he hasn't touched a key in months. He just sits right down and does all his specialties for you. He is particularly good at doing Dixie with one hand and Home, Sweet Home with the other, and Josef Hofmann himself can't tie Freddie when it comes to giving an imitation of a fife-and-drum corps approaching, passing and fading away into the distance.

But it is when the refreshments are served that Freddie reaches the top of his form. He always insists on helping to pass plates and glasses, and when he gets a big armful of them he pretends to stumble. It is as good as a play to see the hostess' face. Then he tucks his napkin into his collar, and sits there just as solemnly as if he thought that were the thing to do; or perhaps he will vary that one by folding the napkin into a little square and putting it carefully in his pocket, as if he thought it was a handkerchief. You just ought to see him making believe that he has swallowed an olive pit. And the remarks he makes about the food—I do wish I could remember how they go. He is funniest, though, it seems to me, when he is pretending that the lemonade is intoxicating, and that he feels its effects pretty strongly. When you have seen him do this it will be small surprise to you that Freddie is in such demand for social functions.



But Freddie is not one of those humorists who perform only when out in society. All day long he is bubbling over with fun. And the beauty of it is that he is not a mere theorist, as a joker; practical—that's Freddie all over.

If he isn't sending long telegrams, collect, to his friends, then he is sending them packages of useless groceries, C. O. D. A telephone is just so much meat to him.

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FREDDIE

RAYMOND

CHARLIE

HENRY

JOE

THE BUCKET BOOB

By Maximilian Foster

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

THE day was Saturday—pay day. My envelope I'd brought home with me from the insurance office, the place in Pine Street where I worked; and I was meaning to give Josie hers for the house, after which I'd hold out the usual five-spot I was tucking away each week in the savings. Bert Gerken, though, was giving a party that night, it seems; and Sadie, his wife, she'd called up on the phone asking Josie and me to go along. Bert was putting up for the tickets; but I'm no sponge—I was through with standing him up like that. If Josie and I went along again I meant to pay my way.

"We're going, aren't we?" Josie asked me.

I wasn't sure. I wanted to talk it over first. It would cost us a good five-specker, I was certain; and the way Bert and his wife were spending money—the theater first, and a rabbit afterwards, then a cab, maybe, to come home in—for all I knew, it might set us back even more.

"But it's only this once," pleaded Josie. "Besides, we haven't been out for days."

It Was Wall Street That Scared Her. She Hadn't Guessed the Risk I Was Taking

She'd been making a dress, it seems. It wasn't a new dress, I mind, but one she'd turned and made over; though that's neither here nor there. The dress was so much like a new one, she was just hankering to have someone see it.

"See!" she said. "I'll put it on to show you."

She was running out of the room when I called her back again. "I guess we'd better not go," I said.

And I said, too, I remember, if we went we'd be kept out till late; and with all the work I'd been doing down to the office I was pretty tired. "Besides, Josie," I told her, "there's all that money it'll cost."

The look she gave me I remember yet.

"Then you're not going, Jim?"

It was what I meant, all right. The bills, the household accounts, had been pretty stiff that week; and leaving out the rest of it, I'd been a good deal worried. That wasn't all of it either. What with all the hard times going on, down at the insurance office they'd been laying off men right and left. Josie, though, turned away from me while I was talking and went toward the door.

"Boker was right," she said. "What he says is true!"

"What's that?" said I.

Boker, I'll add, was a fellow the Gerkens knew. He was a Wall Street man, a bird who dealt in stocks; but it was news to me Josie had ever heard about him.

"He says that all your life you're going to be a clerk," she said.

It wasn't what Boker had said to me, though never mind. What Josie said fixed it. It was because of that, the Monday after, that I went downtown and did what I did.

II

A CLERK all my life, was what she'd told me. That wasn't the first time, either, I'd had it said to me. The kick in it, though, was that it was all straight goods, the truth. I'd tumbled myself to what I was.

That Saturday night I still remember clearly. It isn't likely, in fact, that I'll ever forget it. Josie gave me my dinner; but it wasn't much of a meal, I'll say. She just sat there, looking straight before her; and as for myself, I didn't have much appetite, either. After the meal was over and she had cleared away the things she came into the front room where I was trying to read the evening paper, and sat down and began to rock. She was still just looking straight ahead of her; but after a while she spoke.

"They're just starting now," she said.

I knew what she meant, but I said nothing. A little later she spoke again.

"The curtain's just going up," said Josie.

I still kept silent; and Josie went on rocking, her eyes fastened on the wall. A while afterwards she stopped rocking, and got up from the chair.

"If we keep on saving," said Josie, "maybe in fifteen or twenty years we can buy a farm somewheres out in Connecticut." She was at the door when she said it. As she went down the hall she spoke again. "We might as well be dead," she said.

I thought so too. Anyway, after she'd gone I laid down the paper I'd been trying to read; and for an hour then, like Josie, I sat there staring before me at the wall.

If you're a clerk, a chap like me, stalling along on a salary, you'll understand, I wouldn't wonder, what went on in my head that night. As I've said, it wasn't all of it new to me. A year before, a friend of mine—a fellow down at the office—had tipped me off to where I was heading; but it hadn't sunk in very deep. That month I'd had a raise to fifty per; and at the time it had looked to me like all the money in the world. Let that go, however; I'll get to it later on. Just now I'm telling what went on in my head that night.

It was myself I thought of, of course. For seven years now, nearly eight, I'd been holding down the job; and the seven years, as I sat there mulling it over, went by me like a parade. They were all alike, each one in turn cut out of the self-same piece; and year in and year out I could see myself humped over my desk doing the same thing over and over again. The clerks around me I could see too. Some were young—lads, nothing but boys; while others were my own age, and others older yet. Young and old, though, they were all like myself, clerks, just clerks; and for a fortnight now or more, day after day I'd sat there studying them. What did they get out of it, I wondered. What did I get out of it myself? I wondered, too, what it was that kept us all pegging away like that. We were all—myself included—like a lot of horses in a car barn; though that's nothing. The point is that I'd just waked up to what I was, what all the others were; only this night, the Saturday I'm speaking of, I didn't waste much time over that. I got to thinking of Bert Gerken and his wife. If Bert could give Sadie all she was getting why couldn't I give it to Josie too? Under my collar I began to get hot, I remember. Gerken I hated. It was the cash he had, the roll he was flashing nowadays, that had made all this trouble for me.

Bert was clerk in another insurance office. Like myself, he got only fifty per; but Sadie had all the new hats and clothes she wanted, and she was keeping a cook, a colored girl, besides. Bert had a car too.

"Say, how do you do it, Bert?" I asked him.

He tipped me a wink.

"Boker," he said; "Wall Street."

I can see the swagger he gave. A chap like him, I've learned since, puts on a lot of lugs just because he's in on stocks. It scared me, I'll say, however. Down at the office Potter, the head clerk, always was warning us about playing the market. If we got caught at it we'd be fired, we understood.

"Rats!" said Bert.

I made him sick, he said. According to him all that Potter said was bunk. It was the regular dope employers handed out to clerks like us just to keep us in their clutches. I could ask Boker if I didn't believe him.

Boker, however, I didn't have to ask, because by now I'd begun to dope it out for myself. Alone by myself, there in the front room of the flat, I doped it out some more. Then, getting myself a pencil and some paper, I fell to figuring. If Bert, a big boob like him, could get away with the game, why couldn't I, myself? Midnight struck; and I still sat there figuring.

It wasn't the first time I'd done that. Night after night I'd been doing it; and between times down at the office I'd been doing it some more. It's the regular thing, in fact, with the boobs and simps, the hicks that birds like Boker trim. The evening paper I had beside me. It was open at the financial page; and what I was doing was

to play the market from the week's range of prices the paper gave. Eleven hundred dollars was what Josie and I had tucked away in the savings; and—on paper—I was figuring how much it would have been boosted into if I had taken it that week and played it on the market. You see, I wanted to make sure before I did anything that I knew what I was doing. They all do it, you know—all the rubes and come-ons; and if all that money, the fake profits that birds like myself roll up on paper, ever became real money, it would bankrupt the country to pay it. That's nothing, though. Along past midnight I threw down the pencil I was using; and getting up from my chair I dusted back to Josie's room.

"I've got it!" I piped.

She was lying there, her eyes closed and her hair all in a tumble on the pillows. Just a girl she was, a kid yet. Long ago she'd gone to bed; but as I turned on the light I could see her face. It was all stained and streaked where she'd cried herself to sleep, I saw.

She opened her eyes at me. Then she closed them again.

"I wish you wouldn't wake me," said Josie.

"But you don't understand," I said. Again I told her I'd got it.

"Got what?" she asked.

"A way to get on our feet," I answered.

Josie rolled over on the pillow, turning away from me.

"I want to sleep," she said; and after that I said no more.

That night I didn't go near her again. In the front room I made up a bed for myself on the lounge; and in the morning she found me there. She said nothing, though; and neither did I. All that day—Sunday now—she was thinking, I could see; but what her thoughts were I couldn't guess. Along toward half past two that afternoon I got up and went around to Bert Gerken's flat, a couple of blocks away, but Bert was out. He was up the road in his car, it seems; and it wasn't till late that night—ten o'clock or so—that I found him.

"Where's Boker's office?" I asked him.

Bert told me. It was in a big office building a couple of blocks from where I worked; and after I'd talked to Bert a bit I went back to the flat. Josie had gone to bed again; and once more I made up my bed on the lounge.

It was eleven o'clock that next morning—Monday—when I got down to Boker's place, the bucket shop.

III

A LOT of people, I wouldn't wonder, will grin when they see all this. "The boob, the simp!" I can hear them say. That's all right, of course; and I'd like to add, too, that I'm not trying to get away with any excuse, a play to duck out from under. What I'm trying to make clear is only what happens to the simps, the boobs. It isn't just greed, you know, that makes all the come-ons so easy. Ask yourself, for instance, how you'd like to have a job like mine staring you in the face the rest of your natural. If you have a wife how would you like it, too, to have her up against it like Josie?

"I'm Bust, Jim," He Said. "The Market's Cleaned Me Out, and I've Lost Every Red I Had"

He Sat There All Crumpled Up. "If You Tell ——" He Whispered

At nine that morning as usual I was at my job downtown. The time clock was in the basement; and after I'd hung up my hat and coat I got into line with the others. There were forty or fifty of them in all, fellows like myself; and the grouch I had on you could have cut with a knife like a London fog they tell about. "Hey! Quit digging me in the back," the fellow in front of me said.

I didn't say anything back to him, though it's a wonder. When I got to the time clock I shoved my card into the slot; then I gave the clock a smash that rattled the works inside.

"Say, what's eatin' you, anyway?" said the fellow ahead.

I stuck out my jaw, I remember. Then I shoved him out of the way.

"Get upstairs to your stall, you horse," I said.

I thought for a moment he was going to biff me. He didn't, though.

I could see his face change, his jaw dropping; then he slouched on up the stairs to his desk.

He was thinking; and what I'd said, I wouldn't wonder, hit him harder than if I'd given him a poke in the ribs. A lot I cared! Old Potter, the head clerk, was sitting there, waiting, as usual, to see we got to work; and after I'd slammed over to my desk and rattled around a bit, making all the noise I liked, there was a sudden crash. It was old Potter slatting the desk with his ruler.

"Order!" he snapped.

I slammed the desk just to show him what I thought. That was how I felt, you know. Afterwards I fell to studying Potter the way I'd been doing for a fortnight past.

He was a seedy, worn-out old fellow. For twenty-five years or more he had sat there in that room, drudging away at the job; and the more I looked at him the more I saw what I was heading for if I kept on as I was. Potter, true, was head clerk in the office; but as I figured, if for twenty-five years or so I was steady and careful, and if every morning I punched the time clock regularly, why, at the end of all those years the best I'd get would be a job like his. And even if I did, too, that was no license I'd go on keeping the job. Already, in fact, there was a whisper going the rounds that they meant to put the skids under Potter. He was getting old, and they meant to give him the gate.

I wasn't much good that morning. The work I did wasn't worth the ink I wasted. I just sat and studied Potter. Added to this, there was something fishy and queer that day about him that began to catch my eye. He had a newspaper spread open on his desk, and he seemed to be figuring something from it. Every time, though, any of the clerks came near him he would shove it out of sight. I wondered what he was up to. Then, along toward eleven o'clock he got up from his desk, tucked the paper in his pocket and scuttled to the door.

That settled it for me. He hardly was out of sight when I was up and out of the room. Five minutes later I was over at the bank, the savings, where I'd tucked away our nest egg. It was a joint account Josie and I kept there; but the whole eleven hundred I didn't draw out in a heap. A hundred was all I got. I wanted to go slow at first, you know. I remember, though, I shook a little as I took it from the teller; and as I went down the street, the hundred in my pocket, I had my mitt on the money. The joke was I was afraid someone on the way to Boker's would get it off me.

"Why, hello!" said Boker as I pushed open the door of the place.

The room was upstairs in an office building. A big blackboard ran across the place; and the board was filled with columns of figures. At the ends of it, too, were a couple of stock tickers clanking and stamping away; and at the back was a set of other rooms, the private offices. It was all pretty swell, I'll say, its furniture new and shiny, and on the floor a big expensive rug.

In front of the board were four or five rows of chairs; and on these sprawled a lot of men, the customers, most of them talking and smoking. At the back and sides stood other men. The place, in fact, was crowded; but the minute I opened the door Boker had seen me. He seemed to keep his eye on the door most of the time, I'll mention; though I won't take time with that.

"How's the market?" I asked him.

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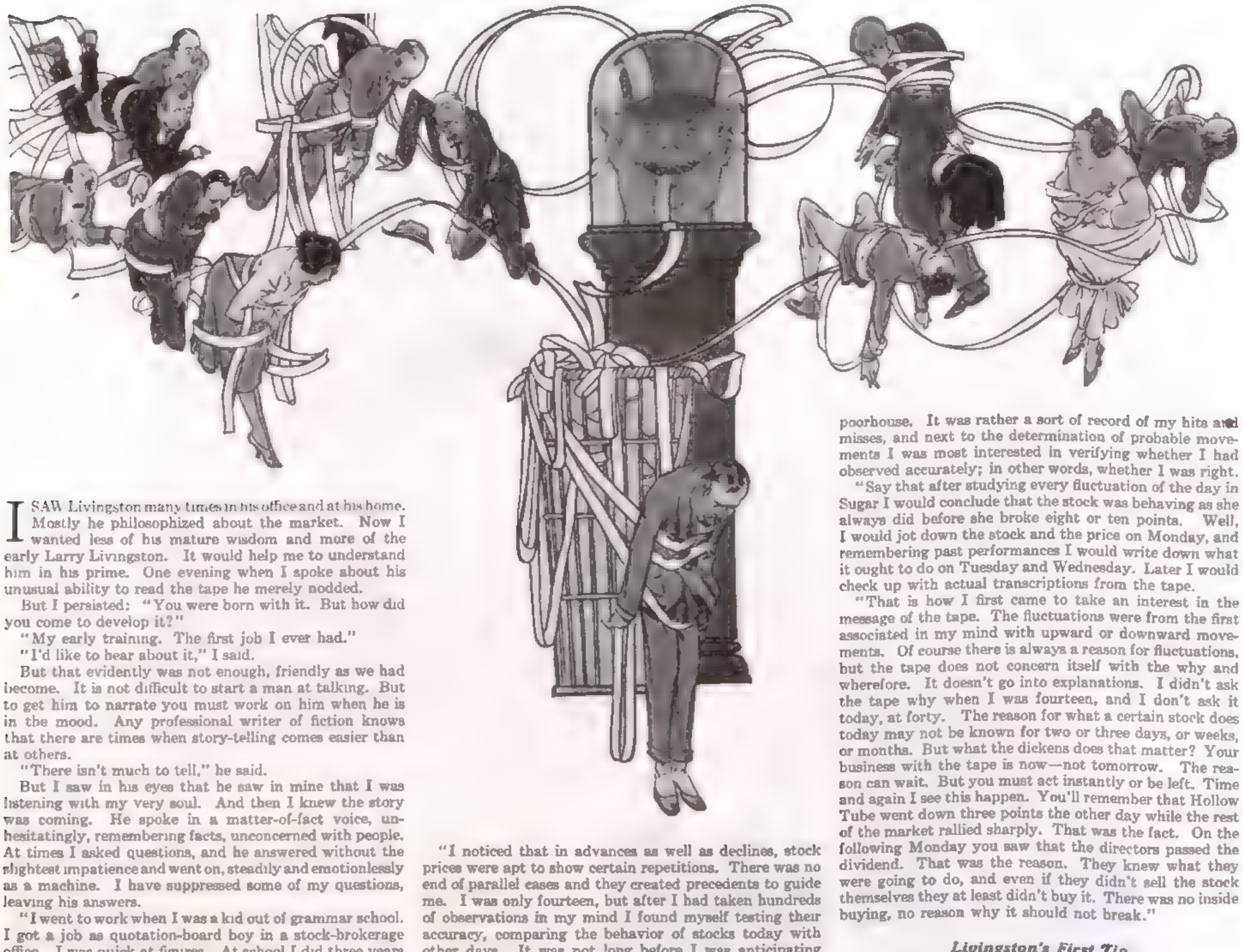
The Reminiscences of a Stock Operator

By Edwin Lefèvre

DECORATIONS BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



I SAW Livingston many times in his office and at his home. Mostly he philosophized about the market. Now I wanted less of his mature wisdom and more of the early Larry Livingston. It would help me to understand him in his prime. One evening when I spoke about his unusual ability to read the tape he merely nodded.

But I persisted: "You were born with it. But how did you come to develop it?"

"My early training. The first job I ever had."

"I'd like to hear about it," I said.

But that evidently was not enough, friendly as we had become. It is not difficult to start a man at talking. But to get him to narrate you must work on him when he is in the mood. Any professional writer of fiction knows that there are times when story-telling comes easier than at others.

"There isn't much to tell," he said.

But I saw in his eyes that he saw in mine that I was listening with my very soul. And then I knew the story was coming. He spoke in a matter-of-fact voice, unhesitatingly, remembering facts, unconcerned with people. At times I asked questions, and he answered without the slightest impatience and went on, steadily and emotionlessly as a machine. I have suppressed some of my questions, leaving his answers.

"I went to work when I was a kid out of grammar school. I got a job as quotation-board boy in a stock-brokerage office. I was quick at figures. At school I did three years of arithmetic in one. I was particularly good at mental arithmetic. As quotation-board boy I posted the numbers on the big board in the customers' room. One of the customers usually sat by the ticker and called out the prices. They couldn't come too fast for me. I have always remembered figures. No trouble at all.

"There were plenty of other employes in that office. Sure, I made friends with the other fellows, but the work I did, if the market was active, kept me too busy from ten A.M. to three P.M. to let me do much talking. I don't care for it, anyhow, during business hours."

Learning to Read the Tape

"BUT a busy market did not keep me from thinking about the work. Those quotations did not represent prices of stocks to me, so many dollars per share. They were numbers. Of course, they meant something. They were always changing. It was all I had to be interested in—the changes. Why did they change? I didn't know. I didn't care. I didn't think about that. I simply saw that they changed. That was all I had to think about five hours every day and two on Saturdays; that they were always changing.

"That is how I first came to be interested in the behavior of prices. I had a very good memory for figures. I could remember in detail how the prices had acted on the previous day, just before they went up or down. My fondness for mental arithmetic came in very handy.

"I noticed that in advances as well as declines, stock prices were apt to show certain repetitions. There was no end of parallel cases and they created precedents to guide me. I was only fourteen, but after I had taken hundreds of observations in my mind I found myself testing their accuracy, comparing the behavior of stocks today with other days. It was not long before I was anticipating movements in prices. My only guide, as I say, was their past performances. I carried the dope sheets in my mind. I looked for stock prices to run on form. I had clocked them. You know what I mean.

"You can spot, for instance, where the buying is only a trifle better than the selling. You can see the gradual overcoming of resistance, the carrying of defenses. A battle goes on in the stock market and the tape is your telescope. You can depend upon it seven out of ten times.

"Another lesson I learned early is that there is nothing new in Wall Street. There can't be because speculation is as old as the hills. Whatever happens in the stock market today has happened before and will happen again. I've never forgotten that."

"No," I said, "you don't forget what has happened. But you also manage to remember when and how. You carry the precedents in your head and can utilize them. That is experience—the fact that you remember."

"Why shouldn't I remember?" Livingston asked simply.

"No reason," I said with conviction, and thought of Paul Morphy's memory. Then I thought of the mind of the average stock speculator. No wonder!

Livingston went on:

"I got so interested in my game and so anxious to anticipate advances and declines in all the active stocks that I got a little book. I put down my observations in it. It was not a record of imaginary transactions such as so many people keep merely to make or lose millions of dollars without getting the swelled head or going to the poorhouse. It was rather a sort of record of my hits and misses, and next to the determination of probable movements I was most interested in verifying whether I had observed accurately; in other words, whether I was right.

"Say that after studying every fluctuation of the day in Sugar I would conclude that the stock was behaving as she always did before she broke eight or ten points. Well, I would jot down the stock and the price on Monday, and remembering past performances I would write down what it ought to do on Tuesday and Wednesday. Later I would check up with actual transcriptions from the tape.

"That is how I first came to take an interest in the message of the tape. The fluctuations were from the first associated in my mind with upward or downward movements. Of course there is always a reason for fluctuations, but the tape does not concern itself with the why and wherefore. It doesn't go into explanations. I didn't ask the tape why when I was fourteen, and I don't ask it today, at forty. The reason for what a certain stock does today may not be known for two or three days, or weeks, or months. But what the dickens does that matter? Your business with the tape is now—not tomorrow. The reason can wait. But you must act instantly or be left. Time and again I see this happen. You'll remember that Hollow Tube went down three points the other day while the rest of the market rallied sharply. That was the fact. On the following Monday you saw that the directors passed the dividend. That was the reason. They knew what they were going to do, and even if they didn't sell the stock themselves they at least didn't buy it. There was no inside buying, no reason why it should not break."

Livingston's First Tip

"WELL, I kept up my little memorandum book perhaps six months. Instead of leaving for home the moment I was through with my work, I'd jot down the figures I wanted and would study the changes, always looking for the repetitions and parallelisms of behavior—learning to read the tape, although I was not aware of it at the time.

"One day one of the office boys—he was older than I—came to me where I was eating my lunch and asked me on the quiet if I had any money.

"'Why do you want to know?' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I've got a dandy tip on Burlington. I'm going to play it if I can get somebody to go in with me.'

"'How do you mean, play it?' I asked. To me the only people who played or could play tips were the customers—old jiggers with oodles of dough. Why, it cost hundreds, even thousands of dollars, to get into the game. It was like owning your private carriage and having a coachman.

"'That's what I mean; play it!' he said. 'How much you got?'

"'How much you need?'

"'Well, I can trade in five shares by putting up $5.'

"'How are you going to play it?'

"'I'm going to buy all the Burlington the bucket shop will let me have with the money I give him for margin,' he said. 'It's going up sure. It's like picking up money. We'll double ours in a jiffy.'

"'Hold on!' I said to him, and pulled out my little dope book.

"I wasn't interested in doubling my money, but in his saying that Burlington was going up. If it was, my notebook ought to show it. I looked. Sure enough, Burlington, according to my figuring, was acting as it usually did before it went up. I had never bought or sold anything in my life, and I never gambled with the other boys. But all I could see was that this was a grand chance to test the rightness of my work, of my hobby. It struck me at once that if my dope didn't work in practice there was nothing in the theory of it to interest anybody. So I gave him all I had, and with our pooled resources he went to one of the near-by bucket shops and bought some Burlington. Two days later we cashed in. I made a profit of $3.12."

I interrupted Livingston. "You remember, exactly?" I asked him.

"Sure!"

"Because it was your first trade?" I persisted.

"Because I remember," he said.

Later I was to learn that Livingston simply can't forget numbers. It is as though he carried with him photographs of whole quotation boards or miles of ticker tape.

"After that first trade," proceeded Livingston, "I got to speculating on my own hook in the bucket shops. I'd go during my lunch hour and buy or sell—it never made any difference to me. I was playing a system and not a favorite stock or backing opinions. All I knew was the arithmetic of it. As a matter of fact, mine was the ideal way to operate in a bucket shop, where all that a trader does is to bet on fluctuations as they are printed by the ticker on the tape.

"It was not long before I was taking much more money out of the bucket shops than I was pulling down from my job in the brokerage office. So I gave up my position. My folks objected, but they couldn't say much when they saw what I was making. I was only a kid and office-boy wages were not very high. I did mighty well on my own hook."

I again interrupted Livingston. "Didn't it go to your head to make so much money?"

"No. Why should it?" He asked it simply.

"No reason!" I said again.

"Certainly not," he went on. "The money wasn't anything. Why, I remember when I had made my first thousand and laid the cash in front of my mother."

"How old were you?"

"Fifteen."

"Made it all in the bucket shops?"

"Yes."

"In a few months?"

"Yes; and I had taken home other money besides. My mother carried on something awful. She wanted me to put it away in the savings bank out of reach of temptation. She said it was more money than she ever heard any boy of fifteen had made, starting with nothing. She didn't quite believe it was real money. She used to worry and fret about it. And I? Oh, I didn't think of anything except that I could keep on proving my figuring was right. That's all the fun there is—being right by using your head. If I was right when I tested my convictions with ten shares I would be ten times righter if I traded in a hundred shares. That is all that having more margin meant to me—I was right more emphatically. More courage? No! No difference! If all I have is ten dollars and I risk it, I am much braver than when I risk a million, if I have another million salted away."

Beating the Bucket Shops

"ANYHOW, there I was, at fourteen, making a living out of the stock market. I began in the smaller bucket shops, where the man who traded in twenty shares at a clip was suspected of being John W. Gates in disguise or J. P. Morgan traveling incognito. No! Bucket shops in those days seldom lay down on their customers. They didn't have to. There were other ways of parting customers from their money, even when they guessed right. The business was tremendously profitable. When it was conducted legitimately—I mean, straight, as far as the bucket shop went—the fluctuations took care of the shoestrings. It doesn't take much of a reaction to wipe out a margin of only three-quarters of a point. Also, no welsher could ever get back in the game. Wouldn't have any trade.

"No, I didn't have a following. I kept my business to myself. It was a one-man business, anyhow. It was my head, wasn't it? Prices either were going the way I doped them out, without any help from friends or partners, or they were going the other way, and nobody could stop them out of kindness to me. I couldn't see where I needed to tell my business to anybody else. I've got friends, of course, but my business has always been the same—a one-man affair. That is why I have always played a lone hand.

"As it was, it didn't take long for the bucket shops to get sore on me for beating them. I'd walk in and plank down my margin, but they'd look at it without making a move to grab it. They'd tell me there was nothing doing. That was the time they got to calling me the Kid Plunger. I had to be changing brokers all the time, going from one bucket shop to another. It got so that I had to give a fictitious name. I'd begin light, only fifteen or twenty shares. At times, when they got suspicious, I'd lose on purpose at first and then sting them proper. Of course after a little while they'd find me too expensive and they'd tell me to take myself and my business elsewhere and not interfere with the owners' dividends. Once, when the big concern I'd been trading with for months shut down on me I made up my mind to take a little more of their money away from them. That bucket shop had branches all over the city, in hotel lobbies, and in near-by towns. I went to one of the hotel branches and asked the manager a few questions and finally got to trading. But as soon as I played an active stock my especial way he began to get messages from the head office asking who it was that was operating. The manager told me what they asked him and I told him my name was Edward Robinson, of Cambridge. He telephoned the glad news to the big chief. But the other end wanted to know what I looked like. When the manager told me that I said to him, 'Tell him I am a short fat man with dark hair and a bushy beard!' But he described me instead, and then he listened and his face got red and he hung up and told me to beat it.

"'What did they say to you?' I asked him politely.

"They said, 'You blankety-blank fool, didn't we tell you to take no business from Larry Livingston? And you let him trim us out of $700!' He didn't say what else they told him.

"I tried the other branches one after another, but they all got to know me, and my money wasn't any good in any of their offices. I couldn't even go in to look at the quotations without some of them making cracks at me. I tried to get them to let me trade at long intervals by dividing my visits among them all. But that didn't work.

"Finally there was only one left to me and that was the biggest and richest of all—the Cosmopolitan Stock Brokerage Company.

"The Cosmopolitan was rated as A 1 and did an enormous business. It had branches in every manufacturing town in New England. They took my trading all right, and I bought and sold stocks and made and lost money for months, but in the end it happened with them as usual. They didn't refuse my business point-blank, as the small concerns had. Oh, not because it wasn't sportsmanship, but because they knew it would give them a black eye to publish the news that they wouldn't take a fellow's business just because that fellow happened to make a little money. But they did the next worse thing—that is, they made me put up a three-point margin and compelled me to pay a premium at first of a half point, then a point, and finally, a point and a half. Some handicap, that! How? Easy! Suppose Steel was selling at 90 and you bought it. Your ticket read, normally: *'Bot ten Steel at 90⅛.'* If you put up a point margin it meant that if it broke 89⅛ you were wiped out automatically. In a bucket shop the customer is not importuned for more margin or put to the painful necessity of telling his broker to sell for anything he can get.

"But when the Cosmopolitan tacked on that premium they were hitting below the belt. It meant that if the price was 90 when I bought, instead of making my ticket: *'Bot Steel at 90⅛,'* it read: *'Bot Steel at 91⅛.'* Why, that stock could advance a point and a quarter after I bought it and I'd still be losing money if I closed the trade. And by also insisting that I put up a three-point margin at the very start they reduced my trading capacity by two-thirds. Still, I had to accept their terms or quit trading."

"And you beat the game at that?" I asked Livingston. It was more than interesting, more than incredible; it was positively uncanny.

"Yes. Of course I had my ups and downs, but was a winner on balance. However, the Cosmopolitan people were not satisfied with the awful handicap they had tacked on me, which should have been enough to beat anybody. They tried to double-cross me. They didn't get me. I escaped because of one of my hunches."

Uncanny Tape Reading

IN PREVIOUS conversations we had discussed what people call hunches. Livingston described it as a distinct message from the tape, a feeling that the little paper ribbon is telling him to get out and stay out until the sky clears again. Later, when he told a half dozen stories in illustration of his meaning I came to the conclusion that it was the curious ticker instinct to which I have referred. Livingston has it to a greater degree than any other operator I ever met. But James R. Keene possessed that same sixth sense, and although he always denied that he acted on blind impulse I am convinced that the only reason the Whitney-Ryan group didn't get Keene on two historic occasions was that Keene smelt the trap. Born operators of the type of Keene and Livingston are often able to do the right thing instantly because they do it instinctively. Livingston went on:

"The Cosmopolitan was my last resort. It was the richest bucket shop in New England, and as a rule they put no limit on a trade. I suppose I was the heaviest individual trader they had—that is, of the steady, everyday customers. They had a fine office and the largest and completest quotation board I have ever seen anywhere. It ran along the whole length of the big room and every imaginable thing was quoted. I mean stocks dealt in on the New York and Boston Stock Exchanges, cotton, wheat, provisions, metals—everything that was bought and sold in New York, Chicago, Boston and Liverpool.

"You know how they trade in bucket shops. You give your money to a clerk and tell him what you wish to buy or sell. He looks at the tape or the quotation board and takes the price from there—the last one, of course. He also puts down the time on the ticket so that it almost reads like a regular broker's report—that is, that they have bought or sold for you so many shares of such a stock at such a price at such a time on such a day and how much money they received from you. When you wish to close your trade you go to the clerk—the same or another, it depends on the shop—and you tell him. He takes the last price or, if the stock has not been active, he waits

(Continued on Page 98)

The Voice of Blanche Perkins

By IDA M. EVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE L. BENSON

He Called Her "Berry" Twice and "My Dear" Once. And He—He Half Proposed

WITHIN Chicago, great bulging town that it is, are many Chicagos—like raisins in a bun; and a bun which, say many folks, is not sugared, or even properly baked. Be that as it may, chunked together like shale and sandstone, quartz and limestone, granite, cat's gold and gravel are segments, suburbs and sides, streets and neighborhoods, locales, sections, subdivisions, additions, districts and parks, so that old inhabitants grow confused and make comparisons that are peevish.

There is Hyde Park, beautifully gray and Gothic to its south, and unbeautifully discordant and rattling to its east. There is Evanston, where culture and human nature have a daily boxing match. The Wilson Avenue district, which buys silk stockings for its ankles before ever it pays its kitchenette rent. Ravenswood, soul mate to a Flatbush. Butchers' Row, whose rich butchers, having climbed their little while, are now for the most part dead and will climb no more. There is Austin, home of the newly married young business man from the Loop. The preoccupied Loop itself, ping-ponged with skyscrapers and great green busses. The Gold Coast. The Rialto. Ghetto. Mich' Boul'. Cottage Grove—oh, ghastly misnomer! Maywood, whose woody adjacences blossom in May and eleven other months with constabulary brightly ready to pluck speeding joy-riders.

And, out north, beyond the candy and florist shops of Wilson Avenue, is Edgewater, where Blanche Perkins was born and attended school—public school. Lithographs of Blanche now hang in every North Side drug store. Phonograph shops all over Chicago are particular to keep her records in stock. The world has changed since Bible times. The modern prophet collects all due honor in her own country; provided foreign musical journals carry full-length photogravures of her in a chinchilla-and-rose-velvet evening coat.

Not many years ago the old-fashioned cable cars of North Clark Street clanked at Edgewater's back door, while the cold lake winds tore across high prairie grass to its front.

Ten-year-old Blanche Perkins used to whimper tearfully wintry noons as she breasted that cold wind seven blocks from the schoolhouse to the Perkins five-room cottage on Hood Avenue. So Rance Whitely used to walk four blocks out of his own way to hold his overcoat in front of her black curls and soft pink-whipped face as windbreak.

For a decade or so Edgewater tossed up ornate six to ten room cottages and two-flat buildings as a white-coated individual in a lunch-room window tosses flapjacks.

The cable cars were finally discarded and became a memory; along with marble-topped bureaus, board sidewalks, Altgeld arguments and kerosene street lamps. The strip of frontal territory between Edgewater and Lake Michigan took on, decoratively and as windbreak, a series of golf links, a Sheridan Road connecting even as far north as Milwaukee with the Auditorium and the Fine Arts Building, and along the road numerous stone mansions whose well-to-do inhabitants could afford to make regular use of links, road and Fine Arts Building.

With the years there came, too, other changes than landscape and architectural. Between blue-eyed Berry Stay, racing her black roadster past the links, and two feverish motorcycle persons who had caught her, Rance Whitely had to act one autumn noon as somewhat amused, somewhat annoyed buffer.

"And I had to say you were suddenly taken ill, ready to faint, and lost control of the wheel," he objected.

"I am never ill! I am not in the habit of fainting!" stormed Berry; she was of the valiant and healthy younger generation. "If I'd heard you"—indignantly—"I'd told 'em it was a lie." But there was the kind of gratitude in her upturned dark blue eyes, ridiculously candid, ridiculously long-lashed eyes, which caused Rance Whitely to flush in a slight awkwardness and to pretend to look at something across the adjacent professionally green turf.

A man does not flush awkwardly and pretend not to have seen it when he is anxious to get such a look of gratitude from young blue eyes. Presently he asked Berry to let him out—he had an appointment on his way back from lunch to business.

Berry had picked him up on his after-lunch way to his place of business, the Whitely Plumbing Supplies.

She often picked Rance Whitely up—on his way somewhere or back from somewhere. This in spite of his fourteen years' seniority, and as well in spite of her having heard, from several different people, all about Blanche Perkins. Berry lived in one of the newest stone houses on the road. The Stays had bought it considerably after the flapjack period.

It was during the early years of that period that Blanche Perkins left Chicago, thereby blighting Rance Whitely's life, as he grimly felt and as Edgewater gossip declared.

Edgewater did not blame her for leaving or for the blighting. Nor did Rance Whitely. She had a right to go.

Her voice was her right. If she had not also had a face——

At ten Blanche had been a soft, pink-cheeked, plump thing with long black curls who was always called upon Children's Day or Christmas Eve to sing We are Happy Children or God Rest You Merry, Gentlemen—or Angels' Carol.

At sixteen she was a tall, lovely white thing with a great knot of lustrous black hair at the nape of a perfect neck. She had copied the knot from an operatic pose of Frieda Hempel.

Sundays, after the morning service at Second Church, when she had sung devoutly Love Divine, All Love Excelling -solo—many young men of Edgewater went to their homes or rooming houses and spent the afternoon figuring just how much a cottage on Hood or Rosemont Avenue, or a two-flat building, would cost; monthly payments of course, thirty-by-one-hundred-and-fifty lot, which allowed a nice space for cement sidewalk, eight tomato plants and a young onion bed in the back yard. Possibly a garage later.

She had a contralto voice of remarkable range and clarity. It had a peculiar birdlike note. It recalled to your mind Shelley's skylark, dew on pink tulips, spring songs without words, and such matters.

She had thought of grand opera when she was fifteen. This was when she became first soloist of the church choir. Her career was firmly fixed in her mind when she was fifteen and a half, although when she was seventeen she became half engaged to Rance Whitely.

She told him candidly that a wholeengagementwouldn't be fair to her any more than to him.

She would always come first with herself. And home and children and a gas stove to be lighted early of an Edgewater morning for marital coffee and eggs did not appeal to her.

For quite a while Rance Whitely, being a man, and young besides, hoped that the probable would be the impossible. He tried carefully to explain that he might make her happier than might one Signor Campanini, living and active at that time. Rance's father had just died and left him the small plumbing shop on North Clark Street, which might in time grow into a marvelously large shop.

"Well, if you really love me you'll wait."

"Ten years?" he wanted plaintively to know. He had a boyish voice and forehead and a well-shaped mouth.

"Even then I wouldn't be twenty-eight years old," pointed out Blanche firmly.

"No, you wouldn't. Still ——"

"And either I'll have been Brunhild by that time—or I won't."

Her glowing young eyes were as black as her hair. Tall, she was well-built too; even at seventeen. She had a chest capable of the proper development. One could quite well picture her as a handsome and successful Brunhild.

Rance Whitely's mouth corners went down. Down, like Humpty Dumpty of well-known tale.

While he continued to lay before Blanche certain ineradicable beliefs of men—oh, the men who have done the same to other glowing-eyed, talented young women!—her father and mother were doing what they could.

Thaneus Perkins was a bookkeeper in a Loop mail-order house. His income therefore can be a mystery to no one. Neither his life nor that of Blanche's mother ran over with pleasure. Blanche was ten years old when they finished paying for their five-room cottage in Edgewater. She was their only living child. Earnestly they advised her to marry Rance Whitely—or some other Edgewater young man—and settle down in a monthly-payment cottage or two-flat building on Hood Avenue, where they could have the advantage of her and her children's company. Especially for Sunday dinners.

But most parents know when their hopes are hopeless. Even while advising, suggesting, coaxing, her mother was secretly saving on laundry soap and butter, and her father wore the same overcoat from Blanche's fourteenth birthday to her twenty-third. It fell apart at the seams then. He complained that the material was poor and he ought to sue the dealer who sold it to him.

Ecstatically, on their savings, she departed for New York, for attainment, for that realization of perfect happiness which all poets and many high-school teachers and most politicians try steadily to explain, to mankind at large, as beyond poor human reach.

Rance Whitely dipped recklessly into his next month's rent to taxi her and her flowers from friends and her

parents, and her trunk to Canal Street, and the old dingy Union Station. It is a most dingy place for the hopes and the luggage that have come and gone from it in its day.

He dipped again, desperately and unwisely, considering landlords even of that day, for a dozen great pale pink roses and five pounds of Wilson Avenue's best candy. The former were tied with wide purple satin ribbon, the latter with red.

At the station Blanche buried her lovely white, anticipant face in the pinkness of the roses. But she did not care for the candy. She said practically that he ought to have remembered that candy was bad for a singer's throat.

Leaning out the window of her day coach—she would not get a berth, preferring to put the money toward future vocal lessons—she told him not to feel unhappy—she'd come back to him. Some day. He could rest assured. She loved him. In spite of her assurance, in her birdlike voice, he came back from the station to his work sober of face, and glanced around his small plumbing shop as though he disliked it and all its paltry mechanical contents.

He was dull with his friends, silent with his customers for a month or more. So that Fred Ordwood, who was a friend and customer both, deemed it necessary to try rudely to brace him into normal state.

Friendship does not always make for wisdom. Fred began a little unwisely:

"Low trick, I call it. But don't let her going away spoil your life, old man. There's another girl or two in the world."

"There may be hundreds, for all I care. And please don't use such words as 'low trick' in connection with Blanche's departure from here. She merely left to develop a great gift, as she had a perfect right to."

"I meant ——"

"She can sing, can't she?" This sharply.

"She can sing," said Fred with conviction. "I'll say that. She sang On the Way to Madeline, One Silv'ry Night in June, at the Evarts' girls' party that night. On the way home I hardly got the question out before Minnie Hale flopped right in my arms and wanted to know if I'd just as soon have pale blue oatmeal paper in the dining room."

The felicitations of his friend on a natural event were so miserably proffered that Fred hastily changed the subject to the lowest estimate for open plumbing for six rooms, including hot-water tank attached to the furnace and to the gas stove.

When Fred Ordwood had departed, whistling over plumbing and Minnie, Rance wretchedly returned to a desk drawer the dead pink rose concealed in his left hand. He had slipped one flower from the dozen after Blanche's face at the station had been pinkly buried in them a minute, and at intervals since he had taken it out for wretched consolation.

In the immediately following years Rance Whitely became older and a better business man. In growing Edgewater the plumbing-supplies business at that time was an excellent and absorbing matter.

He did not grow wrinkled exactly, or gray, because young men seldom do either between the vital ages of twenty-one and thirty-three. Especially in this current century, when airplanes, wars and illustrated Sunday newspapers flutter around and keep life interesting even when it is mournful. But he became rather a serious man, youngish, not young, and he kept one of his desk drawers locked.

Sadie Gustafson, a typist who had more lust for information than honor, pried it open one noon with a hairpin and afterward told its contents to the Whitely shop force: One dead rose, one copy of the Edgewater Social Club's Musical Events of 1909–10, one small gray silk glove, one lace-edged handkerchief and thirty-two pictures of Blanche Perkins, mostly snapshot or clippings from newspapers and illustrated magazines. But that is irrelevant. Sadie was afterward discharged. That was irrelevant to Sadie. The war was on and wages were high and typists could airily choose their typewriters.

In the year following Blanche's departure her father took to smoking his pipe Saturday evenings only. He said firmly tobacco hurt the heart anyway. Then, coming home on the street car one evening, he blushed because Henry Huston, who lived next door, caught him reading headlines over a woman's shoulder. Thaneus Perkins' overcoat pocket held no evening paper. Nor thereafter.

The spring following he watered the small strip of Perkins front lawn with an old leaky coffeepot. The hose for such purpose had worn out. No new one was bought, and Blanche's father explained to the neighbors that it really was handier to water grass with a coffeepot.

It was that first summer, too, that he began to talk discursively with acquaintances on the evils of too much meat on the ordinary American table. At church he had already minimized his regular weekly contribution, dropping a nickel instead of the former quarter. This with a stiffening of the back of his middle-aged head, as if to defy anyone who might be peering over his shoulder to note the size of coin.

As time went on, too, the lives of Thaneus Perkins' shirts were so unduly prolonged that on either side of Hood Avenue the neighbors pointed silently Monday mornings to a line of painfully patched garments. In time, therefore, Thaneus Perkins, hitherto an ordinary-appearing man, came to exhibit that pinched economizing-every-day-and-Sunday look which is like the wrinkles of midforties in that, once painfully acquired, it is seldom eradicated.

And perhaps Blanche's small, thin mother got the look sooner than Thaneus.

Once Blanche had stepped on that departing day coach, Mrs. Perkins could not have bought an actually new article of clothing for many a year. The dress which at the time was her best, a brown crêpe, she turned and pressed and sponged and cleaned and retrimmed and re-turned and cut over and dyed and remade so many times that as the years rolled on Edgewater ceased to take interest in its length of wear and accepted it as something perpetually enduring and unprepossessing, like a rusty water hydrant.

Her gloves were mended almost beyond mending. Her old blackened best shoes were sad sights. She never bought a new pan or skillet. She said, with a fine assumption of absent-mindedness, that she did not care for that bright aluminum, newfangled stuff, which was just then flooding the market and which other women were cordially buying.

These same other women, however, went to her, when in a pinch, to learn how to make meat balls without meat, or puddings without sugar, or cakes without too many eggs.

"Eggs?" she would say. "Oh"—very positively—"one egg is plenty for any cake." Never a quaver in her voice. "Thaneus and I both think eggs make a cake too rich. We prefer ours without any at all."

Like its two inhabitants, the Perkins cottage on Hood Avenue took on pinchedness, shabbiness, signs of stringency. It needed paint. The front strip of cement walk

(Continued on Page 65)

"You Listen With Such Interest and Sympathy, Rance." One White Finger Played Softly Up and Down Three Running Black Keys

HOMESPUN SILK

By Octavus Roy Cohen

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

JIM HANVEY was not at all the type of man one envisions when the word "detective" is mentioned. He was immoderately large and shapeless and his cheap ready-made clothes flapped grotesquely about the ungainly figure. Above a collar of inconsequential height but amazing circumference arose a huge head which contained a face of incarnadined complexion, scant and unkempt hair, pendulous jowls and twin chins. His lips were large and loose, ears flappy, and his eyes —

The eyes were the outstanding feature of Jim Hanvey's topography. They were strikingly inexpressive; great sleepy orbs of fishy hue, impressing one with the idea of sightlessness. It seemed impossible that those eyes were capable of vision. They sat glassily in the red pudgy face beneath a hedge of overdeveloped brows. And Jim's blinking as a matter of fact, he didn't blink; he yawned with his eyelids. An interminably slow process of drooping the lids over the dull-gray eyes, of holding them shut for a moment, and then of uncurtaining them with even more maddening deliberation.

Jim emerged heavily from the dilapidated taxicab which screeched to a halt before the ornate portals of the Hanover Apartments. He turned hesitantly toward the taxidriver, who made no effort to conceal the vastness of his contempt. "How much I owe you, son?"

The meter was consulted—a mere matter of form. "Dollar forty."

Jim Hanvey whistled in protest as he counted out one wrinkled dollar bill, a quarter, a dime and a nickel. Then as he waddled into the Hanover he shook his head slowly. "Dollar forty! Holy smokes! An' I thought I knew every professional crook in America."

He walked uncertainly through the cheaply magnificent lobby. The ebony lad at the switchboard eyed him insolently. Jim paused, toying with a gold toothpick which hung suspended from a watchchain of hawserlike proportions.

"Mr. Arthur Sherwood in?"

"Yeh. Who wants to see him?"

Hanvey's bushy eyebrows arched in surprise. "Why, me, of course."

"Who you is?"

"Hanvey is my name. Mr. James Hanvey."

"Huh!" The boy plugged in viciously, and then, into the transmitter: "That you, Mistuh Sherwood? . . . There's a guy down here wants to see you. . . . Says his name is James Hanvey. . . . Yeh! Hanvey. . . . All right, suh." He turned back and vouchsafed his information grudgingly. "Mistuh Sherwood says come right up. Apahtment Fo'-twelve."

Hanvey moved a couple of steps toward the elevator, then turned for a moment. "Son!"

"What?"

"Next time I come remember I ain't no guy. I'm a feller."

Sherwood answered Hanvey's ring in person; a slender man of medium height, distinguished in appearance, exquisitely groomed, very much at ease. He ushered his visitor into a richly comfortable library, where he motioned toward a chair, into which Hanvey thumped gratefully. He stared about the room in frank approval.

"Awful soft, eh, Arthur?"

The host smiled, exhibiting twin rows of even white teeth. "Rather comfortable."

"Business must be good."

"It is. Very."

"H'mph!"

Hanvey yawned with his eyes, inspecting the rich furnishings, which gave testimony to the unerringly fastidious taste of the owner. Still gazing Jim produced from a tarnished almost-silver cigar case two projectiles of profound blackness. He handed one to Sherwood, who accepted it gingerly, smelled of it suspiciously, and then emitted a single exclamation of protest.

"It ain't the worst in the world," remarked Hanvey.

Sherwood produced a bottle and glasses. Hanvey joined him with gusto. "Here's to you, Arthur. May the judge give you a light sentence."

Sherwood smiled with his lips, but in his eyes lay a faint light of apprehension. He made no comment upon the detective's toast. For a few minutes silence maintained between them, Hanvey draining his liquor at a gulp, Sherwood sipping his with the relish of a connoisseur. It was the visitor who broke the silence.

"It's gonna be pretty tough, Arthur—givin' up all of this."

"Is it?"

"Uh-huh. But you shouldn't have done it."

It was patent that Sherwood was very much on guard. "Done what?"

"Steal them jools off Mrs. Haley."

"I?"

"Yeh—you. It was a pretty slick piece of work, Arthur. But it wasn't quite slick enough."

Sherwood seated himself opposite the detective and crossed one leg over the other. He lighted a cigar of his own, a rich, fragrant, expensive thing.

His tone was quietly argumentative as he replied:

"I think it was slick enough, Jim."

"Aw, Arthur! I'm s'prised at you."

"I was a bit surprised at myself, Jim. As a matter of fact, I don't believe you're going to arrest me for that little affair."

"Why not?"

"You can't prove a thing. And if you arrest me without sufficient evidence to convict, you'll have the double disappointment of seeing yourself made ridiculous while I go free. And safe."

Hanvey nodded agreement. "You're an awful plausible talker, Arthur." He leaned forward in his chair. "Just between friends—you did steal them jools, didn't you?"

"Between friends?"

"Uh-huh."

"Yes, I stole them. But you can't prove it, Jim."

"M'm! I could arrest you now an' say that you confessed you stole 'em."

"It wouldn't help you. Any flatfoot can do that any time he wishes—but it doesn't secure a conviction. What you need, Jim, is evidence and evidence is the one thing you can't get. If you arrest me and say that I confessed I'll simply deny it, and where will you be? You need proof, my boy; proof."

Hanvey reflected heavily.

"Reckon you're right, Arthur. I was hoping you wouldn't put me to all the trouble of gettin' it. I was hopin' to get away on a little fishin' trip."

Sherwood was more at ease. "What makes you think I got that stuff?"

"I don't think it, Arthur; I know it. I suspected it, and then I checked up. I'll hand you one thing, son—you sure are—what-you-call-it?—an opportunist."

"Am I?"

"You are. I'm handlin' this affair for the company that Mrs. Haley's jools was insured in, and I've been down to N'Yawlins checking up. I reckon I know more about this affair than you do."

"That's interesting."

"Ain't it? An' seein' that you've been so frank as to admit that you done it, p'r'aps you'd like to know what I know about it myself, eh?"

"Yes."

Jim's voice, flat and expressionless, seemed to fill the expensively furnished room.

"Startin' at the beginnin', Arthur, there was Mrs. Grover Haley, wife of the president of the L. R. & C. Railroad. Hubby traveled the usual route to sudden wealth—engine wiper, fireman, engineer, superintendent. Then he made a killing in oil. They elected him president of the road. Worth close onto twenty millions now.

"You're Playing a Lone Hand, Arthur, But I Ain't. Real Detectives Never Do"

Lives in Chicago. His wife—she ain't exactly one of these here sylphs. He married her when he was a fireman. He's president of the road now, but she's still a fireman's wife. Fightin' all the time to rise up, but not succeedin' 'specially well.

"This here Mrs. Haley ain't strong on polish, but she's got the old ambish by the tail on a downhill pull. Far as her appearance is concerned—she ain't got any. She's sort of the same upholstery style that I am. An' the only thing she craves in this world is society, none of your pikin' society, either, but the genuine stuff; the kind that even twenty millions can't buy. For seven years she's been trying to jimmy it to the real crowd, an' meetin' with about as much success as an oyster in a hurdle race." He paused briefly. "I've got it pretty straight so far, haven't I, Arthur?"

The other man smiled. "That much is fairly common knowledge."

"Reckon it is. Well, to go on, this here Mrs. Haley starts out from Chicago about a month ago in her private car, headed for Palm Beach by way of Memphis an' N'Yawlins. She carries with her a maid an' a chef an' a butler. Also she carries with her about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of joolry which she plans to wear all at one time, just to prove that she's a lady. An' about the time she makes her plans a certain Mr. Arthur Sherwood, who is playin' the races down in N'Yawlins, gets wind of it and decides to make a play for them stones.

"Far as I can see, Arthur, you started out without any definite plan. Opportunist—ain't that the word I used before? You figured that all you needed was to get close enough to them jools for a long enough time an' they were yours. An' so, as society is your fad, you went an' had some cards engraved which announced that you was Mr. Albert Grinnell Stoneham, said Mr. Stoneham bein' the son of one of the most exclusive families socially in New York, where they have society as is society.

"You meet the train at Memphis and just after leaving there your card goes back to Mrs. Haley, an' that dame nearly drops dead with joy. To make it brief, she lassoes the son of the great Stoneham family and makes him her guest. It looks like the first real break-in she's made in seven years, as it gives her an elegant excuse to drop in on Pa and Ma Stoneham when she gets to New York next time. And so Mr. Sherwood, alias Mr. Stoneham, gets an awful warm welcome on the private car, an' Mrs. Haley wears a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of joolry every time she comes within range of his eyes." Jim lighted another cigar. "Wasn't your fingers itching to grab them stones an' run, Arthur?"

"I'm very fond of jewelry, Jim."

"Sure! Or you wouldn't have taken all them chances. I've checked up, you see. To get ahead: You reached N'Yawlins at eight o'clock. You had been down there at the races, an' you had gone to Memphis to meet that train. The car was going out on a Jacksonville train at six the next morning. An' you asked Mrs. Haley wouldn't she like to go for a sightseeing drive. You went out an' hired a big touring car an' you went for the drive. You gave her an awful good feed at Emil's—they say you know how to order a swell dinner, Arthur—an' about ten o'clock that night you showed up at the Spanish Fort Inn.

"Out there you had a swell time. Bein' known to the head waiter, not to mention the proprietor, the sky was the limit. You had cocktails an' champagne an' maybe even a liqueur or six. Poor Mrs. Haley, thinkin' she was in Rome, done as the Roman did, an', to put it mild an' polite, got sweetly spifflicated. Not drunk, but terribly happy. She found herself sittin' on top of the world an' didn't care who saw her. You left the inn about two in the A M. an' Mrs. Haley insisted on sittin' in front with you so's she could drive the car. You wasn't particularly keen about it, but you didn't kick hard enough, because same is what she done, the shoffer reclinin' in the back.

"The old dame had started out to prove she could drive—an' she proved it. I reckon she must have busted sixty sev'al times comin' into the city. Ol' gal was just naturally havin' a helluva time. That is, she was until you got 'most home. It was there that somethin' happened—because it was there, Arthur, that a cop seen the speed you was goin' at an' tried to stop you. An' poor Mrs. Haley, not carin' nothin' for no cops, with a bunch of drinks inside her, ran into him!

"What happened then, Arthur"—and Jim Hanvey shook his enormous head reprovingly—"was downright unfortunate. The cop was stunned. You stopped your car, an' just when you did the cop moved, indicating that he wasn't so terribly hurt. With which the missus slipped into gear, stepped on the gas an' let 'er rip. Cop fired one time in the air an' you were free. Mrs. Haley drove that car to somewhere in the French quarter, you got out an' slipped the scared shoffer a nice piece of change to keep mum, and back you beat it to the private car.

"That's where good luck played into your hands, Arthur; right plumb into 'em. Bein' an opportunist. Say! That's a swell word, ain't it? I got it out of the dictionary before I come here. Bein' an opportunist like I was sayin', you'd just stuck around with the fat dame, knowin' that sooner or later you'd get a chance at them jools. An' kerflooie, her cop-knockin' experience puts everything in your pawa. How? Because you knew darned good an' well that shoffer was goin' to lay pretty low on account of what they'd give him if they ever found out it was his car. The farther away he keeps from the spotlight in connection with that case the more comfortable he's gonna be.

"An' of course Mrs. Haley is now a fugitive from justice down in N'Yawlins.

"You took her back to the private car. She had sobered up more than a little, but the strong stuff was still there inside of her. Her nerves was doin' a shimmy, an' you gave her plenty more to drink. Finally she went to sleep. When that happened you grabbed the jools an' hopped the car. Mrs. Haley didn't wake up until she was on her way to Jacksonville. It was a couple hours later that she found out the jools was gone—an' you too. The old gal nearly went nuts until she remembered her insurance, then she figured she was sittin' on Easy Street. An' it may interest you to know that the insurance money has already been paid to her; one hundred thousand dollars."

Sherwood sat motionless, staring admiringly at the portly detective. By no slightest physical sign did he give indication of his genuine enthusiasm for Hanvey's deductive powers, although he marveled at them with the frank appreciation of one brainy man for the accomplishments of another.

Hanvey's story was correct to a detail. Sherwood knew the exhaustive search that the detective must have made, the painstaking probing.

And now—"You're working for the insurance company, aren't you, Jim?"

(Continued on Page 30)

When He Opened the Door With a Master Key It Was to Interrupt an Interesting Tableau

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Sunday in the Country

SUNDAY in the country, if one lives within walking or easy motoring distance of the city, is not a day of peace and rest. On the contrary, it is a day of brawl and battle.

On Sunday one dare not leave one's farm or country place unwatched and unprotected for a moment. The whole countryside is aswarm with Nature lovers from the near-by city. First come the makers of forbidden beverages, trooping across fields and lawns, picking the once despised dandelion and anything else that happens to be loose; then the happy motorists in long procession, embowering their cars in the spoil of orchards, woodlands and wayside shrubberies. If there are no flowers near the road these free and easy visitors will penetrate one's garden and break off the blooming branches of the rhododendrons or lilacs or whatever other bush happens to engage their fancy. With trowel and spade the woods are looted and sometimes, if it looks safe, an unwatched garden. Following come shy maidens, in twos and threes, daintily pulling up the woodland flowers by the roots—arbutus, azalea and a hundred little blossoms that wilt in the hand that picks them; and everywhere are bands of half-grown hoodlums helping in the spoiling of the countryside.

The bolder spirits are usually those who come in motors. They can destroy more, steal more and get away faster than the man on foot. They meet remonstrance with effrontery and resent the notion that a hick has any rights of property and privacy that they are bound to respect. The flowers, the shrubs, the orchards, and occasionally the unguarded gardens are their prey. They camp beside the woodland brook or the shaded spring, hack the trees, trample the flowers, and turn the spot into a garbage hole with their greasy papers, tin cans, bottles and refuse food. Then up and away to the snug flat in the big town, throwing out the wilted flowers as they go.

It takes a brave man to live in a countryside that is accessible to the city, and a hopeful one to beautify the roadside with shrubs and flowers. For these city vandals see beauty only to destroy it. Sometimes this is due to ignorance, sometimes to thoughtlessness, sometimes to wantonness. But none are so quick to resent an intrusion on their own rights of privacy and property as these same petty highwaymen and women.

Sunday night in the country—that is the time of rest; for then the Goths, the Visigoths, the Vandals and the Huns have gone back to town and a few days of comparative immunity from their raids are ahead. The highwaymen will be tied to the office until Saturday noon and the women will be busy making hooch from their dandelions. The countryman may plow and reap, trim up the broken shrubs, prune back the torn branches in the orchard and clear up the mess and litter in the woodland against the return of the Nature lovers at the next week-end.

The country would gladly share with the city, welcome the flat dweller to its woodlands, if so many of those who seek its roadsides did not defile and destroy their beauty. Until the manners and morals of this element improve, the countryman will view all trespassers, the just and the unjust alike, with suspicion, and delegate the pleasure of welcoming them to his bulldog.

Commercialized Athletics

COMMERCIALIZATION of college athletics has long been a peculiarly fruitful topic for debate because it offers such abundant material for honest difference of opinion and because the extremes of opposing thought are so far withdrawn from the middle ground that lies between.

College football long ago rose from the humble rank of a mere sport or pastime. Gate receipts from football at one college are said to average half a million dollars a year; and the total from Eastern colleges alone has been estimated by competent authorities to be in the neighborhood of five millions.

Captains of industry are notoriously well paid; and the magnates of the gridiron, the coaches, are no exception. Their emoluments may not seem great in comparison with those that prevail in the inner circles of the steel business; and yet, measured by the campus scale, they are lordly indeed. Beginning where the full professor's salary leaves off, they run well into five figures. The coach who will next year receive, directly and indirectly, in pay and perquisite, about twenty-five thousand dollars may not be the most highly rewarded man in his profession, but he is commonly admitted to be doing rather well. Even some of the smaller colleges have managed to pay their coaches considerably more than their presidents; but if all parties at interest are content it is not for alien hands to pry into their family affairs.

The best of these coaches are men of rare and quite extraordinary attainments. Their duties are peculiarly exacting and they perform them with amazing skill. Merely to declare that they earn their pay would be to damn them with faint praise, when the truth of the matter is that it is their high-pressure zeal in attracting promising athletic material that has brought them and their methods and the by-products of those methods so much into the limelight.

So great is their efficiency that from coast to coast no outstanding young specimen of brawn and sinew is entirely safe from them. There is no husky lumberjack in the north woods, no barrel-chested cowboy on the range, no prep-school giant beginning to feel at home in long trousers, who may not be shanghaied by the hypnotic crimps of the coaches and wake up some autumnal morning with a splitting headache in the fo'c'sle of a college gymnasium, plucking at the matriculation papers in his breast pocket and learning for the first time, as he regains consciousness, that he has become a freshman at Siwash and has signed on for courses in Semitics and the History of Art.

Soft reassuring words will silence his protest that he is practically penniless and lacks the wherewithal to pay for such impending grandeur. If that master of destinies, the head coach, has marked him for future athletic greatness all will be well. For him not to reason why. For him to be out for practice at appointed hours. At night he may make merry or even ply his books, but he must never, never break training. If his activities on the parallelograms compel him to cut lectures and the professor of Semitics forms a low opinion of his scholarship there are plenty of willing pundits to fill him with enough Semitic lore to qualify him as a major prophet, or at least to enable him to avoid a condition at the forthcoming examinations. And on the side lines or in the stands at the big games there will be some sleek and prosperous alumnus happy in the thought that he has "enabled a poor boy to get an education," that he has helped put dear old Siwash on the map, and that he has thereby advanced the honor and glory of his Alma Mater.

Defenders of this system are able to make out a strong case for it. Gate receipts from football square the baseball deficit and make possible track athletics, rowing, cricket and a dozen other wholesome outdoor activities that are unable to pay their own way. There can be no doubt that high athletic standing, maintained year in and year out, advertises the college, attracts young men to it, and by the creation of a deep and lifelong interest brings in funds, by bequest and otherwise, for many college purposes, academic as well as athletic.

And yet there are those who have long felt that the system is one that has the defects of its qualities. They concede its power in upbuilding, maintaining and perpetuating great athletic centers; but they point out that such creations are not, after all, the primary purpose of institutions of higher learning. They share the feelings of outraged Nature every time they see the tail wag the dog. Fully alive to the benefits that accrue from well considered advertising, they still appear unwilling to derive all their publicity from figures that indicate winning athletic scores. "Take care of the stadium and the classroom will take care of itself" is an axiom for university governance in which they put little faith.

An Eastern college has lately rejected this principle by a drastic housecleaning. This action on the part of the governing authorities was a nine days' wonder; and great has been the indignation expressed by a large and influential wing of the graduate body. The question now arises whether other colleges will have the urge and the courage to follow suit or whether they will quietly profit as best they may by this one's voluntary renunciation of so much desirable athletic material.

The chances are that for the long pull such matters will be settled in accordance with the preponderance of graduate opinion. Our universities are becoming increasingly dependent upon their alumni bodies for the swelling of inadequate endowments; and in education, as in every other field, he who pays the piper usually expects to call the tune.

It would appear, then, that the whole vexed problem, which is now more acute than ever before, will be eventually solved in such a manner as to further the ultimate aims approved by the greatest number of college graduates. There is no compulsion that can force the college of the future to either extreme. It need not develop into a great athletic center that merely tolerates the presence of a few starved students; nor need it become an unrelieved aggregation of anæmic grinds with pink eyelids who regard the pigskin with supercilious indifference. In this issue as in every other there is a happy middle ground; and there is no reason to suppose that the combined good sense of the college world will not ultimately discover that ground and walk safely upon it.

Little and Often

FOR some months there has been before Congress a bill providing that on and after the first day of next July all postal employes of the United States shall be placed on a weekly pay-roll basis and shall receive their compensation each and every week. This is unquestionably an excellent measure; and its passage will institute a reform that should have long ago been put into effect.

Considering the technical knowledge required of postal employes, the trust that is reposed in them and the responsibilities that are inseparable from their work, they are perhaps as modestly paid as any of our public servants. Private business commonly recognizes the principle that the lower the pay the more frequent should be the pay days.

It is high time that the Government should accept and be guided by the same axiom; for no matter how great the inconveniences that the change might devolve upon accounting and pay-roll sections, they will be far less than those suffered by our great army of postal employes under the old system.

The Coming Empires of Business

By Robert Crozier Long

BERLIN.

GOVERNMENT by business, for business and through business is revolutionary Germany's one contribution to the science of rule. The business state is to supplant and annihilate the political state. National representation will be constructed not on the uncertain bases of parties and politics, but on the clearly defined, straight and frankly egoistic lines of occupations, professions and economic needs. So say Germany's ablest men, the Rathenaus, Stinneses and Möllendorffs; and so says in effect Article 165 of the republican constitution, under which the all-German parliament of business, the Reichswirtschaftsrat, has for two fruitful years debated and deliberated in the sessions hall of the abolished Prussian House of Lords. It is no accident that Germany here leads. More than other nations she suffered from mere politics; more than others she flourished when she stuck unromantically to business. She is naturally, therefore, first in the European movement to liberate business from its ancient servitude to politics, and to give it a secure constitutional place as an independent, and probably later a dominant, element in national life.

Though the first, Germany will not be the last. Everywhere the trend of government is to be depoliticized, to be transmuted into economics. In international relations this trend has so far become most plain. At Genoa a first universal all-business conference took the place of the purely political conferences which followed past great wars, precisely as in their time political conferences replaced the ecumenical councils of the churches as the most natural expressions of international solidarity. To Europeans this development is natural. The most important conflicts both in Europe generally and in particular countries are no longer conflicts of frontiers, religions and races; they are the opposing interests of international and national business, of creditor states against debtor states, of agricultural states against industrial states, of exporters and importers, producers and consumers, of industrial, commercial and financial interests against one another. International conferences will not regulate the international aspects of these vast issues in a day, but regularly organized business legislatures, from which politics is entirely excluded, may satisfactorily settle them at home.

The Chamber of Economy

THE parliament-of-business system to which Germany resorted in the summer of 1919 was designed as adviser to the discredited political Reichstag in the solution of every question directly or indirectly concerning the national finances, commerce and industries. The design is that business shall no longer be guided and controlled by a chance assembly of unbusinesslike individuals, elected for their political views, and grouped loosely according to an imposing but largely fictitious solidarity of opinions about everything and anything. On the contrary, business will be controlled by the expert representatives of business classes, of industrial branches and of professional occupations, chosen specially for this special aim without regard to politics, religion or geography. The all-German business parliament has no conservatives and no liberals, no monarchists and no republicans, no autocratists and no bolsheviks. It has farmers, manufacturers, merchants, shipping men, financiers, and representatives of the business side of the professions, the arts and other earning occupations. It is an assembly of the material interests of the whole republic; and though, when taken separately, these are frankly pocket interests, when taken together they express the collective interest of Germans as a people engaged mainly in producing, distributing and working, which as such has a common interest that economic affairs shall be ruled expertly, impartially and with a view to the flourishing of the republic as a whole.

The Reichswirtschaftsrat—which foreigners usually translate "Federal Chamber of Economy," and which Germans shorten into "R. W. R."—is now an essential part of Germany's constitutional mechanism. It has already powerfully influenced and in some cases practically dictated economic legislation; and its power daily grows. It has its own policies on state finance, transportation, manufacturing, foreign-trade control, national feeding, labor, social insurance and reparations. In all these matters its criticism and initiatives have greater weight with the more serious part of the public than the policies of the political Reichstag. It is a standing advertisement of the rightly acquired predominance of business interests. Home politics, it reminds Germans, has been killed by the solution at one blow of all those questions of authority and liberty, class privilege,

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THE TAIL GOES WITH THE HIDE

J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

There Was Considerable of a Good Many Things Done There That Saturday and Sunday

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

IV

WELL, in the morning I arranges a snack of nutturious breakfast on a tray and takes it in to Mr. Dallas. But he ain't craving nothing solid to eat. He's just craving to lay still and favor his headache. Soon as he opens his eyes he starts in groaning like he's done got far behind someway with his groaning and is striving for to catch up. And I knows he must 'a' felt powerful good last night to be feeling so bad this morning. Misery may love company, as some say it do, but I takes notice that very often she don't arrive till after the company is gone.

He tells me to take them vittles out of his sight and fix him up about a gallon of good cold ice water and set it alongside his bed in easy reach, and then I can leave him be where he is and go on out for a while and seek amusement looking at the sights and scenes of New York City. But when I gets to the door he calls out to me I better make it two gallons. Which I knows by that he ain't so far gone but what he still can joke.

So I goes on out, just strolling along in a general direction, alooking at this and admiring of that; and there certainly is a heap for to see and for to admire. The houses is so tall it seems like the sky is resting almost on the tops of 'em, and it's mighty near the bluest sky and the clearest ever I seen. It makes you want to get up there and fly round in it. But down below in the street there ain't so very much brightness by reason of the buildings being so high they cuts off the daylight somewhat. It's like walking through a hollow betwixt steep hills.

People is stirring round every whichaway, both on foot and in automobiles; and most of the automobiles is all shined up nice and clean like as if the owners was going to take part in an automobile parade in connection with the convention. Everybody is extensively well dressed, too, but most all is wearing a kind of a brooding look like they had family troubles at home or something else to pester 'em. And they ain't stopping one another when they meets and saying ain't it a lovely morning and passing the time of day like we does down home. Even some of them which comes out of the same house together just goes bulging on by without a word to nobody, and I remarks to myself that a lot of the neighbors in this district must 'a' had a falling-out amongst themselves and quit speaking.

The children on the sidewalk ain't playing much together neither. Either they plays off by themselves or they just walks along with their keepers. And there is almost as many dogs as there is children, mostly small, fool-looking dogs; and the dogs is all got keepers, too, dragging 'em on chains and jerking 'em up sharp when they tries to linger and smell round for strange smells and confab with passing dogs. Near as I can make out, the dogs here ain't allowed to behave like regulation dogs, and the children mainly tries to behave like they was already growed up and the growed-up ones has caught the prevailing glumness disease, and I is approximately almost the only person in sight that's enjoying being in New York.

All of a sudden I hears the dad-blamedest blim-blamming behind me. I turns round quick, and here comes the New York City paid fire department going to a fire. The biggest fire engine ever I seen goes scooting by, tearing the road wide open and making a most awful racket and spilling live coals out of her fire box. Right behind comes the hook-and-ladder wagon with the firemen hanging onto both sides of it, trying to stick fast and put their rubber coats on at the same time; and right behind it comes a big red automobile lickety-split. Setting up alongside the driver of it is a gentleman in blue clothes and brass buttons, which he's got a big cigar clamped betwixt his teeth and looks highly important. But he ain't wearing a flannel shirt open at the throat, but has got his coat on and it buttoned up, so I assumes it can't be the chief of the department, but probably must be the mayor. And in lessen no time they all has swung off into a side street, two squares up, with me taking out after 'em out in the middle of the street fast as I can travel.

Now every town where I've been at heretofore to this, when the fire bell rings everybody drops whatever they is doing and goes to the fire. Elsewhere from New York, enjoying fires is one of the main pleasures of people; but pretty soon I is surprised to see that I'm pretty near the only person which is trailing along after the department. Whilst I'm still wondering over this circumstance, but still running also, a police grabs me by the arm and asks me where is I going in such a big hurry?

I tells him I is going to the fire. And he says to me that I might as well slow up and save my breath, because it's liable to be quite a long trip for me. I asks him how come, and he says the fire is probably three or four miles from here, and maybe even considerable further than that. And I says to him, that must make it mighty inconvenient for all concerned, having the fires so far away from the engine house. At that he sort of chuckles and tells me to be on my way, but to keep my eyes open and not let the cows nibble me. Well, as I says to myself, going away from him, I may be green, but I is getting some enjoyment out of being here, which is more'n I can say for some folks round these parts, judging by what I has seen up to this here present moment.

So I meanders along, looking at this and that and turning corners every once in a while; and after a spell it comes to me that I has meandered myself into an exceedingly different neighborhood from the one I started out from. The houses is not so tall and is more or less rusty looking; and there's a set of railroad tracks running through, built up on a high trestle; and whilst there has been a falling off in dogs, there has been an ample increase in children; the place just swarms with 'em. These here children is running loose all over the sidewalks and out in the streets, too, but it seems like to me they spends more time quarreling than what they does playing. Or maybe it sounds like quarreling because they has to hollow so loud on account of all the noises which is occurring round 'em.

I decides to go back, but the trouble is I don't rightly know which is the right way to turn. I've been sashaying

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HAVE SOUP EVERY DAY FOR LUNCHEON

Youngsters, cut this puzzle out—
It surely is a winner!
Mothers, cut your trouble out—
Just serve this soup for dinner!

We solve your problem!

Combining thirty-two separate and distinct ingredients into one delicious soup is a problem you would find both irksome and expensive. Yet such a hearty, nourishing, full-flavored soup is just the kind you desire for many a meal. Almost without lifting a finger, you can enjoy it in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

To rich meat broth, made from selected beef, are added choice baby lima beans, dainty peas, golden turnips, Chantenay carrots, diced white and sweet potatoes, chopped cabbage, luscious tomatoes, sugary corn, crisp celery, alphabet macaroni, barley, French leeks, okra, fresh parsley and other herbs and spices. Here is solid satisfaction for the hungriest!

Have a different Campbell's Soup every day

—for the next two or three weeks and see what a delightful variety they offer! See how much easier they make the daily planning of the meals! Order from your grocer this very day. Remember our guarantee: your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds
12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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about so, first to the right and then to the left, that I ain't got no more sense of direction than one of these here patent egg beaters. So I rambles on, getting more and more bewildered like all the time, till I comes to another police, and I walks up to him and states my perdicterment to him very polite and tells him I needs help getting back to where I belongs at.

He looks at me very strict, like he can't make up his mind whether he'd better run me in for vagromcy or let me go, and then he says, kind of short, "Make it snappy then. Where d'ye live?"

I tells him I has done forgot the name of the street, if indeed I ever heard of it; but from the looks of it I judges it must be the chief resident street where the best families resides. I tells him we haa just moved in there, Mr. Dallas Pulliam and me, and has started up housekeeping in the department house which stands on the principal corner. I tells him it's the department house where the inmates all lives in layers, one 'pon top of the other, like martins in a martin box.

"You mean apartment house," he says; "department store, but apartment house. Well, what's the name of this apartment house, then, if you can't remember the street?"

That makes me scratch under my hat, too, 'cause I pointedly doesn't know that neither.

"Nummine the name, boss," I says, "jest you, please, suh, tell me whar'bouts is the leadin' apartment house of this yere city of Noo Yawk; that'll be it—the leadin'est one. 'Cause Mr. Dallas Pulliam he is accustom' to the best whar'ever he go."

But he only acts like he's getting more and more impatient with me.

"Describe it," he says—"describe it! There's one chance in a thousand that might help. What does it look like?"

So I tells him what it looks like—how the little private road winds in and circles round the little place which is like a family burying ground, and about the hands downstairs at the front door all being from West Indiana, and about there being two elevators for the residenters and one more for the help, and about us having took over the Sublette quarters and all.

"No use," he says when I gets through; "that sounds just like most of the expensive ones." He starts walking off like he has done lost all interest in my case. Then he calls back to me over his shoulder, "I'll tell you what's the matter with you," he says—"you're lost."

"Yas, suh," I says, "thanky, suh. Tha's whut I been suspicionin' my own se'f," I says, "but I'm much oblige' you agrees wid me."

Still, that ain't helping much, to find out this here police thinks the same way I does about it. Whilst I is lingering there wondering what I better do next, if anything, I sees a street car go scooting by up at the next crossing, and I gets an idea. If street cars in New York is anything like they is at home, sooner or later they all turns into the main street and runs either to the City Hall or the Union Depot. So I allows to myself that I'll go on up yonder and climb aboard the next car which comes along and stay on her, no matter how far she goes, till she swings back off the branch onto the trunkline, and I'll watch out then, and when she goes past our corner I'll drop off. Doing it thataway, I figure that sooner or later I'm bound to fetch back home again. Anyhow the scheme is worth trying, specially as I can't seem to think of no better one. So I accordingly does so.

But I ain't staying on that car so very long; not more than a mile at the most. The reason I gets off her so soon is this: All at once I observes that I is skirting through a district which is practically exclusively all colored. On every side I sees nothing but colored folks, both big and little. Seemingly everything in sight is organized by and for my race—colored barber shops, colored undertaking parlors, colored dentists' offices, colored doctors' offices. On one corner there is even a colored vaudeville theater. And out in the middle of the street stands a colored police. Excusing that the houses is different and the streets is wider, it's mighty near the same as being on Plunkett's Hill of a Saturday evening. I almost expects to see that there Æsop Loving loafing along all dressed up fit to kill; or maybe Red Hoss Shackleford setting in a doorway following after his regular business of resting, or old Pappy Exall, the pastor of Zion Chapel, rambling by with that big stomach of hisn sticking out in front of him like two gallons of chitterlings wrapped up in a black gunny sack. It certainly does fill me with the homesickness longings!

And then a big black man on the pavement opens his mouth wide, and, nigger like, he laughs at something till you can hear him half a mile, pretty near it, which it is the first sure-enough laugh I has heard since I hit New York. And right on top of that I catches the smell of fat meat frying somewheres.

I just naturally can't stand it no longer. Anyhow, if I'm predestinated to be lost in New York City it's better I should be lost amongst my own kind, which talks my native language, rather than amongst plumb strangers.

I gives the conductor the high sign and I says to him, I says, "Cap'n, lemme off befo' I jumps off!"

So he rings the signaling bell and she stops and lets me off. And verily, before I has went hardly any distance at all, somebody hails me. I is wandering along, sort of miscellaneous, looking in the store windows and up at the tops of the buildings, when a brown-complected man steps up to me and sticks out his hand and he says, "Hello thar, Alfred Ricketts! Whut you doin' so fur 'way frum ole Lynchburg?"

I says to him he must 'a' made a mistake. And he says, "Go on 'way, boy, an' quit yore foolin'! This is bound to be Alfred Ricketts 'at I uster know down in Lynchburg, Furginia. Leas'wise, ef 'tain't him it's his duplicate twin brother."

I tells him no, my name ain't Alfred Ricketts, it's Jeff Poindexter, from Paducah, and I ain't never been in no place called Lynchburg in my whole life as I knows of.

He looks at me a minute in a kind of an onbelieving way, and then he says he begs my pardon; but his excuse is that I'm the exact spit and image of this here Alfred Ricketts, which he says he's done played with him many's the time when they was boys together. He says he ain't never in all his born days seen two fellows which they wasn't no kin to each other and yet which looked so much similar as him and me does. He says the way we favors each other is just absolutely unanimous.

He asks me to tell him again what my name is and I does so, and then he says to me, "Whar'bouts you say you hails frum?"

I says, "Paducah—tha's whar."

He shakes his head kind of puzzled.

"Paducah?" he says. "I ain't never heard tell of it. Whar is it—Tennessee or Arkansaw?"

I pities his ignorance, but I tells him where Paducah is located at. It seems like the very sound of the name detains his curiosity. He just shoots the inquiring questions at me. He wants to know how big is Paducah and what is its main business, and what river is it on or close to, and what railroads run in there, and a lqt more things. So, seeing he's a seeker after truth, I pumps him full. I tells him we not only is got one river at Paducah, we is got two; and I tells him about what railroads we've got running in; and about the big high water of 1913, and about the night-rider troubles some years before that. I tells him a heap else besides; mainly recent doings, such as Judge Priest having retired and the Illinois Central having built up their shops to double size. Then he excuses himself some more and steps away pretty brisk, and goes into a colored billiard parlor, and I continues on my lonesome way.

But inside of five minutes another fellow speaks to me, and by my own entitled name too. Only this one is a kind of a pale tallow color, with a lot of gold teeth showing and very sporty dressed.

He comes busting up to me like he's overjoyed to see me and says, "Hello, Jeff Poindexter! W'en did you git yere? You shore is a sight fur the sore eyes! How you leave ever'body down in ole Paduke? An' how does yore own copperosity seem to sagashuate?"

All the time he's saying this he's clamping my hand very affectionate, like I was his long-lost brother or something I tells him his manner is familiar, but that I can't place him. He acts surprised at that—surprised and sort of hurt like. He asks me don't I remember George Harris from down home? I tells him the onlyest George Harris of color I remembers is an old man which he does janiting for the First National Bank. And he speaks up very prompt and says that's his uncle, which he is named for him and used to live with him out by the Illinois Central shops. He says he really don't blame me so much for not placing him, because he left there it's going on eight or nine years ago, just before the big high water; but he claims he used to meet me frequent and says I ain't changed much from the time when I used to be working for Judge Priest. He says he's sure he'd 'a' recognized me if he'd 'a' met up with me in China, let alone New York. He says he's been living up North for quite a spell now, and is chief owner of a pants-pressing emporium down the street a piece, and has a fine trade and is doing well. And then before I can get a stray word in edgeways he goes on to speak of several important things which has happened down home of late. I breaks in then and asks him how come he keeps such close track of events 'way down there, seeing he's been away so long; and he says he's just naturally so dog-gone fond of that town he subscribes regular for one of the local papers and reads it faithful and hence that's how come he keeps up so well with what's going on.

"W'ich, speakin' of papers, 'minds me of somethin'," he says; "it 'minds me

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I Knows He Must 'a' Felt Powerful Good Last Night to be Feeling So Bad This Morning

Its Dependability Proves Type 61 the Greatest Cadillac

Factory Service for the First Nine Months Has Been Less Than One-Third of That Required by Any Previous New Cadillac in a Like Period

Was ever an automobile so amazingly dependable as the Type 61 Cadillac?

Ever since its debut nine months ago, the car has been the subject of an ovation in which Europe and America have joined.

Now, with more than 15,000 of the Type 61 in the hands of owners, that advance favor and faith in the Cadillac is repaid, we believe, by the reliability record it has established.

As owners of preceding types heartily testify, the Cadillac has always been singularly free from even minor servicing requirements.

But factory service for Type 61 Cadillac cars, in the first nine months, has been less than one-third of that required by any previous new Cadillac in a like period.

Even this pointed tribute to Type 61 dependability is overshadowed by the positive expressions of praise from owners, many of whom have attained high mileage under all conditions of travel.

In numerous instances, owners of the Type 61 report that their cars have required no servicing at all beyond normal lubrication and occasional adjustment.

They pay glowing compliments also to the increased power and quickened acceleration of the Type 61 Cadillac, as well as to its beauty, its comfort and its gliding smoothness.

But the one fact upon which all seize, and ardently emphasize, and recur to again and again, is the new Cadillac's amazing dependability, which they insist has never been equalled or approached before, even by the fine Cadillac forerunners.

In fact, owners of the car are unanimous in proclaiming Type 61 the greatest Cadillac ever produced.

What bears them out in this verdict, and establishes completely Type 61 preëminence, is the fact that all former production schedules have been exceeded and that numerous cities report the largest Cadillac sales in their history.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

Standard of the World

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'at on 'count of readin' the papers so stiddy I has a sweet streak of luck comin' to me this ver' day. I'd lak to tell you 'bout it, Poindexter."

"Perceed," I says—"perceed."

"I'm goin' to," he says, "but s'posen fust we gits in off this yere street an' sets down somewhars whar we kin be comfor'ble an' not be interrupted. Trouble wid me is," he says, "I know so dad-blame many people round yere, bein' prominent in business the way I is, 'at ef I stands still more'n a minute somebody is shore to be comin' up an' slappin' me on the back. Does you feel lak a light snack, Poindexter?"

Well, it's getting to be close onto eleven o'clock now, and I has not et nothing since breakfast excepting fifteen cents' worth of peanut candy; so I tells him I is agreeable. We goes into a restaurant run by, for and with colored, and we sets down by ourselves off at a little table and he insists that he's doing the paying-for on account of my being a boy from his old home town, and he says for me to go the limit ordering. So I calls for a bone sirloin and some fried potatoes and coffee and a mess of hot biscuits and a piece of mushmelon and one thing and another. It seems like, though, he ain't got much appetite himself. He takes just a cup of coffee, and whilst I is eating all of that provender of his generous providing he tells me about this here streak of luck which has come his way.

First off, he begins by asking me has I heard tell about the colored Arabian prince which he is now staying in New York. I says no. He says then I will be hearing about him if I sojourns long, because the colored Arabian prince is the talk of one and all. He's stopping at the Palace Afro-American Hotel, and he's got more money than what he can spend, and he's going round the world studying how black folks lives in every clime, and he's got thousands and thousands of dollars' worth of jewelry which he wears constant. But the piece of jewelry which he prizes as the most precious of all, he lost it only yesterday; which it is a solid gold pin shaped like a four-leaf clover, with a genuine real Arabian ruby set in the middle of it. This here gold-tooth nigger he tells me this while I is sauntering through the steak, and I can tell from the way he says it that he's leading up to something.

He Begins by Asking Me Has I Heard Tell About the Colored Arabian Prince Which He is Now Staying in New York

"Yas, suh," he says, "yistiddy is w'en he lose it. An' this mornin' he's got a advertisement notice inserted in the colored newspaper sayin' ez how he stan' ready an' willin' to pay fifty dollars fur its return to the hotel whar he is stoppin' at, an' no questions asted. An' yere 'bout half an hour befo' I runs into you I'm walkin' 'long de street right up yere a li'l' ways, an' I sees somethin' shiny layin' in the gutter, an' I stoops down an' picks it up an' ef it ain't de colored Arabian prince's four-leaf-clover pin, dog-gone me! An' yere it is, safe an' sound."

And with that he reach in his pocket and pull it out and let me look at it a brief second. And I says to him that I don't begrudge him his good luck none, only I wishes it might 'a' been me which has found it, because fifty dollars would come in mighty handy.

Then I says to him, I says, "I s'pose you is now on yore way to hand him back his belongin' an' claim the reward."

But he shakes his head kind of dubioussome.

"I tell you how 'tis, Poindexter," he says. "To begin wid, an' speakin' in confidences, ez one ole-time frien' to 'nother, I prob'ly is the onlyest pusson in this yere city of New York w'ich the colored Arabian prince might mek trouble fur me ef I wuz the one w'ich come bringin' him back his lost pin. Ever sence he's been yere he's been sendin' his clothes over to my 'stablishment, w'ich it is right round the corner frum the Palace Afro-American Hotel, to be pressed. An' ef I should turn up now wid this yere pin he'd most likely ez not claim 'at I found it stuck in one of his coat lapels an' taken it out an' kep' it. An' the chances is he'd not only refuse fur to pay over the reward but furthermo' might raise a rookus an' cast a shadder on my good name, w'ich it suttinly would hurt my perfessional reppitation fur a colored Arabian prince to be low-ratin' me 'at-a-way. He's lak so many wealthy pussons is—he's suspicious in his mind. So I don't keer to take no chances, much ez I craves to feel them fifty dollars warmin' in the pa'm of my hand. But ef a pusson w'ich wuz a puffec' stranger to him wuz to fetch the pin in an' say he wuz walkin' 'long an' seen it shinin' an' picked it up he'd jes' hand the reward right over widout a mumblin' word."

"Yas," I says, "tha's so, I reckin."

"'Tain't no manner of doubt but hit's so," he says. "Poindexter," he says brisker like, "I got an idee—it jest this yere second come to me: Whut's the reason w'y you can't be the ordained stranger w'ich teks the pin back to him? You does so an' I'll 'low you ten dollars out of the fifty fur yore time an' trouble. Whut say?"

I studies a minute, and then I says I is sociable to the notion. He says he'll go along with me and point out to me the hotel where the colored Arabian prince is stopping at, and then tarry outside until I gets back to him with the money. I says I'll go just as soon as I has et another piece of mushmelon, which the first piece certainly was very tasty.

So he waits until I has done so, and then he pays the check, which comes to one-eighty for me and ten cents for him, and we gets up to start.

But just as we gets to the door, going out, he takes a look at a clock on the wall and says, "I can't go 'long wid you. You'll have to go by yo'se'f."

I says, "Whyfore you can't go?"

He says, "I jes' this minute remembers 'at I got to ketch the 'leven forty-two fur Hartford, Connecticut, whar I is gittin' ready to open up a branch 'stablishment—tha's whyfore. I been enjoyin' talkin' wid somebody frum my own dear state so much 'at I lets the time slip by unbeknownst, an' now I jes' about kin git abo'd the train at the uptown station ef I hurries." He scratches his head. "Lemme see," he says. "Whut-all is we goin' do 'bout 'at now?" Then it seems like he scratches an idea loose. "I got it!" he says. "Mainly on 'count of my bein' in sech a rush, an' you bein' frum my home town, I'm goin' mek you a heap sweeter proposition 'en de one w'ich I already has made. I'm goin' halfen this yere reward wid you—at's whut I'm goin' do. Yere's the plan. You jes' hands me over twenty-five dollars now fur my sheer an' 'en you keeps the ontire fifty w'ich he'll pay you. See? I knows I is a fool to be doin' it, but gittin' to Hartford on time to-day'll mean a heap mo' to me in the long run 'en whut de diffunce in the money would. How 'bout it, ole boy?"

I says to him that it listens all right to me and I'd give him the twenty-five in a minute, only I ain't got it with me. When I says that his face falls so far his under jaw mighty near grazes the ground, and then he says, "Well, how much is you got? Is you got twenty—or even fifteen?"

I says I ain't got nothing on me in the way of ready cash, only car fare. But I says I is got something on me that's worth a heap more than twenty-five dollars.

And he says, "Whut is it?"

I says, "It's this yere solid gold watch," I says, and I hauls it out and waves it before his eyes. "It's wuth fully forty dollars," I says, "but I ain't needin' it on 'count of havin' a still mo' handsomer one in my trunk, w'ich it wuz give to me by a committee of the w'ite folks two yeahs ago fur savin' a li'l' w'ite boy frum drowndin' off the upper wharf boat. You tek the watch an' give me, say, ten dollars boot," I says, "an' I'll collect the reward an' tharby both of us'll be mekin' money," I says, "'cause you kin sell the watch anywhars fur not lessen forty dollars. I done been offered 'at fur it befo' now."

He studies a minute and then he says that whilst he ain't doubting my word about the watch being worth that much money, still, business is business, and before he consents we'll have to take it to a jewelry store half a square down the street and have it valued.

I says to him, I says, "Tha's suitable to me; but," I says, "I thought you wuz in a sweat to ketch a train?"

"I'll tek the time," he says. "I kin hurry an' mek it. Come to think of it," he says, "'at train don't leave the uptown station twell 'leven fifty-fo'. 'Leven forty-two is w'en she leaves frum downtown."

"I'm glad to hear it," I says, "'cause w'en the jewelry-store man has got th'ough zaminin' my watch we kin ast him to look at the pin, too, an' tell us ef it's the genuwine article. It mout possibly be," I says, "'at they wuz two of these yere clover-leaf pins floatin' round loose an' one of 'em a imitation. By havin' it zamined 'long wid my watch we both plays safe."

He stops right dead in his tracks.

"Look yere, Poindexter," he says, "whut's the use of all 'is yere projectin' round an' wastin' of time? You trusts me," he says, "an' I trusts you—tha's fair. Yere, boy, you teks the pin an' collects the reward. I teks the watch an' sells it fur whut I kin git fur it. Le's close the deal, 'cause I p'intedly is got to hurry frum yere."

"Hold on!" I says. "How 'bout my ten dollars boot?"

"I'll mek it five," he says.

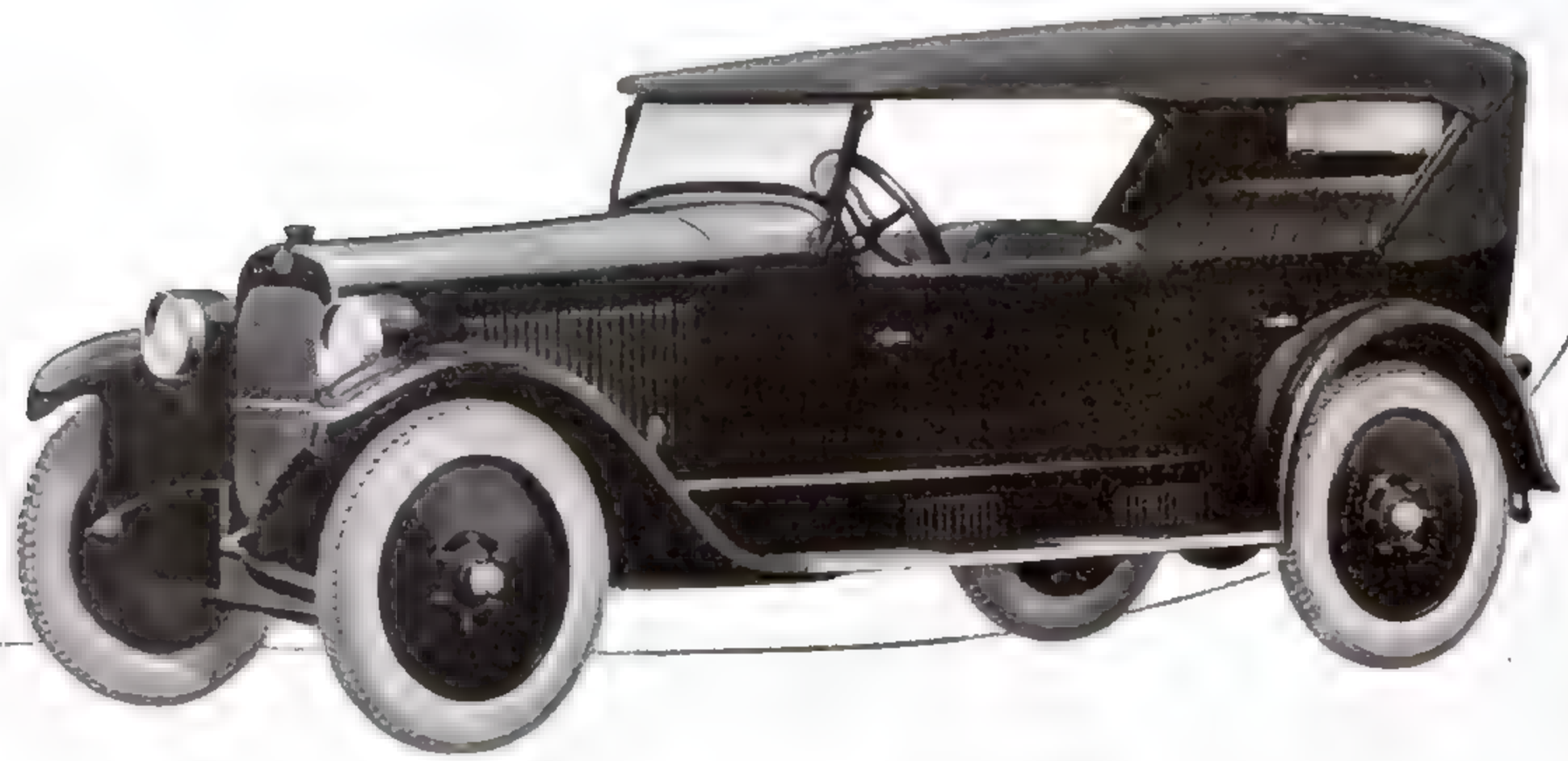
"Gimme the five," I says.

So he counts out five ones and yells something to me about the Palace Afro-American Hotel being straight down the street about half a mile, on the left-hand side, and in another second he's gone from view round the nearest corner.

But I does not go to look for no Afro-American Hotel, nor yet for no colored Arabian prince neither. Something seems to warn me 'twould only be a waste of time; so instead of which, as I steps along, I figures out where I stands in the swap, and it comes to this: I is in to the extent of five dollars in cash, also one dollar and eighty cents' worth of nourishing vittles, and a clover-leaf pin which it must be worth all of seventy-five cents unless the price of brass has took a big fall.

I is out to the extent of telling one lie about saving a little boy from drowning and also one old imitation-gold watch case without any mechanical works in it. Likewise and furthermore, I can imagine the look on that gold-tooth nigger's face when he gets time to take a good look

(Continued on Page 73)



If you seek cars comparable with the Chalmers Six, your search will inevitably lead you to a much higher-priced class.

In its own price-range, the Chalmers is regarded as a car apart—a product far above and beyond the general run.

In other words, it is being awarded a distinct place of dominance in the minds of buyers and the general motoring public as well.

On the score of beauty-value alone, this position is firm and sound.

For the Chalmers is an unusually beautiful car—in design and in finish, with its disc wheels and general equipment.

In engineering-value, it represents a remarkable degree of six-cylinder perfection, developing possibilities which have long lain dormant in the six as a type.

But it is in its wonderfully fine performance, that Chalmers value-superiority is clinched once and for all.

If you will recall the smoothest, most satisfying six-cylinder performance you have ever encountered, and then imagine the smoothness and satisfaction, the liveliness and flexibility, increased a good 50 per cent, you will have some measure of Chalmers Six performance.

One short ride in the Chalmers Six will reveal how much more it is, and how much more it gives, than is usually expected at its price.

All Models Equipped with Disc Steel Wheels and Cord Tires

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The CHALMERS SIX

Jim Henry's Column

What every Father ought to know about Babies

I suppose women who read my column will sniff at the idea, but I really know a lot about babies, and I didn't learn it all out of Aunt Belle's Baby Book, the excellent work of reference sold for 25 cents (35 cents in Canada) by my Company.

For a number of years I maintained relations of intimate personal service with several babies and consider myself an authority on what may be termed their external problems.

There are two major divisions of a Baby—stomach and skin. Fathers should not attempt to influence the care of the former, but are pretty certain to enjoy ample opportunities to exercise their judgments when it comes to keeping a Baby's skin in good condition.

I am trying to discuss this matter in a restrained and delicate way, but when I think of what a helpless little Baby is exposed to I am under a strong temptation to express myself in plain language without polite ambiguities.

What a Baby's skin needs is protection. Until Mennen produced wonderful Kora-Konia, the only matter which seemed to concern parents and nurses was to protect a Baby's immediate surroundings.

Kora-Konia protects the skin.

It places on inflamed little legs a velvety film of soothing, cooling, healing powder which sticks. Kora-Konia is practically waterproof and very adhesive. It is not easily rubbed off, thus giving lasting protection.

Kora-Konia is in no sense a talcum, but possesses definite curative virtue. It will seem almost miraculous to you, the way it clears up rashes and prickly heat and restores chafed skin to normal condition.

So any time you fathers crave sleep both for yourselves and for Baby, dust the little body with Kora-Konia.

And, by the way, Kora-Konia is equally efficient for adult skin irritations—chafing caused by colliding muscles or perspiry clothing—or sunburn.

If you would like to try it out, I will send a sample for 10 cents.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

HOMESPUN SILK

(Continued from Page 21)

"Yeh." Hanvey was very open about it. "We've already paid the money, but we're interested now in gettin' the jools back an' puttin' you in stir. That's why I come to see you."

Sherwood smiled. "You're not going to arrest me, Jim."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't prove a thing."

Jim grinned. "Maybe not just yet. I've talked to Mrs. Haley. Bein' a social climber she ain't any too keen to let it be known publicly that she was imposed on by a faker. That'd make folks laugh at her. An' if, in addition to that, it was ever known that she was the woman who flattened the N'Yawlins cop at the end of a wild party it'd sort of queer her about as queer as could be. An' since she ain't sufferin' only a fifty-thousand-dollar loss anyway—she most certainly wouldn't identify you.

"Y'see, Arthur, it's thisaway: I spotted you easy enough. You are known out at the inn. But nobody knew the dame who was with you. An' it was her that hit the cop. Also, I'm confessin' frankly that the maid an' the chef an' the butler ain't gonna identify you neither. Mrs. Haley has fixed them a-plenty. So she's in the clear, you've got the jools, an' we're stung. That makes us plumb angry, Arthur; bein' rode for a hundred thousand thataway. It just naturally puts it up to me to get you an' the jools both."

"I hope you enjoy yourself trying, Jim."

"I been havin' a good enough time a'ready. But I ain't particularly keen about the job. You're too good a crook to be in jail. But, by gosh, Arthur, you never should of fooled with no woman!"

Sherwood was unimpressed. "You can't find the jewels, Jim."

"Reckon I can. Reckon I can land you too."

"How?"

"Because a crook can't get away with it if the tecs are really after him. You've slipped somewhere. It's just up to me to find out where."

"I'm surprised at you—thinking I've slipped."

"You ain't no different from other crooks, Arthur, except you've got more sense."

"Well"—Arthur rose ostentatiously—"I reckon you want to trot me down to headquarters."

"No. Certainly not. Ain't no use of my arresting you unless you're going to plead guilty."

"Sometimes you're a real humorist, Jim."

"Ain't I? I'm awful cute occasionally. What I really come up for, Arthur, was to tell you how much I know. I want you to see just where you stand. I figured you'd be willin' to help me all you could."

"Certainly, Jim, certainly. Just drop around any old time and talk things over. I'll do all in my power to hinder you."

"Thanks, Arthur. I counted on you for that."

They shook hands; slender, immaculate, polished man-about-town and the mammoth expressionless detective. The contrast was striking. Sherwood ushered Hanvey to the door and bade him a cordial farewell. Then alone, the criminal dropped into a chair and mopped his forehead with a silken handkerchief.

Hanvey had startled him—just as Hanvey had intended. With uncanny intuition Hanvey had pieced together a story so nearly approximating the facts that Sherwood was amazed. And he was now very much on guard. The one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry nestled in a safety-deposit box at one of the Manhattan banks. It was a box Sherwood had possessed for several years, holding it against just such an opportunity as this. It was rented under an assumed name.

Immediately after the jewel robbery he had boarded a train for New York, but not before he carefully had unset the gems and pitched the elaborate platinum settings into the depths of Lake Pontchartrain. The jewels in their little chamois sack were safe.

From the outset Sherwood had realized that he would have difficulty in disposing of the gems. He was content. A stake of that size was worth waiting for—two years, three, five. But he had not anticipated that suspicion would so readily attach to himself. Now that Jim knew the story, he felt that he must redouble his precautions.

The Mrs. Haley end of the situation was safe. He smiled at recollection of the pitifully gullible wife of the railroad president; the blatant, rather vulgar woman who thought to get into the most exclusive social circles by a display of jewelry. She had been so eagerly responsive to his glib chattering about prominent New Yorkers, had so warmly welcomed his casual invitation to telephone when next she came to New York in order that his supposed parents should have the opportunity of entertaining her.

He had understood fully the value of social position to Mrs. Haley. For years she had struggled gamely, mounting with horrid slowness. She was jealous of her trifling successes. This story, made public in the newspapers and expanded in the dirt-slinging weeklies, would ruin her forever. Safety was possible to her in only one way—she must not identify the man who had been her guest on the private car. And Hanvey had reassured him on that point. That had been the single doubtful link in his safety chain; and he knew now that it was one of the strongest.

He'd have to watch Jim Hanvey for a while. It would be an interesting game, laughing in his sleeve as Hanvey banged his fat head against an endless succession of brick walls. Eventually Jim would tire of the search, and then he would dispose of the jewels one by one. Not in a group, of course—they were of such great value that the attention of the police would immediately be attracted through the kind efforts of stool pigeons—but singly, at distant points, and with utmost discretion. The more Sherwood contemplated the plan the more assured he became. He felt sorry for Jim Hanvey. "Nice fellow too. I hate to see him fall down on the case."

As for the detective, he apparently did not share Sherwood's fear for his non-success. If he had a worry he concealed it exceedingly well behind the pudgy face. Too, he fell into the habit of calling casually on Sherwood at odd hours, and discussing the case.

"Hello, Jim. How's old Sherlock Holmes getting on?"

"So-so, Arthur; just so-so."

"Haven't gathered any definite information, have you?"

"You know durn well I haven't, Arthur."

"You'd better get them to shift you to something else. You'll never get the dope on me."

"Maybe not. An' maybe so. There ain't no tellin'."

Sherwood leaned forward and rested a friendly hand on Jim Hanvey's knee. "On the level, Jim, you're wasting your time. You know me; you know I'm not a fool."

"Sure, I know that."

"And you know that I've taken every possible precaution. I was careful enough before; I'm doubly careful now. With you on the case, Jim, I wouldn't take a chance for anything in the world."

"You're terrible complimentary."

"I know you, Jim. You ain't half the fool you look. You couldn't be. Now, frankly, I don't expect to cash in on this little deal for four or five years, and ——"

"You ain't ever going to cash in on it, Arthur."

The narrow, rather ascetic face of the criminal broke into a broad grin. "Trying to make me apprehensive?"

"No; just talkin' sense. You know the gang I'm working for. It ain't so much the hundred thou' insurance money they've shelled out as it is the principle of the thing. They're just butt-headed enough to be willin' to spend money an' time to get you."

"It's impossible."

"Nothin's impossible. No matter how clever you are, you've slipped somewhere."

"I haven't slipped."

"You think you haven't. An' as for you cashing in, you never will. You're playing a lone hand, Arthur, but I ain't. Real detectives never do. I've got the police of the country helpin' me on this thing, an' every stool pigeon we've got is watching for them jools. They're going to keep on watching. An'"—Jim Hanvey leaned forward earnestly—"you ain't gonna cash in on this deal, Arthur, because there ain't a livin' human bein' who'd buy them jools offen you. Not a single living soul."

Sherwood laughed shortly. He was impressed, and tried not to show it.

"We know every fence who'd handle a deal of that size, Arthur. Every one of them. An' they're all bein' watched. The little jools don't matter, but the minute one of them big ones shows up—we're on a hot trail. An' then Mr. Sherwood does a stretch—worse luck."

"I'll wait."

"So will we. Waitin' is the best thing we do. We're just naturally bound to get you. I'd be doubtful if there was any person in the world you could sell them jools to, but there ain't. Not a one. We've taken care of that. An' the comp'ny has told me the sky's the limit. Besides, Arthur, there ain't so bloomin' many places you could of hid them jools. All the time you're waitin' we're workin'. You can't get away with it. The minute I was sure it was you I knew it was just a question of time before I landed you with the dope. Now if you was willin' to make a clean breast of it ——"

Sherwood threw back his head and laughed. "Jim Hanvey! I thought better of you than that."

"A'right." The detective hoisted himself from the depths of a leather rocker. "Have it your own way, Arthur. But I sure do wish it was some other feller than you. I'm awful strong for you."

"I know it, Jim." There was genuine feeling in the other's voice. "It's just a little game; you're on one side and I'm on the other. One of us has got to lose—and I'm plumb sorry it's you."

Alone again Sherwood walked to the window, where he stood looking down into Central Park. Dusk was merging gently into night. The shadowy walks under the trees were dislimning in the softly gathering gloom. There floated up to his ears the commanding screech of automobile sirens, the clang of passing Eighth Avenue cars, the voices of a group of children. Then into the picture bulked the slouching figure of Jim Hanvey.

Sherwood watched the ungainly hulk interestedly. He saw Hanvey enter the park and pause to light a cigar. There was something almost pathetic about the big hulking man, a humbleness that was deceptive to those who did not know him intimately. Too, there was a fairness and squareness which made him popular with the higher class of criminals. They knew he was on the level. He took no unfair advantage of them. He played the game clean. "If I've got to be caught I'd rather Jim Hanvey made the pinch." That was the idea; they were proud of their friendship with Jim Hanvey. They played clean with him and he with them. He looked out for them after he arrested them; saw they were given a square deal; didn't forget them when they were doing time. A lonely man, Jim Hanvey; big and ugly and ungainly—and eagerly friendly. His best friends stood high in the criminal social register. Outside the underworld he had no intimates.

Sherwood saw him walk on slowly, in the lumbering gait of a man too bulky for his feet. And gradually the big figure was lost in the gloom. He was there—then gone. Sherwood turned away from the window. "It's a dirty shame. He would have made a wonderful crook."

He pondered over his recent conversation with the detective. Jim's utterances were worthy of serious reflection; Jim was not given to trickery of speech. Besides, he knew Sherwood too well to bluff. He understood that Sherwood would play a waiting game.

Sherwood was willing, but a trifle disturbed. He hadn't anticipated having the robbery traced to his door so promptly. There had been no opportunity to dispose of even a few of the gems. And he wasn't too well supplied with cash. Of course with Jim watching every move it would be impossible to pull another job; he'd have to lay low and take things easy. Worse luck!

Jim was right of course. At present there was no one to whom he could sell the jewels. No professional fence would handle them, and if an amateur took over the jewels he, Sherwood, would be lucky to get ten thousand dollars. "And I'll never let them go for that; not if I have to wait ten years."

He visited Jim Hanvey a couple of days later. "I've been thinking over our little talk, Jim."

"That's good."

(Continued on Page 32)

The group of fine craftsmen who are now building the Peerless, have immensely improved its manufacturing practice.

Working in unison, as they have done over a long period of years, they were able to take immediate advantage of the wonderful facilities they found in the Peerless plant.

Peerless manufacturing methods have always been high and fine; but they are higher and finer today, requirements of men and machines are more exacting, than they have ever been before.

These experts, knowing their work, and each other, so well, have now literally outdone themselves.

How far they have advanced the Peerless, how much they have accomplished, is revealed in the cars which they have been producing for months past.

There is a dash and a spirit about these cars, an effortless ease and certainty in all they do, that put the climax to motoring comfort.

To a superlative degree, they incorporate the power-abundance and power-obedience, and all the fine shades of behavior, which are created only by scrupulous manufacturing practices, based on sound manufacturing principles.

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Seven Passenger Touring Car, $2700; Four Passenger Roadster, $2700; Four Passenger Coupé, $3500; Five Passenger Sedan, $3650; Seven Passenger Sedan, $3790; Seven Passenger Sedan-Limousine, $4000; F. O. B. Cleveland.

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PEERLESS

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JUNE 1922

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Insist on getting the package with the orange label, checkered border and Dutch Girl's head.

To Quickly Stop a Radiator Leak

DUTCH BRAND LIQUID RADIATOR-SEAL (also made in powder form) stops the leak instantly, simply by pouring enough of contents of the can into the radiator. The repair is permanent and saves expense of costly shopwork. By eliminating rust this preparation adds to the life of the car. A can in the tool-box may avoid a disabled car on the road. Half-pint can, more than enough for any car, 50c.

To Prolong the Life of Tire Casings

DUTCH BRAND 2-IN-1 CUT-FILLER is a heavy liquid rubber for filling small cuts, bruises, and gashes in casings. When neglected, such cuts enlarge until sand and water pockets form, the fabric rots and blow-outs result. No skill or experience necessary to apply it; adds hundreds of miles at almost no extra cost, dries rapidly, and produces a tough, resilient lining that becomes an integral part of the casing. 1 x 6-inch tube, enough for many cuts, 50c.

To Provide Many Emergency Repairs

DUTCH BRAND FRICTION TAPE should not be confused with the ordinary grades. It is made of heavy, closely woven fabric, thoroughly impregnated with pure rubber, scientifically compounded, is extra adhesive and has high electrical resistance. It does not dry out. 2-oz. carton, 15c; 4-oz. 20c; 8 oz. 35c.

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Manufacturers of Dutch Brand Products, including Auto and Cycle Specialties, Bicycle Tire Fluid, "Snow-White" Mill Cement, Moving Picture Film Cement, "Triple-Tite" Shoe Cement, White Shoe Heel Enamel.

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"Suppose I handed the jewels to you, would you forget that you knew who took them?"

"Wish I could, Arthur, but it isn't possible. We want you."

Sherwood shrugged. "I'll just have to wait then."

"That's foolish. I'll get you sooner or later. You might as well come clean and start serving your time now. Every day you put it off is just that much time wasted."

"I've got plenty of time, Jim."

"Yeh, reckon so. I hardly thought you'd 'fess up."

"Not a chance."

"I'm real sorry for you, Arthur. All that trouble, all that risk -and you ain't gonna get nothin' out of it."

"I'll make out very well."

"Nope. You can't sell 'em, an' there ain't no other way of realizin' on your investment of time and effort."

Sherwood knew that he must hold on for a long, long while. It was awkward, but necessary. He was too clever a performer to worry about financial stringency. Jim was after him now as keenly as he was after the jewels, even more so. Of course he had never intended turning the jewels over to Hanvey; had quizzed him solely for the purpose of finding out whether it was the man or the jewels they were seeking. The fact that it was the former made greater caution imperative.

Jim was using the police too. That was further embarrassment. The police system bothers criminals, it is so extensive and comprehensive, a system of surveillance that eventually wears a man down. Playing lone hands, Sherwood knew that the advantage would always be with the criminal. But fighting against the individual brilliance of a detective and the inexorable patience and scope of the nation's police departments, a man had to watch his step pretty carefully.

Sherwood was willing—but it was deucedly uncomfortable.

Jim had impressed him. There was no one to whom he could sell the jewels; not for several years, at any rate, not a soul. Unless, perhaps —— Sherwood nodded slowly. "It's worth thinking over," he told himself.

Two days later Sherwood's telephone buzzed, and Jim Hanvey's monotonous droning voice came to him over the wire:

"That you, Arthur?"

"Yes."

"This is Jim Hanvey."

"Yes."

"Busy?"

"Not particularly."

"How 'bout droppin' over to my rooms a minute. I got somethin' to show you; somethin' real interestin'."

"Coming."

"Right away?"

"Pronto."

A taxi, a swift journey uptown to West 110th Street; Jim Hanvey's three-room apartment—a stuffy affair grotesquely furnished and vilely kept; three rooms which sagged under the heavy odor of Jim's cigars.

Sherwood swore fervently and threw up the windows in the tiny parlor.

"Jim, you shouldn't."

"What?"

"Smoke those cigars indoors."

"Oh! Them? Gosh! I like 'em."

"The other tenants don't kick?"

"Dunno. The janitor done time once in Joliet, an' him an' me is buddies. He was a awful rotten yegg, but he's a swell janitor. That just shows —— Anyway, you ain't interested in him; n'r me neither for that matter. I got something to show you."

"So you said."

"C'mere."

Sherwood trailed his host into the dining room. Jim motioned him to a chair. "Just got one thing to ask, Arthur: that is that you use your eyes—not your hands."

"Whatever you say, Jim."

"Good." From the capacious hip pocket of his voluminous trousers Hanvey extracted a little chamois sack. Sherwood's eyes narrowed slightly. Chamois sack! Jewelry! Hanvey, apparently unmindful of his visitor, droned on:

"Just you watch, Arthur—but remember, hands off."

With a quick deft motion he opened the sack and spilled its contents on the imitation-mahogany table. The fishlike eyes of the detective were focused vacantly upon Arthur Sherwood, who had started involuntarily from his seat. Then Sherwood caught himself, controlled his nerves with an effort and tried to smile.

"What's the idea, Jim?"

Hanvey's glassy eyes were turned to the table top, upon which glowed and flamed a handful of magnificent gems—matched pearls, diamonds of rare cut and brilliance, a huge blood ruby, twin emeralds of enormous size and clarity, deep Oriental sapphires. The eyes of the detective closed slowly, sleepily, then opened with maddening leisureliness.

"How you like 'em, Arthur?"

Sherwood appeared at ease, but his nerves were under a terrific tension. "Very much."

"Look familiar?"

Sherwood nodded frankly. "Yes."

They were familiar; stone for stone they were the jewels he had stolen from Mrs. Haley—stolen from her, stripped from their mountings, and which at that moment he could have sworn were safe in a box at one of the city's largest banks. There was no mistaking them—the ruby, the big diamond with the odd workmanship.

"What are they, Jim?"

Hanvey grinned genially.

"Paste."

"Paste?"

"Sure. Can't you tell?"

"Where did you get them?"

"Had 'em made from the descriptions the insurance company has. I think they look grand—for paste."

Sherwood stared at the glittering gems as though hypnotized. And while he gazed Hanvey's huge hand went out and swept them back into the chamois sack. "Awful good imitations, I think, Arthur."

Sherwood laughed weakly. "They are. Mighty clever."

The sack was returned to Hanvey's pocket. "I got to be trottin' along downtown, Arthur. That's all I wanted of you—just to show you them imitation jools."

Sherwood was nervous. He more than half expected to be arrested, and he drew a deep breath of relief as he stepped into the street. He walked swiftly toward the corner, turned sharply, and saw Hanvey emerge from the apartment house and follow him. A slight frown corrugated the criminal's forehead.

He was frankly worried. Hanvey was too insistent about the brummagem quality of the gems. Doubt assailed him. Perhaps they were the genuine stones. It was impossible—but if they were imitations they were wonderful. Suppose Hanvey had discovered the location of his safety-deposit box and the name in which it was held? Suppose he had actually secured the gems?

Sherwood hailed a passing taxi and entered. As he did so he saw another cab ease around the corner. Jim Hanvey overflowed the back seat, cigar between his pursy lips. Sherwood spoke swiftly to his driver. "See that cab yonder?"

"Yeh."

"Lose it and you get twenty dollars."

"Cinch."

At the same moment Hanvey was speaking with his own driver. "See that cab up ahead—the one the good-lookin' feller is just gettin' into?"

"Uh-huh."

"Foller it an' you get five dollars."

"Cinch."

The chase started. Both cabs swung into Riverside Drive at moderate speed, Sherwood's driver playing a careful game until such time as he might find an opportunity to elude pursuit in a traffic jam. Along Riverside they went, turning eastward to Broadway on Seventy-second Street, thence down that thoroughfare to Park Circle. It was there that luck played into Sherwood's hands. His cab crossed Park Circle just as the traffic policeman raised his hand. It took Hanvey fully a half minute to exhibit his credentials to the policeman, and by that time Sherwood had sped eastward on Fifty-eighth Street, turning downtown on Sixth Avenue and doubling back uptown via Fiftieth Street and Ninth Avenue.

Sherwood was confident that he had eluded Hanvey, but he was taking no chance. As a matter of fact, additional precaution was unnecessary. Hanvey's taxi reached Fifty-eighth, Jim glanced down the avenue through an endless line of cabs, touring cars and busses, and motioned his driver to a halt. "Needn't go no farther, son. They've got away. How much?"

"Dollar eighty."

Hanvey handed him a two-dollar bill. "Keep the change." Then, as he started across toward the Subway kiosk, he glanced at his watch. "Three-thirty—hmph!"

He entered the Subway and rode uptown. When he alighted it was to walk to Central Park West and seat himself on the steps of Sherwood's apartment house. He was smiling slightly and there appeared to be a faint sign of life in his dead fishy eyes.

Sherwood had proceeded with meticulous care. He left his taxi on West Sixty-fourth Street, took a surface car to the Pennsylvania Hotel, entered the Subway via the lobby of that hostelry, rode downtown and thence to his bank, where he secured access to the safety-deposit box held by himself under the alias of Roger Clarkson.

His examination took but a moment. The jewels were there, every last one of them. He sighed relievedly. Then as he left the bank he found himself worrying. He realized that Jim Hanvey had some deeply ulterior motive, that he had not gone to the trouble and expense of securing the paste duplicates without making them a part of an elaborate trap. Hanvey's very frankness had been disquieting. Paste, said Hanvey, made from the insurance-company descriptions. Well, Hanvey had told the truth. But why? Sherwood was apprehensive. Here had entered the first element the criminal was unable to understand. Until this moment he had felt a bit sorry for Jim Hanvey's heavy blundering, his bovine indifference and his lethargy. But now ——

Still seeking a solution Sherwood rode uptown on the Elevated and then walked to his apartment. As he turned in at the door the monster figure of Jim Hanvey hoisted itself from the marble steps.

"Hello, Arthur."

"Jim! You here?"

"Naw! I'm over in Brooklyn huntin' for the other end of the bridge."

Sherwood took his friend by the arm. "Come upstairs a minute, Jim. I want to chat with you."

"Sure."

Hanvey selected the most comfortable chair and crashed into it. Sherwood walked to the window, put up the shade and turned toward the Gargantuan figure of his friend. Sherwood's face was in shadow, that of the detective in the full glare of daylight—as expressionful as putty.

"I've been trying to figure out your little play, Jim."

"Have you?"

"Yes. And I don't get the answer. About the only idea I can see behind it was that you showed me those imitations to make me go down to the vault where I have the real stones to reassure myself."

"You're hittin' on all six so far, Arthur."

"And that you'd trail me there and find out what box ——"

"Arthur Sherwood! I'm plumb disappointed in you—knockin' me thataway. You don't honestly think I thought I could trail you through the streets of New York, do you?"

"It didn't seem so, Jim—unless you were attaining your second childhood. But I couldn't figure out any other reason—and you did try to follow me."

Hanvey shook his head slowly. "Nope."

"In that taxi?"

"That wasn't my idea, Arthur." The detective's big spatulate fingers drummed lightly on the table. "All I was doin', Arthur, was to make sure that you was tryin' to shake me!"

"A-ah!" Sherwood's thin lips compressed. Hanvey waved genially. "Think it over."

Sherwood thought it over. Then: "Well, I was trying to shake you. Where does that get you?"

"A heap of places, Arthur. 'Cause how? 'Cause the minute you tried to shake me I knew good an' well you was doin' it because you was headed for the vault where you had the jools hid. Of course it is a vault—no crook of your intelligence would hide 'em anywheres else. So the minute you gave me the slip I come on back here an' waited for you."

"Ye-e-es." Sherwood was puzzled. "But why?"

"Because, Arthur, I laid an awful clever trap for you, an' you fell into it. You don't mind my callin' myself clever, do you, Arthur? I really do think it was an awful good stunt I pulled."

"Just what was it, Jim?"

Hanvey glanced at his enormous watch. "Just this: At some time between 3:45 and 4:30 this afternoon you went to your bank box. You signed your card—under an

(Continued on Page 34)

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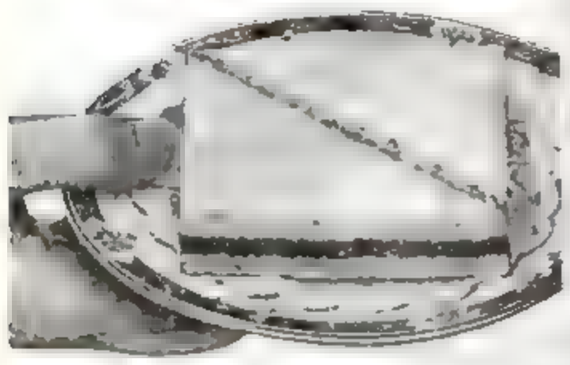

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(Continued from Page 32)

alias, of course. An' tomorrow mornin' I start out inspectin' the vault cards of every bank in New York. I'll get help from headquarters, an' eventually we'll check up on every man, woman an' child who entered a bank box in that three-quarters of an hour."

The detective grinned in boyish approval of his own acumen. "'Tain't gonna be such an easy job, Arthur, but it ain't gonna be so hard neither—me not carin' particularly about time in this case. Of course I know the box is in a Manhattan bank, because you got back too quick to have gone to Brooklyn or even Jersey City. Jerry Naschbaum, chief of the headquarters identification force, will let me have a few good men to help. In one week, two weeks, mebbe three, we'll check up on everybody who entered a bank box between 3:45 and 4:30 today. An' when we've done that, Arthur, we'll have you. See?"

Arthur saw. "I wish someone else was on this case, Jim. You're too blamed painstaking."

"Better 'fess up now."

"No; I'll take my chances."

"Ain't gonna get you nowhere. You can't sell them jools; there ain't a soul in the world would buy 'em offen you."

"Maybe not." Sherwood opened the door invitingly. "Sorry you have to be going, Jim."

"I'm sorry myself, Arthur." He turned at the doorway. "I'm kinder cute yet, ain't I?"

"I hope not, Jim," was the answer.

It did not take Sherwood long to realize that he was nearing the end of his rope. He might have known that Jim Hanvey was going to trap him. That had been a clever trick of Jim's, and it promised definite and fairly immediate results. Hanvey was right; the task of checking up would be a slow and difficult undertaking, but Sherwood knew the police system sufficiently well to understand—and fear—its tirelessness. Eventually they'd complete their check-up, and when they did ——

Sherwood admitted to himself that he must dispose of the jewels. Thought of transferring them to another box was out of the question. They'd discover that eventually. The thing to do was to rid himself of the gems. But Jim Hanvey had insisted that he could not sell them because there was no market. Jim had spoken truly. No market. "Oh, confound Mrs. Haley and her jewelry!"

Sherwood caught his breath suddenly. Mrs. Haley! Puffy, ponderous Mrs. Haley! The poor, bewildered, self-sufficient Mrs. Haley, who had lost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of jewelry and been partially reimbursed with one hundred thousand dollars of the insurance company's money. Sherwood smashed his right fist into the palm of his left hand.

"There's my market! I'll sell the jewels back to Mrs. Haley!"

He paced the room, his brain running riot with the sardonic daring of his scheme. He knew Jim Hanvey was not infallible. Jim had been so confident that no one would buy the jewels—so confident that he had completely overlooked Mrs. Haley.

And Mrs. Haley would buy. He'd make her buy. No one would think of looking to her for the gems. She could have them set in new mountings and no one would ever be the wiser. He'd sell them to her for fifty thousand dollars, and she'd be fifty thousand dollars winner on the transaction. Then Jim Hanvey could search all he pleased.

He telephoned Mrs. Haley. She was decidedly disinclined to meet him. He assumed a threatening tone. She consented fearfully. They met at Port Chester, he going there by train and she by automobile. She refused frankly to have anything further to do with him.

"Very well, Mrs. Haley. When they arrest me I'll tell the whole story. What happened in New Orleans for one thing; then about your refusal to identify me—I know they've shown you my picture. It will be a choice morsel for the newspapers, and a wonderful story for the society weeklies. You'll be laughed out of the country."

"But if they find out that I've bought them back from you ——" The woman was on the verge of hysteria. She was horribly frightened.

"They won't. You're the last person on earth they'd think of in connection with those jewels. You buy them. They can search all they please and they can't get the goods on me. They won't even arrest me because there'll be no evidence to convict. And you will be fifty thousand dollars to the good."

"I can't."

"You can."

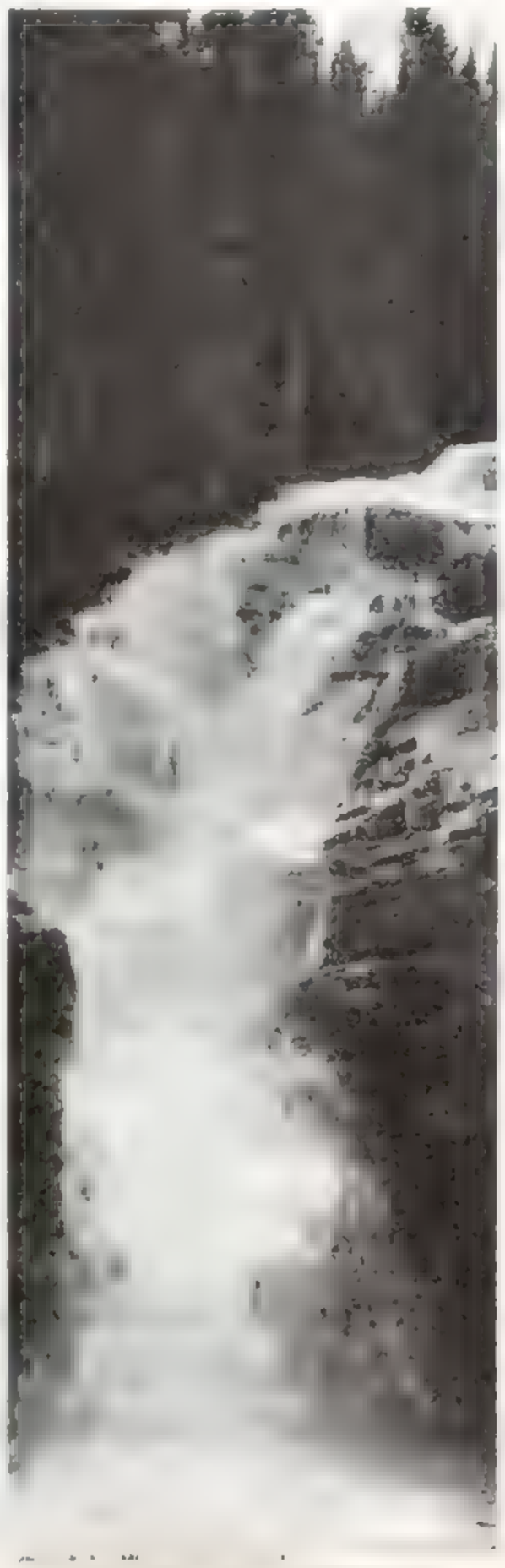
"Well, I won't."

A steely light crept into his eyes. "You will! You must!"

Eventually she consented. There was nothing else she could do. Petrified with terror, fearful of losing the tiny bit of social recognition for which she had so valiantly struggled, inordinately afraid of arrest in connection with the New Orleans escapade which had assumed Brobdingnagian proportions in her eyes she agreed to meet him in the private dining room of a quiet hotel, bringing with her fifty thousand dollars in cash, which was to be exchanged for the jewels. And then, apprehensive and nervous, she left him.

Sherwood returned to the city, exultant. His plan had worked. It was safe, supremely safe. For, even should she be eventually discovered in possession of the jewels, she would never dare tell the true story.

But Jim Hanvey had not been idle. He made careful investigation and then spent the entire afternoon chatting with the presidents of the four New York banks where Mrs. Haley maintained personal checking accounts. "She'll cash a big check here in the next few days," explained the detective to each of them. "A thunderin' big check;



Twin Falls—Glacier National Park

an' she'll take the money in legal tender. Minute she does, telephone my apartment. Ask for a feller named Henry Jones. He'll take the message an' get in touch with me."

And then Jim Hanvey personally took unto himself the task of watching Mrs. Haley.

It was not difficult. Suspecting no surveillance Mrs. Haley conducted herself so that a blind man could have shadowed her. Mrs. Haley's single major sorrow in life was the stubborn refusal of her husband to take up his residence in New York. Her apartment was a sop, and during her occasional sojourns in the metropolis she expended a vast amount of effort in the task of letting people know that she was somebody. Purple limousine, uniformed chauffeur and footman, shrieking clothes and diamond-studded lorgnette combined to make Hanvey's self-appointed task absurdly simple. And on the morning of the third day following, the man called Jones notified his superior that only a few hours previously Mrs. Haley had personally cashed her check for fifty thousand dollars.

Jim received the report with a nod. He was lolling comfortably in a taxicab owned by the police department and driven by one of his own operatives. "Yeh! I knew somethin' was about to break. I follered her down to the bank an' seen her when she went in. She's in yonder now"—he nodded in the general direction of the gingerbready apartment house—"an' she'll be comin' out directly. Beat it, Henry."

Henry beat it. The purple limousine appeared. So, too, did Mrs. Haley. Twenty minutes later she entered a modest downtown hotel. Hanvey waited until she had crossed the lobby in the wake of a bellhop and disappeared into an elevator. Then he followed and exhibited his credentials to the manager, receiving from that startled dignitary a bit of helpful information.

"There's a man in that private dining room already, isn't there?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good. I'll trot along up."

He allowed them ample time for conversation. And when he opened the door with a master key furnished by the hotel management it was to interrupt an interesting tableau.

By the table stood Mrs. Haley, clutching in her two hands the sack of jewels. Sherwood was busily engaged in counting the money she had paid over to him. Neither moved.

Hanvey closed the door gently. His wide-open, fishlike eyes blinked with amazing slowness. Mrs. Haley choked, spluttered and collapsed into a chair. Sherwood's eyes met Hanvey's levelly. The criminal was apparently emotionless, a game loser. Very quietly he took the sack of jewelry from the nerveless hands of Mrs. Haley, returned her money and extended the jewels to Hanvey.

"There has been no transaction here of the kind you think, Jim. I am handing over the jewels of my own accord, and confessing to the robbery. There is no need to drag this lady's name in the mud."

Hanvey bowed with ungainly grace. "Always a gent, eh, Arthur? I'm proud of you." He turned to Mrs. Haley. "I reckon it wasn't ever your fault, ma'am. An' me an' my friend Mr. Sherwood here will see that you don't get no rotten publicity out of it."

She was dazed, but volubly and tearfully grateful. Sherwood, calm and dignified, questioned the detective.

"You've got me, Jim. I had a hunch that I wouldn't get away with it. But I have a professional and academic interest in the matter. There are one or two things I don't quite understand."

"Always at your service, Arthur."

"First and most important" Sherwood's voice was quietly conversational "what made you think I planned to sell the jewels back to Mrs. Haley?"

Hanvey shook his head reprovingly. "I'm s'prised at you for not knowin' such a simple thing as that, Arthur. The reason I knew you was gonna sell them jools back to Mrs. Haley was because I suggested it to you."

"You suggested ——" Then Sherwood smiled in frank admiration. "You mean you suggested it when you said ——"

"Sure," interrupted Hanvey pleasantly, "when I kept repeatin' that there wasn't nobody in the world you could sell 'em to—I meant nobody except Mrs. Haley."

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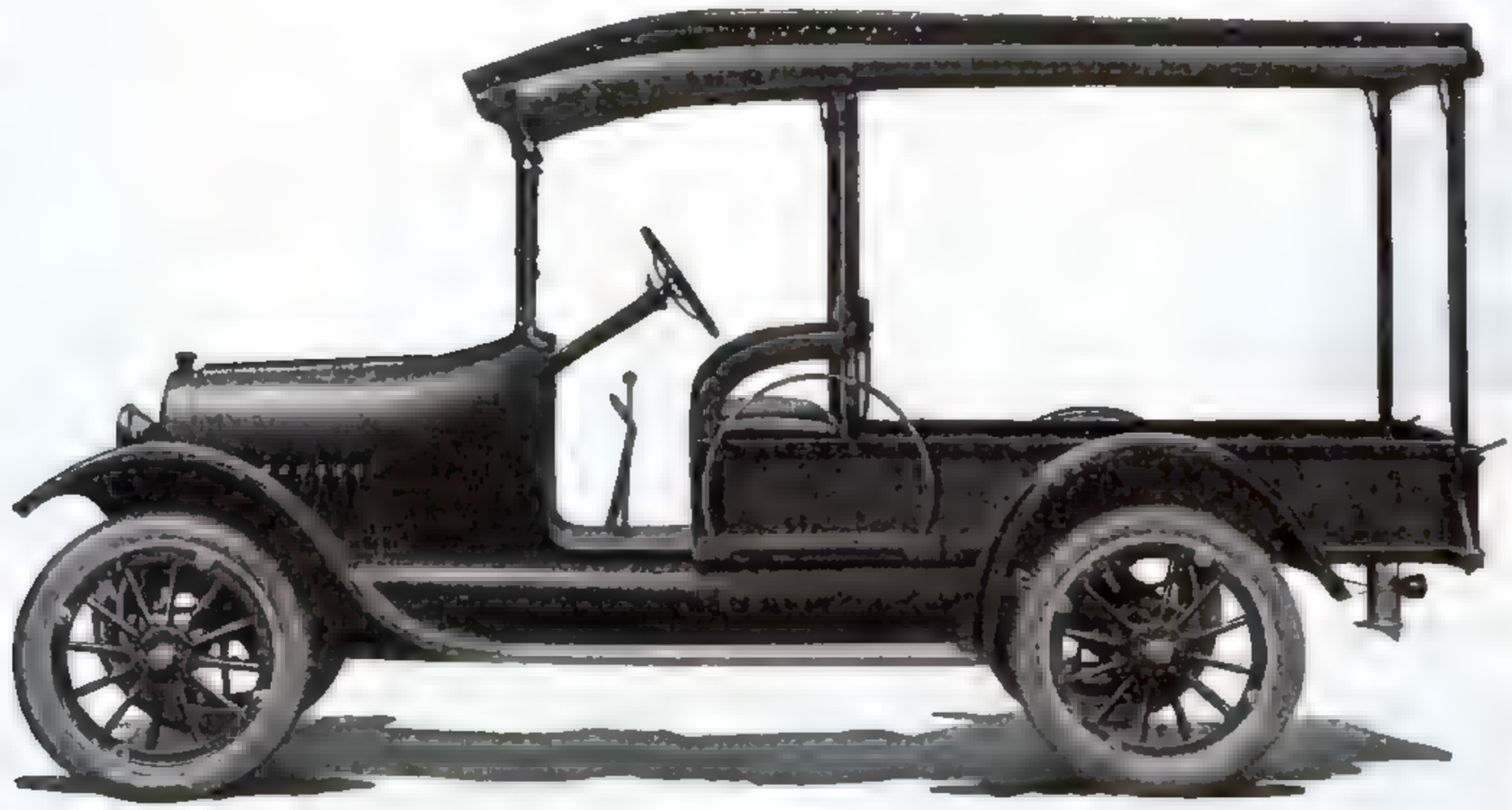

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SQUIRE TRUMAN TURNS A PLANK

(Continued from Page 11)

dollars stole by Fabius Sprague, two young folks that hain't got nary a thing to do with the stealin' gets smashed flat. Seems to me if Gawd was strikin' a balance between two innocent lives and twelve thousand dollars he'd do diff'rent. That's why I lay the consequences to men."

"Mebby so. . . . Mebby so."

"If men was able to see what was done as clear as Gawd does, and to understand what was done, mebby they'd be able to handle it better. But they go bangin' ahead in their ignorance, and so long's somebody gits hurt they're satisfied."

This was too abstract for Ollo. What interested him in this world was fact. Speculations which were not ponderable had no power to arouse him.

"What's itchin' me," he said, "is what in tunket Jake Morrow shot that dawg fer."

"I aim to find out," said the squire. "Turnin' over facts is like turnin' over an old plank behind the barn. Never kin tell what sort of bugs'll come runnin' out."

"Jake hain't nobody's fool," said Ollo.

"Ollo," said the squire presently, "you know the river out here runs downhill, don't ye? Wa-al, supposin' the' was a flood and it made a backwater or suthin' so that in one spot it looked like the river was climbin' uphill. Would ye go round the rest of your life believin' the river did go uphill instid of down?"

"Calc'late not."

"U-m! You know it's light in the daytime, but s'posin' the' come a storm, and it got pitch black at noon. Would ye maintain all the rest of your life that daytime was dark?"

"What ye talkin' about?" demanded Ollo.

"I was thinkin'," said the squire, "that maybe folks don't place enough dependence on what they know. They know a thing is so, and then along comes somethin' that makes it look for a minute as if it wasn't so, and from then on they don't b'lieve the thing was so that they knew was so. . . . I'm gittin' more int'rested in that dawg, Ollo. I'm gittin' the idea that not knowin' a fact hard enough is the bug under that plank."

"Jake's not that way. If he knows a thing he keeps right on knowin' it's so, even when it's proved to him that it hain't."

"I'm takin' that into consideration," said the squire. "If I'd 'a' been Jake, I'd 'a' pizened that dawg. Shootin' it was a mistake."

The squire and his constable left the court room together and walked down the street side by side—a fox terrier and a St. Bernard. The squire carried his head well forward, so that his beard became a sort of prow; Ollo made even more of a prow of his whiskers.

The squire walked with short, choppy, impatient steps; Ollo, for all his bulk, duplicated the gait. The squire might have been walking beside his reflection in a magnifying mirror.

"Ollo," said the squire, "your wife's kind of timid nights, hain't she?"

"No," said Ollo, "nor daytimes nuther."

"She could be, couldn't she, Ollo? If it was necessary you could reason her into bein' timid, couldn't ye?"

"She hain't never listened to reason in thutty year. Dunno's she could start now. . . . What fer, squire?"

"You're goin' to spend a night away from home, and I don't feel jest right havin' you leave your wife alone," said the squire. "Say, did it ever strike you young Paul Sprague might 'a' knowed what his father done with Jahala's money? That mebbe that was why he was so tarnal anxious to git out of town?"

"Don't believe a word of it," said Ollo emphatically.

"I'm stoppin' into the bank," said the squire. "Git your summonses served and then hustle back to the court room."

The squire entered the bank, and by right of his position as a member of the finance committee passed behind the grating and up to the bookkeeper's desk, now vacant by reason of that functionary's absence at lunch. For half an hour he studied certain accounts on the ledger and made notes in his memorandum book. Then he went to the hotel where he had lived for twenty years and attended to the demands of his own hunger. After his meal he went to the post office and held conversation with Postmaster Upstrap.

"Jahala in to-day?" he asked.

"Cashed one of them money orders from Paul," said the postmaster.

"Lemme see it," said the squire. "U-m! Fifteen dollars. Come from Camden. . . . Much obleeged. Ever hear of any trouble betwixt Jake Morrow and John Chase before this here dawg-shootin' scrape?"

"Don't call nothin' to mind," said the postmaster.

"Recollect what Jake Morrow was doin' two year ago, say in September?"

"Bookkeepin' for Fabius Sprague," said the postmaster promptly.

His next stop was at Jahala Bond's door. He was just in time, for she was coming down the steps on her way back to school as he opened the gate.

"Howdy, Jahala," he said.

"Good afternoon, squire."

"Jest stopped in to say that if ye see anything in the paper about ye tomorrer, or hear any gossip, jest keep your mouth tight shet. Don't deny nothin'."

"But what ——"

"Be ye goin' to do as you're told?" he said sharply.

"I—why, yes; but I don't understand."

"No need you sh'u'd. . . . Friday night you're stayin' with Ollo Dawdy's wife—sleepin' there. She don't know it yit, but you be. Ollo hain't goin' to be home."

"What are you up to, squire?"

"I'm jest seein' what kind of a bug'll run out from under a plank when I turn it over," he said.

Whereupon he turned his back abruptly and walked away. He stopped a moment in the office of the Amity Clarion to give a bit of news to the editor for his personal column.

"Ollo Dawdy's goin' to be absent from home Friday night on court business," he said. "Jahala Bond's goin' to spend the night with his wife. . . . Oh, to be sure, and here's another: Jahala's got to feelin' kind of timid about sleepin' alone in that house, so what's she done but up and bought her a dawg. White bulldawg, she says. Comin' by express from the city. Expects it Sattidy. Now I calc'late the'll be all kinds of trouble in town, dawg fights and sich. Print 'em prominent, to the top of the column, will ye?"

"To be sure," promised the editor.

"Now," said the squire to himself as he walked back to the court room, "if somebody don't hear opportunity rappin' on his door, then I'm jest a plain, imaginin' ol' fool."

In consequence of these transactions of the squire, and as a sequel to them, a number of connected happenings took place on Friday night. Ollo Dawdy drove out of town toward the west, stopped at Hoover's farm, left his horse in the barn and walked back to Amity through the woods. Jahala Bond took supper with Ollo's wife and went to bed in Ollo's spare bedroom. Squire Truman, thankful for a dark night, approached Jahala's house by devious and shadowy paths, and stealthily effected an entry by means of the kitchen in the rear. In the hall he stepped on Ollo's foot and almost startled the constable into a fit.

"Everythin' quiet yit?" asked the squire.

"Hain't even heard a rat stirrin'."

They sat on the stairs and waited silently. From time to time it was necessary for the squire to admonish Ollo, for the constable was gnawed by a hungry curiosity.

"Listen!" said the squire finally.

Unmistakably someone was moving stealthily outside the dining-room window. They heard the sash lift slowly, cautiously, and a sound as of someone dragging his legs over the sill. Then came soft footsteps on the body-Brussels carpet, and the figure of a man passed between the squire and the parlor window. Enough of the silhouette was distinct to make it apparent the man was smoothly shaven. He made a circuit of the room, passing close to the portières behind which the squire and Ollo lurked, and they saw his face. It was Paul Sprague. Across a corner of the room stood a haircloth sofa. Young Sprague moved it out quietly, got behind it and pulled it back into place. Then he crouched down in hiding. Ollo quivered with excitement. The squire tugged on his beard.

Another twenty minutes passed. The squire and Ollo held their breaths in the hallway; ignorant of their nearness, Paul Sprague crouched behind the haircloth sofa. They waited, motionless. Then without a warning sound a second figure appeared. It advanced into the living room, its stockinged feet falling noiselessly. The squire's hand tightened on Ollo's wrist. It drew Ollo's hand toward him.

"Here's a warrant," he whispered. "Serve it."

Ollo hesitated a moment as the newcomer lighted an electric torch and flashed it about the room. The shaft of light touched the stone fireplace and lingered. The squire shoved Ollo into the room. It was a situation made for Ollo, who was altogether deficient in the matter of cowardice, and who dearly loved to function as an officer of the court.

"I arrest ye," he bellowed, "in the name of the law!"

The flashlight dropped to the floor and the intruder leaped toward a window, but Ollo's bulk was upon him, crushing him to the floor.

"Fetch the light," he panted, "so's I kin see what I got!"

"No need," said the squire. "I calc'late to know. Git up Jake. . . . U-m! Ketched in the act of breakin' and enterin' in the nighttime. . . . U-m—state's prison offense, Jake. . . . Got a match, Ollo? Light up the lamp. Figger we kin hold court right here's well as anywheres. Don't let him git away."

Jake stood sullen and frightened as the kerosene lamp illuminated the room.

"Kind of figgered you couldn't resist sich a chance," said the squire, "allus pervidin' what I surmised was more'n jest a surmise. . . . Fetch the pris'ner to the bar, constable."

"How about 'tother one?" Ollo asked.

The squire turned.

"You kin come out, Paul," he said. "Mebby you'll be some help as things goes along. . . . Now, Jake, remember anythin' you say kin be used agin ye; but by gum, if you dast hold anythin' back you'll have me to settle with! What'd you come here fer?"

Jake stood mute, as the saying is.

"Calc'late I'll have to tell ye then," said the squire. "You come because you knowed a fact is allus a fact. You knowed that a thing is allus so if it's so, hain't that it, Jake? You come 'cause you got confidence in your own jedgment—which none of the rest of us had."

Jake continued to remain mute.

"Paul," said the squire, "this feller ought to make you'n' me ashamed."

"I don't understand," said Paul.

"He knew a good man stays good. He knew a man that was honest to his backbone don't turn thief. He knew daylight can't be night even if a thunderstorm comes up to make it look so. Hain't that so, Jake?"

"I dunno what you're talkin' about," Jake said harshly.

"Where is it?" asked the squire.

"Where's what?"

"What you come fer?"

"I didn't come fer nothin'."

"To be sure—to be sure. Jest come to make a call. How do you know it's here, Jake?"

"What's here?"

"Now you listen, Jake! I'm a patient man, and I kin overlook a mite of nat'ral irritation. Wouldn't like to be in your fix myself. Where you went wrong, Jake, was usin' a gun and a jack light on that dawg. If you'd 'a' pizened him secret I'd never 'a' got to thinkin'."

"He tried to bite me," said Jake.

"U-m! Kind of stubborn, hain't ye, Jake? Wa-al, I'll have to do your talkin' fer ye. When I make a mistake you jest set me right. . . . Goes back two year, to the time when Fabius Sprague was killed. Kind of shaky financial times, them was. We even had talk of the bank here goin' to the wall. Call to mind discussin' that with Fabius? No? Call to mind the day he drawed Jahala Bond's money out of the bank? That kind of moves you to make a face, don't it? You knowed he did draw it, 'cause you was along with him at the time. You seen him do it up in a bundle and carry it home. And a little while afterward he was killed,

(Continued on Page 38)

The most popular man in America

Suppose you were the most popular man in America. Suppose you were endlessly besieged with invitations to do this and do that. Suppose, when you made a public appearance, hundreds of people clamored to shake your hand, to attract your notice and your favor.

How many of the people that you met under these conditions would impress their personalities upon you? How many would say something you would remember? How many faces would you recognize if you saw them again?

You would remember the man who was in some way different from the run of men—perhaps through some attribute of appearance, perhaps some quality of thought or manner. But the great majority would be—just "people." You might meet them repeatedly without knowing you had ever seen them before.

The consumer of merchandise is in the position of the most popular man in America. Every time he opens the pages of his newspaper or magazine, scores of manufacturers and merchants step out to take him by the hand, to attract his notice and his favor. They talk to him about his needs; they invite him into their factories and stores; they urge him to compare their product with any other; they ask him to say this or that name when he is buying this or that article.

The successful advertiser is the one who does not forget that he is dealing with the most popular man in America. He does not forget that there are others in line who are trying as hard as he is to "get acquainted." He realizes that to be commonplace is to be unnoticed—to be lost in the crowd. And so he goes for advertising counsel to an organization which has proved that it knows how to win the interest and the confidence of the most courted and the most sought after man in America.

N. W. AYER & SON, *ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS*

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA CLEVELAND CHICAGO

STONE
Rim Parts
LUGS BOLTS NUTS

Dealers:
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY
Get this Display Cabinet FREE by ordering an assortment of Stone Rim Parts. Display Board Free with smaller assortment. Ask your jobber.

It's easy now to get Rim Parts for your car

The accessory store that displays the Stone Rim Parts Cabinet is an ever-ready service station for rim part replacements. Find the Stone dealer in your neighborhood. Stock up on spare lugs, bolts and nuts. They are just as important as spare tires. Here's a suggestion for safety:

Always carry 6 Stone Lugs, Bolts and Nuts—5c to 30c each

Don't wait until rim trouble comes. Be ready for emergencies. Stone Rim Service protects you. Stone Parts are perfect. You can't buy better quality. The line includes the just-right sizes and shapes for *your* car. Stone lugs are *oversize*—to bridge the wear space—fit snugly—prevent "squeaks." When you buy, be sure to get STONE Rim Parts. Stone Parts are GUARANTEED—accept no substitute.

Look for the green cabinet at accessory stores, garages and hardware stores. Dealers supplied through jobbers.

STONE
Interchangeable
RIMS

A standard rim—remarkably easy to operate. Fits perfectly. Interchanges with 20 different makes and types of rims used on popular cars. No loose parts. No hinged joints.

Dealers: Your jobber will supply you.

OTHER STONE PRODUCTS
Rim Tools — Rim Tighteners
Shock Absorbers for Dodge Cars
Wrenches — Wheels and Rims (all makes)

The Stone Manufacturing Company
1502 S. Michigan Avenue . . . . . Chicago
135 Wooster Street . . . . . New York City
316 Higgins Bldg. . . . . Los Angeles, Calif
813 Postal Telegraph Bldg. . San Francisco, Calif

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wa'n't he? And the money turned up missin', and we all believed day could be night—all exceptin' you, Jake—even his own son, who sh'u'd 'a' knowed better. We all thought he used it som'eres to bolster up his business, hopin', of course, to put it back ag'in. But you didn't, did ye, Jake?"

"Course I did, same's everybody else."

"You knowed he didn't, because you knowed he couldn't. You knowed, Jake, the' was nothin' in heaven or earth that could make a thief out of Fabius Sprague, and that's where you was some better'n the rest of us. What you knowed was that he never stole it, and then when he was killed and the money turned up missin' you reasoned it out, and says you to yourself, 'Fabius Sprague drawed out that money 'cause he was afraid of the bank bustin'. He put it away some'eres safe, and bein' killed sudden he never had no chancet to tell nobody where.' That's how you figgered, Jake. And you was right. Now where'd he hide it? You know, Jake."

"I don't know nothin'."

"Some'eres in this room, wa'n't it? You come here fust off."

"'Tain't nuther."

The squire turned to Paul.

"Got any idee where your father might 'a' hid away suthin' as important as Jahala's money?"

"I haven't. I never knew of a hiding place."

"Jake did. Somehow Jake knew the' was a place. He's waited for things to quiet down so's he could come and git it peaceful-like and 'thout any trouble. Um-m! Seems to me you was a mason wunst, Jake, years ago 'fore you got to keepin' books. And I recall Fabius put a lot of trust in ye. Never agreed with him, but he done so. . . . Jake, did ye ever help Fabius make a secret place where he could hide valuables? Afeared of fire, he was. It 'ud be a kind of a fireproof place."

"Never done nothin' of the kind," said Jake.

"All right, Jake." The squire took out his watch. "We kin pull the house down if nec'ary, but we don't aim to. I give ye two minutes. If ye tell I'll let ye go scot-free. If ye don't I'll see to it ye git the limit, and that's a number of years. When the court hears how you, knowin' the facts, let an innocent man suffer under this here cloud, and how you ruined his son's life, and Jahala's life—wa-al, I calc'late any court'll jedge that to be an aggravatin' circumstance. . . . One minute gone."

"You agree to lemme go?" Jake demanded.

"It's a bargain, and I never go back on bargains."

"Then, consarn ye, it's there!" Jake said, pointing to the fireplace.

"P'int out the spot, Jake."

Jake walked reluctantly to the stonework. Under the shelf he fumbled for a moment; then his hands came away bringing a sizable piece of granite. The squire held the lamp, and peering into the cavity saw the steel dial of a small wall safe embedded in the masonry behind.

"Um-m! Happen ye got the combination? If I know ye, ye never put that in 'thout findin' how it worked."

"The combination was wrote on a red tag hitched to the handle," said Jake.

"Open her up then," directed the squire.

Jake's unaccustomed hands fumbled with the dial. It would not respond to the first or the second attempt, but at the third the door swung open. The squire thrust in his hand and drew it out full of papers, insurance policies and the like. A second trip brought to light an oblong package wrapped securely in Manila paper and tied with tape.

"Calc'late we got suthin' this time," he said, and handed it to Paul. "Might see what this here is, young man."

Paul held it in his hand incredulously. He weighed it, felt it with his fingers.

"There—there's writing on it," he said.

"Let's have it," said the squire.

"'This package,' read Paul, 'contains money belonging to my ward, Jahala Bond. It was put here for safe keeping until I could reinvest it. September 15, 1919.' It's dad's writing," said Paul in a half whisper, "and his name's signed to it."

The squire turned to Jake.

"Evenin', Jake," he said. "When you go, don't quit travelin' till you're out of the state. Court's adjourned. . . . Nope, wouldn't open it, Paul. The money's there safe, but I figger Jahala'd like better to have it come to her jest like that, with his writin' and all. She's safe in bed, Paul, but I calc'late she'd be willin' to git up and dress. Take it along, boy. Take it along. She's up to Ollo's house. Holler under her window. If I hadn't figgered she'd want you right off as soon's she got this, I wouldn't 'a' sent for you. Git!"

The squire watched the young man depart. Then he turned to Ollo.

"Wa-al, that plank's turned over, and we ketched the bug," he said. He paused. "If this here hadn't been discovered till it was too late," he said, "folks 'ud kind of have laid it to Gawd's door, blamin' Him for keepin' it secret. . . . They wouldn't blame themselves a mite. 'S fer as I kin see, Gawd's too busy runnin' the universe to have time to p'int out to folks what's obvious and plain to the naked eye."

"The Scriptures says He sees even the sparrer fall," said Ollo.

"Yes," agreed the squire, "but I hain't familiar with no verse relatin' how He reaches out to ketch it before it hits. That's a job He leaves to you 'n' me 'n' the rest of the folks, dependin' on us to be His sparrer catchers."

"Huh!" grunted Ollo uneasily. "If that young coot goes bellerin' under my winders my wife's apt to empty b'ilin' water on him."

"He'd never feel it tonight, Ollo," said the squire.

WOMEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

(Continued from Page 12)

funny that way, and if I took a cup now I wouldn't close an eye all night. Some can, and some can't. I like it, but it doesn't like me. Ha, ha! I wouldn't close an eye all night, and if I don't get my sleep—and a good eight hours at that—I'm not fit for a thing all the next day. It's a pretty important thing, sleep; and ——"

It was important to Maude, self-centered thing that she was. Here was I confiding to her something I never had told another soul, and she wasn't merely dozing; she was asleep. I rattled a knife against a plate, and she awoke.

It was a good thing I found out about her in time.

Anne

In winter, when the ground was white,
I thought that Anne would be all right;
In summer, quite the other way,
I knew she'd never be O. K.

SHE liked to go to the theater, but what she went for was to be amused, as there was enough sadness in real life without going to the theater for it. She told me that I was just a great big boy; that all men, in fact, were just little boys grown up. I took her to a movie show, and she read most of the captions to me, slowly; and when she read them to herself her lips moved. She never took a drink in days of old when booze was sold and barrooms held their sway—that is my line, not Anne's—but now she takes a cocktail when one is offered, saying, "This may be my last chance."

Women, she told me, didn't like her much, but she didn't care, as she was, she always said, a man's woman. Just the same, folks said, she told me, that she was wonderful in a sick room.

And so, what with the movies and one thing and another, the winter passed. She was glad I was a tennis player, and we'd have some exciting sets in the summer. No, she said games. I should have known then, but I was thinking of her hair and how cool it was to stroke.

Well, one May afternoon there we were on the tennis court. It belonged to a friend of hers, and it hadn't been rolled recently, nor marked, though you could tell that here a base line and there a service line once had been.

I asked her which court she wanted, and she said it didn't matter; she played equally rottenly on both sides. Nor was that, I found it, overstating things. She served, and called "Ready?" before each service. When she sent a ball far outside she called "Home run!" or "Just out!" And if I served a double fault she said either "Two bad" or "Thank you." When the score was deuce she called it "Juice!" And when I beat her 6-0—as you could have done, or you, or even you—she said she was off her game, that it was a lot closer than the score indicated, that she'd beat me before the summer was over, that didn't the net seem terribly low or something, and that I wasn't used to playing with women or I wouldn't hit the ball so hard all the time.

Little remains to be told. Anne is now the wife of a golfing banker. Wednesday night I met her at a party.

"Golf?" she echoed. "Oh, yes. That is, I don't play it; I play at it. Tennis is really my game, but I haven't had a racket in my hand in two years. We must have some of our games again. I nearly beat you last time, remember."

Belinda

I REMEMBER Belinda. She was arguing with another young woman about the car fare. "Let me pay," said Belinda; and she paid.

"There," I mused, "is a perfect woman, nobly planned."

I met her shortly after that, and she came through many a test. Once I saw her go up to an elevated railroad station, hand in a nickel, and not say "One, please." Once I asked her what day it was, and she said "Wednesday" without adding "all day." She spoke once of a cultivated taste without adding "like olives," and once said "That's another story" without adding "as Kipling says." And once—and that was the day I nearly begged her to be mine—when she said that something had been grossly exaggerated she failed to giggle "like the report of Mark Twain's death."

So you see Belinda had points. She had a dog that wasn't more intelligent than most human beings; she wasn't forever saying that there was no reason why a man and a woman shouldn't be just good pals; she didn't put me at ease, the way the others did, by looking at me for three minutes and then saying that good looks didn't matter much to a man, after all; she didn't, when you gave her something, take it and say coyly, "For me?" as who should say, "You dear thoughtful thing, when you might have brought it for John D. Rockefeller." And she didn't say that she couldn't draw a straight line or that she had no card sense or that she couldn't write a decent letter.

She could write a decent letter. She did. Lots of them. To me too. She wrote the best letters I ever read. They were intelligent, humorous, and—why shouldn't I tell the truth?—ardent. Fervid is nearer. Candescent is not far off. And that is how I lost her.

"P. S.," she wrote. "Burn this letter, and all of them."

A few weeks later Belinda said, "At the rate I write you, my letters must fill a large drawer by this time."

"Why," I said, "I burn them. They're all burned."

"I never want to see you again as long as I live," she said. "Good-by."

And my good-by was the last communication between me and Belinda.

Marguerite

MARGUERITE was an agreer. She strove, and not without success, to please. She hated an argument, one reason perhaps being—I found this out later—that she couldn't put one forth on any subject. But I had theories, in the days of Marguerite, and I wanted to know whether she was in sympathy with them. One of my theories was that a lot of domestic infelicity could be avoided if a husband didn't keep his business affairs to himself, if he made a confidante, a possible assistant, of his wife. I had contempt for the women whose boast it was that Fred never brings business into the house.

So I used to talk to Marguerite about that theory. When we were married wouldn't it be better to discuss the affairs of the business day at home with her? Certainly. Because simply talking about them was something, and maybe she could even

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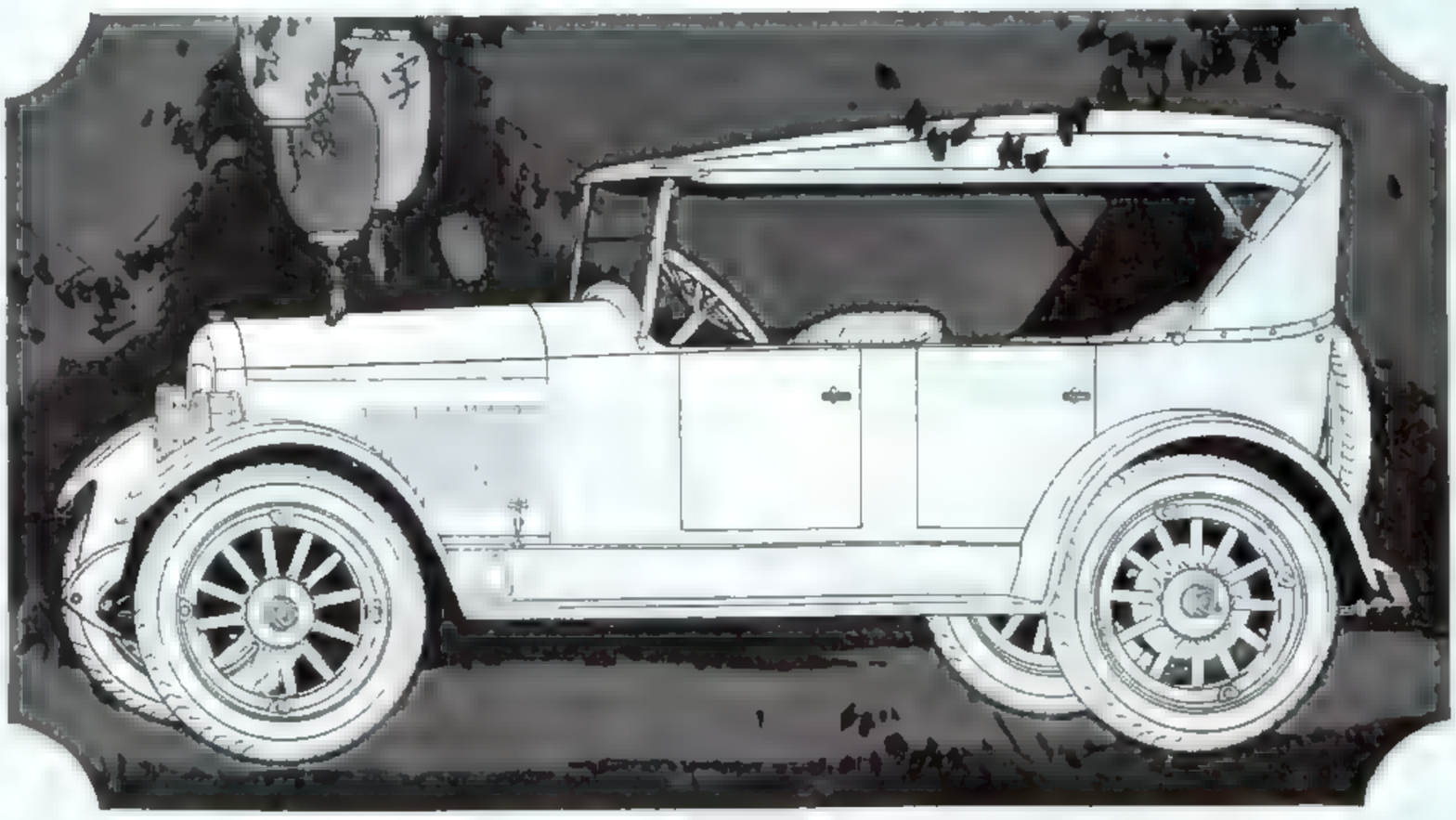
It Has Won a National Friendship



50 Horsepower—6 Cylinders—$1065

The big word in automobile circles these days is Jewett. No car has ever made a greater or more instantaneous appeal to the motoring public. And the reason can be summed up in another single word—Value.

In every section of the nation this car is breaking sales records, and not only winning friends but *holding* them. It is telling the story of economical six cylinder power and smoothness as it has never been told before. It is setting a distinctly new standard for comfortable, care-free, spirited motoring.

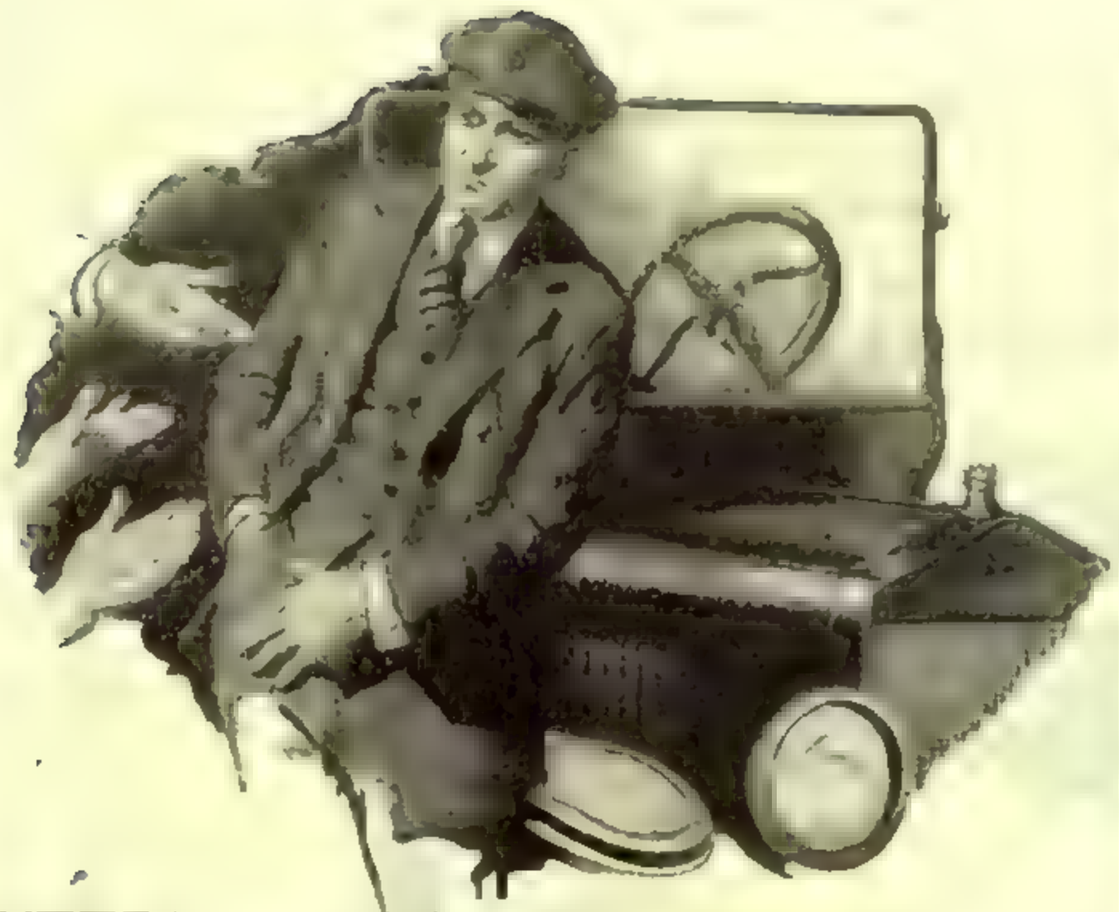
The fifty horsepower, Paige built, six cylinder motor is a revelation to the man who has handled more sluggish power plants. The oversize springs make every road a boulevard. Genuine leather upholstery and broad, restful cushions assure comfort for five full grown adults.

And underlying these elements is the chassis construction that you might expect of the Paige-Detroit Motor Car Company. There could be no stronger or more dependable units than the frame, clutch, transmission and rear axle. Such is the six that you can buy today for the price of a four—$1065 f. o. b. Detroit.

It is sold and serviced by Paige Dealers everywhere

JEWETT

A Thrifty Six Built by Paige



"Where has my economy gone?"

Some Ford owners cheat themselves —and don't know it

"BOUGHT for economy—run with extravagance," tells the story of at least a million Ford cars now in operation.

But every day more Ford owners wake up to the fact that a Ford *needn't* be repaired often, *needn't* be frequently cleaned of carbon, *needn't* be constantly "pumping oil" or fouling spark plugs.

A Ford owner in Greensburg, Indiana, bought his car in 1914. From the start he has used only Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Today his mileage totals 50,000. He says that the engine "runs almost as smoothly as new."

In Kansas City a Ford owner added a quart of oil every day and cleaned spark plugs every hundred miles. Trouble with transmission bands was continuous. He changed to Gargoyle Mobiloil "E." Consumption dropped to a quart of "E" per week. The spark plugs went five months without cleaning. "Chattering" of transmission bands stopped immediately.

Many of those little engine troubles you put up with may be due entirely to inferior or incorrect lubricating oil. Wherever you find Ford cars you will find Ford owners whose first can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" showed them how efficient a Ford engine can be when scientifically lubricated.

How about *your* Ford?

In the differential of your Ford use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.

IN BUYING *Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container*

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Fords. If you drive another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office)	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Buffalo	Des Moines	Dallas

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

help. Yes, that was what a wife was for. Why should a man keep his thoughts bottled up just because his wife wasn't in his office with him? No reason at all: I agree with you perfectly.

About politics: Wasn't this man Harding doing a good job, and weren't things looking pretty good, everything considered? He certainly is and they certainly are, was Marguerite's adroit summing up.

Well, I had theories about books and child labor and pictures and clam chowder and Harry Leon Wilson's stuff and music and the younger generation and cord tires and things like that, and she'd agree with everything I said.

Then one night, as in a vision, something came to me. I had a theory that it would be terrible to have somebody around all the time who agreed with you about everything. Marguerite agreed.

I had another theory. Don't you agree, I put it, that we shouldn't get along at all well? And never had she agreed more quickly. I thought she really put her heart into it.

And we never should have hit it off, either.

Flo

I HADN'T seen Flo since she was about fourteen, so when I got a letter asking me to call I said I'd go. She was pretty, but the older I get the fewer girls I see that aren't.

Of course I ought to have known. The letter was addressed with a "For" preceding my name, and instead of "City" or the name of the town, Flo had written "Local." Even a professional detective should have known then.

It was just her refined vocabulary that sent me reeling into the night. She wondered where I "resided" and how long I'd been "located" there; she had "purchased" something; she said "gowned" when she meant "dressed"; she had "gotten" tired, she said, of affectation. She said she had "retired" early the night before, and she spoke of a "bootlimber."

And as I was leaving she said, "Don't remain away so long this time. Er—you know—hath no fury like a woman scorned."

Blanche

BLANCHE is a girl
I'd hate to wed,
Because of a lot
Of things she said.

"Excuse my French!"
When she says "Gee-whiz!"
On the telephone:
"Guess who this is."

You ask her did
She like the show
Or book, she'll say,
"Well, yes and no."

For the "kiddie" she
Buys a "comfy" "nighty";
She says "My bestest,"
And "All rightie."

"If I had no humor,
I'd simply die,"
Says Blanche. . . . I know
That that's a lie.

She wouldn't marry;
"Oh, heaven forbid!
Men are such brutes!"
You said it, kid.

The Poets' Corner

Compensation

MY LIFE is not a large success,
Measured in terms of gold or fame.
The great world does not know my name,
I am not mentioned by the press;
But these things bring me no distress,
Nor make me fortune blame.

Remote from pomp and flaunting pride,
With friends of kindred joys and toil,
I'm rooted in my native soil,
In this green, gracious countryside.
No envy here my heart can spoil
And make dissatisfied.

I've no stone villa by the sea,
Nor flunkies, nor a fine steam yacht,
But lack of these things grieves me not,
For what I have suffices me.
I have my little garden spot
And my big shady tree.

I have old books to read again,
Old friends from whom I never part;
On whom, in any mood of heart,
I call, and never call in vain—
My good old gossip Froissart,
My wise old friend Montaigne.

I have not sailed across the seas,
To look on Egypt, Greece or Rome.
I know the pleasant paths of home,
And all the hills and brooks and trees,
And every naiad, nymph and gnome
That does inhabit these.

I know the wood birds, shy and wild,
And those that nest by haunts of men.
The catbird, robin and the wren
Today my rustic heart beguiled
With the same songs that thrilled me when
I was a little child.

I know the beech on whose bright bark,
Long since, I carved her name and mine,
And banks where oft we did recline
Till whippoorwills announced the dark;
And on each flower, tree and vine
Has memory left her mark.

On woodland paths I often chance,
Dim paths forsaken and undone,
With weed and brier overrun,
Where, when young love did me entrance,
I wandered hand in hand with one
Who is to me—romance.

The world is full of splendid things
And costly pleasures and delights;
But none of these my soul invites,
Nor tempts afar its loitering wings;
It talks of old familiar sights
And of contentment sings.

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

Haunted

ALL the forest is hushed and still
Save the rush and sweep of the swallow
Winging home to the ruined mill
In the heart of the haunted hollow;
The flutes are playing over the hill—
Heart o' mine, shall we follow?

Buds are as fair as in springs long gone;
The ineffable scent of the roses
Trembles when all the dew is on
Where the bee in the bluebell dozes;
And the prayers of the fays are strung upon
The gossamers in the closes.

The light of the dipping oar in gleams
On the river's ripples is failing;
Into the west where a red star beams,
And the amethyst tints are paling,
The new moon skims like a bark o' dreams,
A shallop of silver sailing.

But never the evening bell nor the flute,
Nor the gleam of the red star burning;
Nor the languorous lips of the roses mute,
Nor the bee to the bluebell yearning;
Nor the mocking bird with his silver lute
At the end of the long lane's turning;

And never the flax flowers blowing blue,
May draw your feet to the closes;
And never a whispering wind may woo
Your soul where the dusk reposes;
And never a word I may speak to you
Again in the time of roses!

But when spring is burgeoning at your door
With a thousand buds enthralling,
And the ghost of a slim young moon once more
Where the locust flowers are falling—
Love, can you swear that the dream is o'er
With the voice in your heart that's calling?

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

MADE like the VAN HEUSEN Collar, of a single-ply fabric that will not wrinkle or wilt, the cuff of this new shirt combines the trim appearance of the stiff cuff with the comfort of the soft cuff. Ask your dealer to show you this shirt. Examine the cuff. Notice how the fold is woven into it so that it can be reversed—reversed in an instant, without taking your coat off—reversed so neatly, so perfectly, that even the wearer cannot tell that the cuff has been turned. Both sides of the fine soft fabric are alike—and both sides are the *right* side! It is easier to adjust, easier to wear, easier to keep clean and easier to launder. Until the shirt is worn out, the cuffs remain neat and trim, thus doubling the life of the shirt. Because it cuts laundry bills in half and doubles the life of the shirt, the PHILLIPS CUFF Shirt refunds its purchase price long before it wears out.

Made in Seven Different Styles of White Fabrics

No.	Name	Material	Price
1	Philcove	Fine Count Cambric	$2.50
2	Philglen	Corded striped Madras	$2.50
3	Philvale	Superior quality White Oxford	$3.00
4	Phildell	Soft Handkerchief Cloth	$3.50
5	Philrock	Fine quality Corded Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$3.50
6	Philpark	Superfine Woven Madras. Stripes in 3 widths	$5.00
7	Philpeak	Pure Silk Broadcloth	$7.50

If your dealer cannot supply you, write direct to us, stating number, style and size required, enclosing money order. We shall arrange for prompt delivery to you.

PHILLIPS-JONES CORPORATION, *Makers*
1223 BROADWAY : NEW YORK

The PHILLIPS CUFF *Shirt*

Ford and Chevrolet Owners

Know True Oil Level in Crank Case At a Glance

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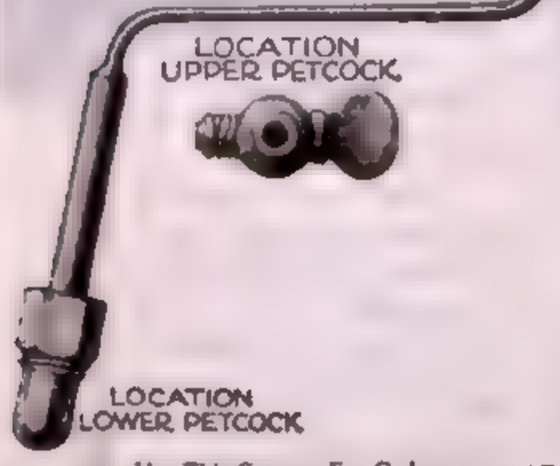

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☐Send folder describing your Gasoline Gauge that operates on same principle as your Oil Gauge
From Saturday Evening Post

MEN I'M NOT MARRIED TO

(Continued from Page 13)

I don't believe anyone will ever know how much fun Freddie and his friends get out of Freddie's calling them up and making them guess who he is. When he really wants to extend himself he calls up in the middle of the night, and says that he is the wire tester. He uses that one only on special occasions, though. It is pretty elaborate for everyday use.

But day in and day out, you can depend upon it that he is putting over some uproarious trick with a dribble glass or a loaded cigar or a pencil with a rubber point; and you can feel completely sure that no matter where he is or how unexpectedly you may come upon him, Freddie will be right there with a funny line or a comparatively new story for you. That is what people marvel over when they are talking about him—how he is always just the same.

It is right there, really, that they put their finger on the big trouble with him.

Mortimer

MORTIMER had his photograph taken in his dress suit.

Raymond

SO LONG as you keep him well inland Raymond will never give any trouble. But when he gets down to the seashore he affects a bathing suit fitted with little sleeves. On wading into the sea ankle-deep he leans over and carefully applies handfuls of water to his wrists and forehead.

Charlie

IT'S curious, but no one seems to be able to recall what Charlie used to talk about before the country went what may be called, with screaming effect, dry. Of course there must have been a lot of unsatisfactory weather even then, and I don't doubt that he slipped in a word or two when the talk got around to the insanity of the then-current styles of women's dress. But though I have taken up the thing in a serious way, and have gone about among his friends making inquiries, I cannot seem to find that he could ever have got any farther than that in the line of conversation. In fact, he must have been one of those strong silent men in the old days.

Those who have not seen him for several years would be in a position to be knocked flat with a feather if they could see what a regular little chatterbox Charlie has become. Say what you will about prohibition—and who has a better right?—you would have to admit, if you knew Charlie, that it has been the making of him as a conversationalist.

He never requires his audience to do any feeding for him. It needs no careful leading around of the subject, no tactful questions, no well-timed allusions, to get him nicely loosened up. All you have to do is say good evening to him, ask him how everybody over at his house is getting along, and give him a chair—though this last is not essential—and silver-tongued Charlie is good for three hours straight on where he is getting it, how much he has to pay for it, and what the chances are of his getting hold of a couple of cases of genuine pinch-bottle, along around the middle of next week. I have known him to hold entire dinner parties spellbound, from cocktails to finger bowls, with his monologue.

Now I would be well down among the last when it came to wanting to give you the impression that Charlie has been picked for the All-American alcoholic team. Despite the wetness of his conversation he is just a nice, normal, conscientious drinker, willing to take it or let it alone, in the order named. I don't say he would not be able to get along without it, but neither do I say that he doesn't get along perfectly splendidly with it. I don't think I ever saw anyone who could get as much fun as Charlie can out of splitting the Eighteenth Amendment with a friend.

There is a glamour of vicarious romance about him. You gather from his conversation that he comes into daily contact with any number of picturesque people. He tells about a friend of his who owns three untouched bottles of the last absinth to come into the country; or a lawyer he knows, one of whose grateful clients sent him six cases of champagne in addition to his fee; or a man he met who had to move to the country in order to have room for his Scotch.

Charlie has no end of anecdotes about the interesting women he meets too. There is one girl he often dwells on, who, if you only give her time, can get you little bottles of chartreuse, each containing an individual drink. Another gifted young woman friend of his is the inventor of a cocktail in which you mix a spoonful of orange marmalade. Yet another is the justly proud owner of a pet marmoset which becomes the prince of good fellows as soon as you have fed him a couple of teaspoonfuls of gin.

It is the next best thing to knowing these people yourself to hear Charlie tell about them. He just makes them live.

It is wonderful how Charlie's circle of acquaintances has widened during the last two years; there is nothing so broadening as prohibition. Among his new friends he numbers a conductor on a train that runs down from Montreal, and a young man who owns his own truck, and a group of chaps who work in drug stores, and I don't know how many proprietors of homy little restaurants in the basements of brownstone houses.

Some of them have turned out to be but fair-weather friends, unfortunately. There was one young man, whom Charlie had looked upon practically as a brother, who went particularly bad on him. It seems he had taken a pretty solemn oath to supply Charlie, as a personal favor, with a case of real Gordon, which he said he was able to get through his high social connections on the other side. When what the young man called a nominal sum was paid, and the case was delivered, its bottles were found to contain a nameless liquor, though those of Charlie's friends who gave it a fair trial suggested Storm King as a good name for the brand. Charlie has never laid eyes on the young man from that day to this. He is still unable to talk about it without a break in his voice. As he says—and quite rightly too—it was the principle of the thing.

But for the most part his new friends are just the truest pals a man ever had. In more time than it takes to tell it, Charlie will keep you right abreast with them—sketch in for you how they are, and what they are doing, and what their last words to him were.

But Charlie can be the best of listeners too. Just tell him about any little formula you may have picked up for making it at home, and you will find him the most sympathetic of audiences, and one who will even go to the flattering length of taking notes on your discourse. Relate to him tales of unusual places where you have heard that you can get it or of grotesque sums that you have been told have been exchanged for it, and he will hang on your every word, leading you on, asking intelligent questions, encouraging you by references to like experiences of his own.

But don't let yourself get carried away with success and attempt to branch out into other topics. For you will lose Charlie in a minute if you try it.

But that, now that I think of it, would probably be the very idea you would have in mind.

Lloyd

LLOYD wears washable neckties.

Henry

YOU would really be surprised at the number of things that Henry knows just a shade more about than anybody else does. Naturally he can't help realizing this about himself, but you mustn't think for a minute that he has let it spoil him. On the contrary, as the French so well put it. He has no end of patience with others, and he is always willing to oversee what they are doing, and to offer them counsel. When it comes to giving his time and his energy there is nobody who could not admit that Henry is generous. To a fault, I have even heard people go so far as to say.

If, for instance, Henry happens to drop in while four of his friends are struggling along through a game of bridge he does not cut in and take a hand, thereby showing up their playing in comparison to his. No, Henry draws up a chair and sits looking on with a kindly smile. Of course, now and then he cannot restrain a look of pain or an exclamation of surprise or even a burst of laughter as he listens to the bidding, but he never interferes. Frequently, after a card has been played, he will lean over and in a good-humored way tell the player what he should have done instead, and how he might just as well throw his hand down then and there, but he always refuses to take any more active part in the game. Occasionally, when a uniquely poisonous play is made, I have seen Henry thrust his chair aside and pace about in speechless excitement, but for the most part he is admirably self-controlled. He always leaves with a few cheery words to the players, urging them to keep at it and not let themselves get discouraged.

And that is the way Henry is about everything. He will stroll over to a tennis court, and stand on the side lines, at what I am sure must be great personal inconvenience, calling words of advice and suggestion for sets at a stretch. I have even known him to follow his friends all the way around a golf course, offering constructive criticism on their form as he goes. I tell you, in this day and generation, you don't find many people who will go as far out of their way for their friends as Henry does. And I am far from being the only one who says so too.

I have often thought that Henry must be the boy who got up the idea of leaving the world a little better than he found it. Yet he never crashes in on his friends' affairs. Only after the thing is done does he point out to you how it could have been done just a dash better. After you have signed the lease for the new apartment Henry tells you where you could have got one cheaper and sunnier; after you are all tied up with the new firm Henry explains to you where you made your big mistake in leaving the old one.

It is never any news to me when I hear people telling Henry that he knows more about more things than anybody they ever saw in their lives.

And I don't remember ever having heard Henry give them any argument on that one.

Joe

AFTER Joe has had two cocktails he wants to go up and bat for the trap drummer. After he has had three he begins to get personal about the unattractive shade of the necktie worn by the strange man at the next table.

Oliver

OLIVER has a way of dragging his mouth to one side, by means of an inserted forefinger, explaining to you, meanwhile, in necessarily obscured tones, the work which his dentist has just accomplished on his generously displayed back teeth.

Albert

ALBERT sprinkles powdered sugar on his sliced tomatoes.

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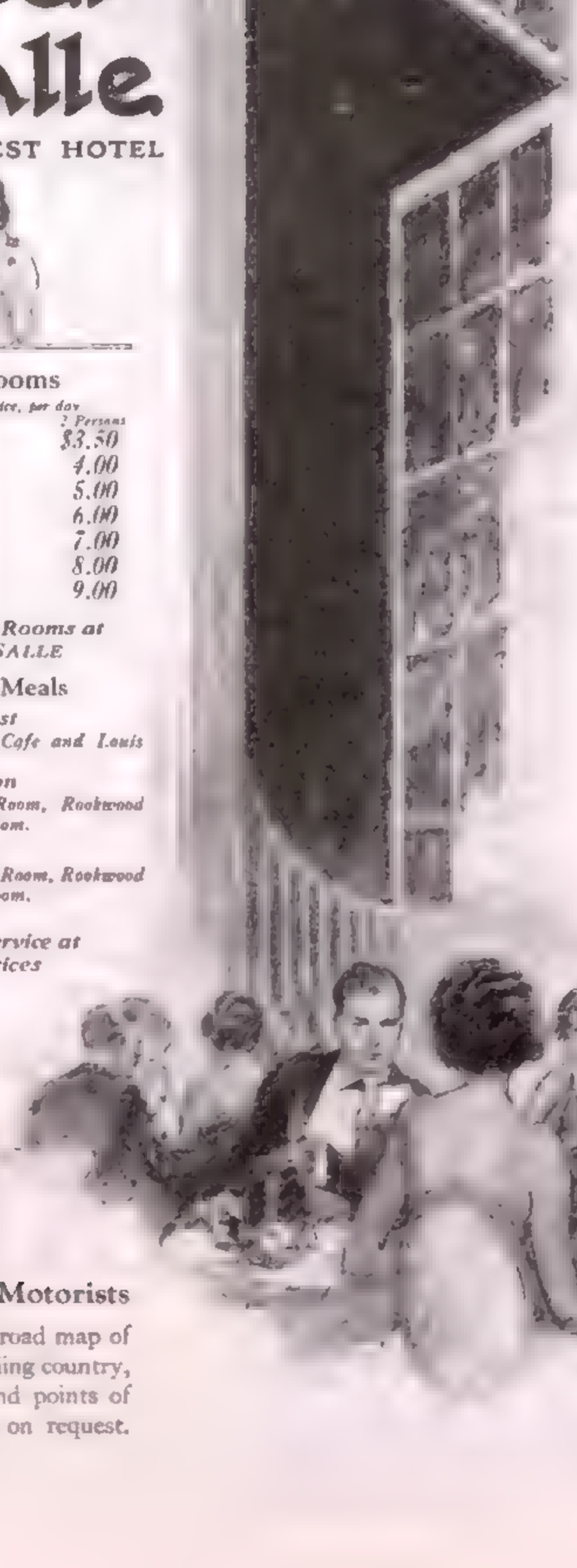

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EXPOSED TO BOLSHEVISM

(Continued from Page 4

He waved this question aside with a smile out of the corner of his mouth, as much as to say that the agricultural bloc in the United States Congress was the least important among a number of things that he knew all about; so I realized the uselessness of trying to get on from that point and contented myself with saying: "You know we have a very wholesome respect for our farmers. They happen to be, on the whole, just about the most intelligent element that our Government has to deal with in its governing processes, and it would have to be a pretty nervy government that would attempt to take any liberties with them—or away from them! They know just as well as the rest of us do that they constitute the only element in the population that could put into practical effect your soviet slogan of 'No work, no food.' They are not hankering after anything in the nature of a dictatorship, but they jolly well wouldn't tolerate dictation from any other 'factor in the social organization,' either; and I'm afraid they would prove to be rather an effective bloc in the way of any foreign attempt to impose upon the United States what you call a dictatorship of the proletariat."

I saw I had him away out where he couldn't swim, so I brought him back where his mental toes could play with the familiar pebbles of his own experience—all about how he had killed officers of the old army and irreconcilable priests in the revolution. We had a long talk and afterward he took me home in his dove-colored limousine, which had somebody else's monogram on its doors.

For just one thing have the Russian Communists been able to unite under their leadership a considerable majority of the Russian people, and that was to repel foreign invasion of Russian soil. If the European and British governments and the Government of the United States had wanted above all things to consolidate the position of the Communists they could not have chosen a better way than they did. They could have done no better than to send armies against them, as they did, and to support, as they did, the White forces under such men as Kolchak, Yudenitch, Denikin and Wrangel.

The Communists' Appeal

These forces were not, in the main, either pro-Czarist or antirevolutionist. They were anti-Red, anti-Communist, anti-Internationalist, anti-chaos; and if any one of their generals had stood alone, refusing all foreign support and coöperation, he certainly would have gone farther than any of them ever did. He might not have succeeded in overthrowing the Communist government, but at least his operations would not have served so greatly to strengthen it. He himself would have gathered strength as he went along, and if anybody doubts this he should talk with as many different kinds of Russians as I have. There are literally millions of men in Russia to-day whose chief complaint is that because of foreign interference in Russia's affairs they had either to support the Red army or remain neutral in what they call their civil war. National consciousness and pure patriotism are manifest in Russia in no less a degree than they are in the United States or Japan, and during the past seven years of terrific national trial and trouble they have developed into what actually amounts to a deep-seated hysteria.

The Communists in Russia make their principal appeal to this national feeling, losing no opportunity to impress upon the people exaggerated ideas of Russia's danger from foreign aggression and the necessity for a united stand against it; yet at the same time they pompously call international congresses of international wildmen and deliberately proceed to lay out a minutely detailed program for the overthrow of the American Government, among others—particularly the American Government, for some reason—and the inclusion of our country within a universal dictatorship of the world proletariat, by which they mean, of course, a dictatorship of the Communist International, which is more disciplinary in its methods than any Prussian general staff ever got to be, and more exclusive in its relationships than any royal family ever thought of being.

What is more, they go ahead and work at their scheme; work indefatigably and somewhat effectively, at the same time seeking association with us because they find they cannot get along even with the job of destroying us unless they have our material support. They ask our bourgeois-capitalistic Government, as they call it, to recognize the purely class government of proletarian committees they have succeeded in setting up in Russia while their paid agents continue to sow discontent among us and to debauch the minds of everybody who succumbs to their influence with class hatred and with propaganda that for deliberate falsity and downright crooked-mindedness exceeds anything the world has ever seen.

In which connection there is one thing to be said in their favor: They are engagingly frank. They admit that they need us and that therefore and because of certain inescapable economic considerations they are willing to make a limited retreat. But quite specifically they reserve the right to interpret according to their own conceptions any engagements they may happen to make with us and to break them if at any time they should prove to be an inconvenience or should encumber in any way the path of Internationalist progress.

Russia Still Communistic

All of which will serve to indicate what my preparation was for making a visit of inquiry in Russia. I shall be rightly accused of taking with me all my opinions and conclusions, but I must claim for myself that I was prepared to be convinced that all these opinions and conclusions were mistaken. And I must add that Russia for me was not a wholly new and unexplored region about which I knew nothing at all.

Before the war I knew the country fairly well from Vladivostok to St. Petersburg and from St. Petersburg to Odessa. Several years ago I survived a violent attack of intense interest in Russian history, literature and art, and many pictures of old Russia lingered vividly in my mind. And what a great and wonderful country it was—with all the blots upon the escutcheon of its rulers; with all its tremendous defects and deficiencies. It was not a country to be destroyed. It was a country to be built up and developed on a truly Russian broad-gauge basis. That was what one expected of Russia in the long run. And it may just be that the Communists will work it out. But not as Communists; that is one thing sure. They have the vast material plans magnificently made even now, and they have all the talk, except the sane talk of sound economics, that goes with them. But as Communists they have put into operation nothing but destructive forces. They have cleared the ground for the shining edifice they propose to build, but in doing so they have destroyed the better part of their building material.

I am quite aware of course that the leaders have acknowledged a good many of their errors of judgment; that the soviet government has repudiated the program of the Third International and effected a compromise with its own political conscience—or has claimed to have done so—on points of principle at issue between itself and the constitutional governments of the rest of the world. But in Russia the terrible experiment in proletarian dictatorship is still in progress; make no mistake about that. And though it may be dragging out to its inevitable conclusion, it is dragging out in the unimaginable suffering of its victims; its evil effects are the only effects to be observed, while the good it may have done is yet to be proved.

I can see phases of eventual good, but the good is not enough to justify the evil and, such as it is, it might have been accomplished in a better way. Moreover, the honestly convinced and fanatic supporters of this experiment, together with its handful of proletarian and merely Communist beneficiaries, are still true to it, and not even Mr. Lenine has the power to make a magic that will reverse their thinking processes. Not even Mr. Lenine has the power to stop the tremendous machinery of class-war propaganda which he himself has done so much to set in motion throughout the world. Though it may just be

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1 highly polished, nickel plated, self-stropping razor

3 standard Valet AutoStrop blades

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that his partial apostasy, however reluctant and merely expedient it may have been, will react upon the situation somewhat after the manner of the justly celebrated monkey wrench in the works. Let us hope so.

It is a mistake to think of Lenine, Trotzky and their colleagues as being a company of historic rogues. They are not. Many of them, if not most of them, are honest men with minds and souls distorted by an unparalleled fanaticism. When they seized an empire and proceeded to remodel it on plans and specifications of their own they were undoubtedly inspired by a profound faith; they believed their work would hold together and prove to be the grandest achievement in the history of humankind. And they still believe they were right in principle and that their mistakes have been mistakes merely in calculation with regard to certain human tendencies and certain basic factors in economics. Their purpose was to wipe out all class distinctions in the social organization, and since there was no way to do this except to wipe out certain distinctive classes they proceeded to destroy—ruthlessly and with a thoroughness beyond all precedent in destruction.

If the result had been a general leveling up with the great mass of the people manifestly benefited I think most of us who belong to one or another of the classes proscribed—comprehensively designated as the aristocracy, the intelligentzia and the bourgeoisie—would be willing to acknowledge that our right to exist had been rightfully challenged. But the leveling has proved to be a leveling down, with the highest classes transformed into a class of hopeless and helpless beggars; with the middle classes become a class of social vultures; with the lower classes sunk in deeper degradation than they ever dreamed of, and with general morality at a lower ebb throughout all classes than it has ever been in the history of any nation.

In their views as to what should be done there is wide division in the ranks of the leaders, which is a fact well known to all Russians. Lenine alone seems to have the ability to recognize and the courage to acknowledge the impossibilities, and because of his unchallengeable power he is able to impose his decisions upon his associates. But among themselves they murmur dissenting opinions and continue to act in their several capacities very much as though no change of policy had been made.

If Lenine Dies

As I begin to write there is a persistent rumor circulating not only in Russia but in the world outside that Lenine is about to die, and this rumor strikes fear and foreboding into the hearts of all classes alike. Especially is he clung to by the classes he has persecuted. They have the intelligence to appreciate his ability and to realize that there is not a man in Russia who could take his place. Conservative men and women who have suffered most and who long for a turn in the terrible road that will lead the country back to sanity look into one another's eyes and say, "If Lenine dies, God help us!"

To call it all a queer situation is a little-minded thing to do, but our minds for the most part are comfortable little minds that hesitate to plunge out into the vastness of the incomprehensible. It is a queer situation, but in its innumerable ramifications and its possibilities of influence upon the future of the world it is the most important situation that has ever been created.

There are those who will not care to have a look at Russia with me. My eyes, they will say, are blurred with prejudice and blinded with bourgeoisosity. But my eyes are clear enough perhaps to see a stone wall before it becomes spangled with stars for me as a result of violent contact with my head. What one inevitably does in Russia is to imagine oneself groping around under similar circumstances in one's own country, and I tell you this is not a thing to think of without horror and fear. What has happened in Russia could not possibly happen in the United States perhaps. I believe it could not. The American people are intelligent, educated, proudly self-appraising and about as submissive as so many mules, whereas the Russians, on the whole, represent the utmost in ignorance and docility. But we don't want anything to happen in the United States that bears the remotest resemblance to what has happened in Russia, and it is therefore that we should hope that nothing will be done to save the Russian experiment from the complete failure it is now so evidently headed for.

There are several possibilities for Russia in the immediate future. One is the recognition and support of the governments that her leaders propose to do away with, and a consequent slow recovery under the pressure of imposed necessities; one is a massed militaristic invasion of Eastern Europe, a horde movement upon the fields and treasures of neighboring peoples—this being a popular idea among Trotzky's cohorts; another is the collapse of the soviet organization, and complete anarchy. But whatever occurs I venture to predict that fifty years hence the writers of history will be saying that if the United States of America had acted differently everything would have been different. So we can be calm and do with a good conscience what seems best, in our own interest, to do.

But I should not be in Russia yet, because first there is the getting there, and this is rather interesting. It is not so easy, nor yet is it so very difficult if Mr. Hoover has generously lit your way with the light of his countenance, as he lit mine.

Red Suspicions

When Mr. Hoover established the American Relief Administration for the purpose of saving the infant generations of Europe from the necessity of paying in pangs of hunger and retarded development for the war which their elders were not able to avert, I am sure he had no thought of instituting so vast a medium of association between his own people and the peoples of other countries. The American Relief Administration is unique as an institution, and its great enterprise is worthy, really, of a very good people. I hesitate to think, much less to express a belief that we are so very good. In many of our characteristics we are anything but admirable, and it seems to me sometimes that those who admire us least are most accurate in their estimations of us. But, curiously, we have developed in ourselves a certain sincerity of good will toward other peoples and we do genuinely wish to be helpful and useful to them, no matter what they may think of us. We have never given until it hurt, nor even until we felt it, but we have given generously enough, perhaps, and what we have given we have given freely and without conditions save that we be permitted to supervise its distribution. This, unfortunately, we have had to do in order that we might be sure that our chosen beneficiaries really benefited.

We have been feeding the children in most of the countries of Europe long enough for their peoples to have become convinced that our philanthropies are not merely a cloak designed to cover selfish aims. They began by saying that either we were seeking commercial advantages with a subtlety and art wholly new in the world's experience or that we were a nation of unprecedented idealists and imbeciles. They were not quite so polite about it as that, but that expresses more or less what they meant to say. It was difficult for them to determine just what we were or were up to, so severally they kept a watchful eye on us until they were compelled to conclude that we are a nation of unprecedented idealists and imbeciles, but useful withal, and, taken by and large, fairly easy to endure.

But in Russia the leaders, who bitterly regret the necessity for depending upon our benevolence, have not yet made up their minds with regard to us, and only the other day Mr. Trotzky got up before a big audience in Moscow and threw in our teeth—some of us being present—his doubt as to the sincerity of our professions. He said he could not understand why we were in Russia devoting many millions and the services of many men to an effort to help Russia over her terrible crisis—due to the great drought in the valley of the Volga! He was sure we were not doing this as an expression of our love for Russia, because he knew for a fact that some of the men high up in the American Relief Administration entertained toward the soviet government sentiments of distinct animosity, and that, furthermore, the A. R. A. was feeding the fighting enemies of Russia in Wrangel's army. This, by the way, is untrue unless he includes in Wrangel's army the destitute Russian refugees in Constantinople and other places.

(Continued on Page 49)

No Electricity To Operate the Vacuette

—And Rugs and Carpets Clean as New

Now, Madam, you can have a marvelous vacuum cleaner. You can have a vacuum cleaner which is light, simple, easy to operate and which *requires no electricity*—a vacuum cleaner that gives you the double advantage of a powerful air suction and a revolving brush—all from its own self-contained mechanism.

The Vacuette is the remarkable invention which enables housewives to abandon old-fashioned, back-breaking ways of cleaning and sweeping rugs and carpets. It is the vacuum cleaner without any complicated parts and without any attachments. This amazingly simple vacuum cleaner calls for practically no effort and does not cost a penny to operate—*no electricity*.

Already with the Vacuette nearly 200,000 housewives are saving their strength, saving their time, saving money—just as you can save strength, time and money if you use the Vacuette.

Vacuette
Non-Electric Vacuum Cleaner

As Efficient as an Electric—
As Easy to Operate as a Carpet Sweeper

Once see the Vacuette at work and you will realize that a perfectly efficient vacuum cleaner need not be heavy and hard to handle or have a lot of attachments.

The Vacuette is light but strong, it is simple; and it requires no cords, plugs, or other outside equipment. It is easier to operate than any other cleaner.

Rugs and carpets made clean and bright so easily and so quickly that you have leisure time that you have never had before to read, to shop, to sew, to get other things done.

This wonderful vacuum cleaner and sweeper which you have wanted, which you have needed for so long and which operates without electricity is ready for you now.

With all its wonderful efficiency and its unsurpassed strength of construction, the Vacuette costs only about half what you would expect to pay for a really efficient vacuum cleaner—and if you wish, you can buy it on easy terms.

FREE TRIAL
In Your Own Home

Only by seeing the Vacuette actually at work can you realize what a work saver it is—and you should see it no matter what method of sweeping you are using now. The results are simply amazing.

There is a Vacuette representative in your locality. Ask him to show you or write to us for a free trial in your own home.

Features You Will Find in the Vacuette

Handsome Polished Aluminum Body, Pistol Grip Handle, Rubber Wheels, Rubber Cushioned "Nose," Strong Vacuum Fan, Revolving Bristle Brush. Practically no Oiling Required. Rust-Proof Parts. Weight only 7½ pounds.

★ Endorsed by Good Housekeeping and Modern Priscilla.

We Can Place a Few More Agents

We can place a few more representatives in choice territory to work with our district managers as demonstrators and salesmen. If you want to connect with a big, live, growing organization; if you see the opportunity offered by an article which actually sells itself as soon as the housewife sees its magical work on her own rugs and carpets—write before the openings are filled.

THE SCOTT & FETZER COMPANY, Dept. 16, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Manufactured in Canada by VACUETTES, Limited, Miller Building, 48 York Street, Toronto

How Women Save Money With Mirro

You can benefit from the experience of several million women who have found the way to save money on their kitchen utensils.

These women have learned through experience that Mirro Aluminum cooking utensils last far longer because they are made of thicker, harder, more durable, pure aluminum.

Mirro ware is built to withstand the abuse to which kitchen utensils are subjected, day after day. Mirro utensils keep their shape. The sides are rigid. The handles are strongly riveted and the no-burn cover knobs are securely and permanently fastened.

Not once only, but many times during its long life does a Mirro utensil, such as the Preserving Kettle shown above, save the replacement cost of a short-lived article. And Mirro prices are very moderate—every woman can afford Mirro.

You can readily see the difference between Mirro Aluminum utensils and others by inspecting them at your nearest dealer. Lift them, feel the difference in weight! Note the heavy, turned edges of Mirro ware, the many features of convenience such as those listed below.

In addition to these advantages, each Mirro utensil carries the guarantee of the world's foremost maker of aluminum ware, with a successful experience of nearly thirty years.

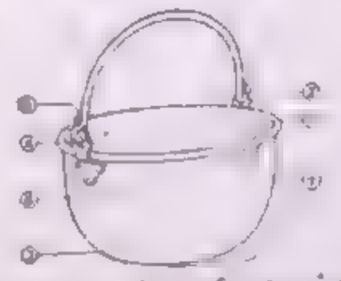
Get this Mirro Preserving Kettle today. It will demonstrate the economy of Mirro. You may buy Mirro ware at leading stores everywhere. Send for Mirro miniature catalog No. 14.

1 Well-formed, easy-pouring lip

2 Solid, tightly rolled, sanitary bead, free from dirt-catching crevices.

3 Smooth, rounded edges—easily cleaned

4 Handle ears permit handle to be moved to any one of three different positions without coming in contact with sides of utensil



5 Tilting handle with eye for convenient hanging

6 Beautiful Mirro finish Rich, lustrous, silvery.

7 Famous Mirro trade mark which is stamped into the bottom of every piece and your guarantee of excellence throughout

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company
General Offices: Manitowoc, Wis., U. S. A.
Makers of Everything in Aluminum

MIRRO ALUMINUM
Reflects
Good Housekeeping

MIRRO ALUMINUM REFLECTS GOOD HOUSEKEEPING A G M

Every Mirro Utensil Bears This Imprint

(Continued from Page 46)

He said he was not all sure about our motives, but hoped our friendly performance would prove in the end to be quite as disinterested as it purported to be.

"But never mind," said an American Relief worker. "Trotzky's uncertainty with regard to our motives doesn't interfere with our operations. To-day sixty-four more full trainloads of baby food—an average of four hundred and fifty tons to the train—started to move in from the ports; altogether we've got approximately ninety-five thousand tons on the rails, and every last ounce that we have agreed to deliver in Russia is moving somewhere. It looked like an impossible undertaking, and it was nearly, but we've got it beaten; so Mr. Trotzky's inability to understand it doesn't worry me. Just so long as he doesn't block the traffic—that's all I care about." And in this he was expressing the exact spirit and views of the entire American personnel.

But leaving Russia out of consideration for the time being, the American Relief Administration, having no political or selfish ends to serve, being actuated by nothing but humanitarian impulse and principle, having no ulterior motives and being exactly and meticulously what it purports to be, has not only maintained an association between ourselves and those peoples with whom we had broken formal relations but has knitted between them and us bonds of close and unsullied remembrance that must inevitably influence in an appreciable degree the course of human history. Future generations in Europe will talk about "the Arah" and write about it in their reminiscences and histories as one of the dominant and indispensable factors of conservation and reconstruction in unfaltering operation during the period of chaos following the Great War.

Nobody, of course, ever speaks of the American Relief Administration. The name was initialized from the beginning, and by degrees the initials A. R. A. spelled themselves into a word in the European mind, with the result that the organization came to be known as "the Arah."

Official Annoyances

This abbreviated designation is a nice enough word and has quite sufficient dignity—if it is properly pronounced. But unfortunately some of our beloved American relief workers are the kind of Americans who seem to think there is something un-American about the Latin "a" not to say something downright immoral. They are on speaking terms with the "a" as it appears in "ache," "actual," "against" and "arrant"; but when it comes to broadening it they balk unless broadening it happens to be absolutely unavoidable. And thus it occurs that one hears "the Arah" spoken of as "the Error" just as often as not. And the worst of it is that there is nothing one can do about it. To correct the pronunciation of a thoroughly self-esteeming person is to risk his astonished displeasure, and one commits murder with some reluctance even in Russia where murder is looked upon as a minor offense. But I will say that I never heard an American in Russia speak of "the Ahrah" without wishing to remove my hat and ask him what part of God's country he hailed from. They also make the unoffending and long-suffering city of Samara rime with the way most of them pronounce the word "narrow." And they will all agree that it is very "narra-minded" of me to permit myself to be impressed by such a trifle.

I am not going to help to popularize this name, because I do not like it. It offends my ear no matter how it is pronounced. Therefore, having told about it, I shall not refer to it again. Though I will say that it is a name to conjure with in Europe, and that the fact that the initials which form it appeared in all my traveling orders and identification papers was a thing for me many a time to be duly thankful for.

Everybody who goes to Russia under the auspices of the A. R. A. is routed from London to Ostend and from Ostend to Riga through Belgium, Germany, West Prussia, the Dantzic Corridor in Poland, East Prussia, Lithuania and Latvia. This is an interesting route and affords one a splendid opportunity for observing the various methods employed by various peoples in the exercise of self-determination.

The Germans evidently determine to make everything just as difficult and unpleasant for the Poles as lies within their power, while the Poles on both their West and East Prussian borders have put in operation systems of retaliation that exhaust all the possibilities there are of malicious invention. The Prussians multiply obstructions and exasperations for the Lithuanians, while the Lithuanians do all they can to irritate the Prussians on one border and to give vent to a fine spite against the Latvians on the other. The Latvians, not to be outdone, work overtime thinking up new ways of annoying the Lithuanians on their west frontier and of getting even with the Russians on the east.

All of which tends to make traveling among them something that may rightly be described as an experience. The defenseless outsider, related to none of them, knowing none of their inexcusable language and sharing none of their grouches and prejudices, has a hard time of it, and at each frontier as he goes along he is likely to be told in one language or another that if he thinks he is being badly treated he better wait until he gets over among the brigands who inhabit the adjoining country. How they do love one another!

Needless Discomforts

On each side of every border the traveler must submit to a thorough examination not only of his baggage but, on the exit side, of his person as well; the idea being that he must not carry out of a country more than a specified sum of that country's money nor any article the export of which is forbidden, and that he must not enter a country without paying duty on everything dutiable he may happen to have in his possession. And it makes no difference that he is merely in transit—a through passenger. He must pay duty for the privilege simply of carrying dutiable articles through these countries.

And just by way of making everything as pleasant for him as possible they do not examine his hand baggage in his compartment on the train; they gather it all up and take it into the baggage room of the station, where they either dump it down in a heap with everybody else's baggage or scatter it about, a piece here and a piece there, all over the place. There is nothing for the unhappy owner to do but follow it and search for it until he has found it all and gathered it together in one place; then he must stand by and wait until an inspector comes along—exactly as though he had arrived at his destination.

After they have finished with him, having taken him finally into a little room, counted his money and pawed him all over to see that he is not trying to get by with some article of contraband concealed upon his person, they tote his effects back to his compartment, whereupon he has two or three porters to try to get rid of without having a row with them over the size of the tips he gives them. Which is one thing he cannot do, because no matter what they get they impudently and insistently demand more.

All of which, however, is about a traveler with a first-class ticket and a compartment in an international sleeping car; and there are not many such. Not enough to warrant the reinstitution—on this line, at any rate—of trains de luxe consisting of sleeping cars only with dining cars and other luxuries of travel. All trains are made up for the most part of second and third class cars, which are invariably packed and jammed with the kind of people who sew themselves into their clothes in early winter and make no change until they begin to suffer from the heat of early summer; who have the herd instinct and who travel with their belongings done up in innumerable baskets and bundles of every conceivable shape and size.

These people are native to the region, belonging to one small state or to another, and the examination of them at a frontier is an amazing thing to witness. Each person—man, woman and child—carries his or her own duffel off and onto the train, and each person seems to think that if he doesn't hurry up something unpleasant is likely to happen to him.

Some stagger distractedly along under mountainous and unsightly bundles; some are weighted down with baskets and bags and odds and ends of utensils and household articles; some drag old trunks or packing cases or big tin boxes noisily along the pavement, and some have nothing but a small package, an extra pair of boots, perhaps, carried by their strings, or a loaf of black bread tucked under their arms. They

"Play on!
Let music make joyful my realm"

Quality is a standard which must be kept very high unless Price is the only consideration. In buying any one of the models of the

STORY & CLARK PLAYER PIANO

you get an instrument which is built up to the highest standard of quality in beautiful expression, design and ease of operation—not one that has been built down to a price. Yet in

65 years (since 1857) experience in making fine instruments, Story & Clark have learned to build them so economically that they are sold at prices low enough to be within reach of every home

FREE! A beautiful brochure about our instruments and the term payment plan upon which they are sold will be gladly sent upon your request Write for it

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Please send your booklet of designs and name of nearest dealer. Have you a Piano? ☐ A Player Piano? ☐

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Two facts no motorist can overlook

FIRST: the price of the latest and finest Marmon is now $3185, which is back to normal. Do you know of any comparable car at such a saving?

Second: Two months ago we announced "Standardized Service" —a nation-wide plan of maintenance economy.

This is a rare combination. It reduces *first* cost and *ultimate* cost to a minimum.

More money cannot buy a finer car. Nor can costly upkeep bring greater satisfaction.

Can you afford *not* to drive a Marmon?

MARMON
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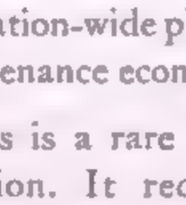

Mail the coupon for free copy of "Modern Transportation Costs."

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Gentlemen: Kindly send me a copy of "Modern Transportation Costs," describing in detail your new system of Standardized Service.

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are all warmly clad and they all look perfectly well fed, but also they all look worried and tired and just a little bit quarrelsome. There is nearly always some kind of trouble over the inspection; a crowd gathers; everybody talks at once and the confusion is bewildering while the first-class passenger from the *wagon-lit* stands beside his orderly luggage waiting for his turn with an inspector, wondering what it is all about and pondering upon the state of affairs that has come to pass in this one-time most orderly of all worlds.

Just one such ordeal as this in the course of a journey would be enough, but when there are any number of them, coming one after another, one eventually comes thatis at least one too many. After which there are more—each one consuming from one and a half to two slow-passing hours.

At the eastern border of Germany, or East Prussia, you come to the town of Eydtkunen. You have heard of Eydtkunen and been warned that there is where they are likely to take all your German money away from you if you have any—all but five thousand marks, which isn't any money at all. Also your extra shoes, your camera with its German lens; your German field glass if you have one; and any number of other things. So you are not sorry when at the end of about two hours you are through with Eydtkunen and on your way into Lithuania. What you have not been told is that the station of the Lithuanian frontier town of Virballen is only about ten minutes from the station of Eydtkunen; that the border, as a matter of fact, cuts through what is virtually just one fair-sized community, and that before you have thought of taking off your rubbers and mittens and settling down your train stops again and another crowd of porters—dirty, odoriferous, shoving and grunting—swarms into your wagon de luxe and begins to fight for possession of your belongings. You surrender them without a word, follow them once more into yet another baggage room, where the whole rigmarole has to be gone through with again. It is unbelievable!

Good-Natured Latvians

And if all this would only happen always in the daytime it might not be so bad; it might be thought of philosophically perhaps as being all in the day's work. But they have their trains scheduled so that as often as not it happens in the middle of the night, when the necessity for crawling out of a warm bed and faring forth into the bitterness of zero weather is added to all the other seemingly unnecessary necessities.

In my own experience this made a particularly unpleasant impression upon me, and was the cause of my arriving in Riga with a bad sore throat and in a frame of mind to be thinking principally about how fortunate it was that I had made all the necessary arrangements so that my heirs and assigns would have a minimum of trouble in straightening out my affairs.

I spent just one day in Riga, but in Riga one day is a long time. Which is not to say that it is not an attractive city. Indeed it is; and it is a very beautiful city. I wanted very much to explore it as a tourist would, see its historic treasures and learn about its quaint ancient buildings that make one think of medieval guilds and olden days when commerce was not so completely disassociated from ideas of picturesqueness and beauty and the leisurely ornamentation of life. But I was reminded at once that my business was to see warehouses and docks and shipping records and feeding stations and great crowds of youngsters eating bean soup, corn grits with sugar and milk, and good white bread at the expense of their Uncle Sam.

You see, the Latvians permit us to use the port of Riga and their railroads for our operations in Russia, while in exchange for these courtesies and their cooperation which, incidentally, is active, sincere and unfailing—we undertake to feed forty thousand of their needy children. This undertaking on our part is not altogether in the nature of a bargain, however, because to be consistent in our purpose to help all the destitute and undernourished children of Europe, regardless of their race or nationality, we would have to be feeding these Little Latvians anyhow. But it is pleasing, nevertheless, to be working for once for people who are cheerfully assisting us in another job, by which they cannot hope to profit.

The day I arrived it was ten degrees below zero and the city lay under a deep blanket of snow. But I was to discover that, however I might feel about it, it was a very mild day. There was an old porter in a frayed uniform in the office of the little hotel to which I was taken at the bewitching hour of six A.M., when the train got in. He spoke perfect English and was probably quite as talkative in several other languages, and later in the morning when he was helping me across the icy sidewalk to the automobile that had been sent for me from the office of the A. R. A. he said, "It is fortunate that you arrived in such pleasant weather. If you had come a few days ago I'm afraid you would have found it very cold. It got down to thirty-five below, and I really felt it myself, though I don't mind the cold."

"And do you call this a warm day?" I asked.

"Well, no, not exactly warm, but very mild, very mild. The back of the winter is broken."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said I to myself as I drove away freezing in an open car. "Well, if anybody should ask me I should tell them it isn't even bent!" But my subsequent experience taught me that if I had been coming out of Russia instead of going in I probably should have suffered from the heat.

Accompanied by some members of the A. R. A. personnel I went down to see the place where the food cargoes came in and to have explained to me the processes of handling them. The port was frozen in—for the first time in twenty-seven years, I believe it was. Is it not extraordinary how many places one goes to with visions in one's mind of their normal conditions, only to find that these conditions are different for the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant? It was nothing in the nature of a hardship to me to find Riga frozen in, because it was rather wonderful to stand knee-deep—literally—in snow on the unused tremendous granite dock and look away out and out across an unbroken field of ice, then up a wide frozen river fringed on either side with steeples and towers and picturesque, uneven, snow-blanketed roof lines.

But the conversation was not about these things; it was all about how much our shipping operations would be retarded and how far ahead of immediate necessities the food-distributing stations in Russia were. Although the ships scheduled for Riga were unloading at Reval and the only serious delay was in railway transport, our relief workers were plainly worried, and speculated with great hopefulness on the rise in temperature to ten degrees below zero and the local prediction that there would be no more winter.

Hardships of Travel

In A. R. A. circles in Riga the person who comes along en route to Russia enjoys a temporary importance that is exceedingly interesting. At least I found it so. My idea was that the nearer I should get to Russia the less difficult the difficulties of getting there would become and the less dangerous the much-talked-of danger would appear to be. But not at all. You walk up to the cloud of mystery which hangs upon the frontier of that unhappy country expecting to see it lift and float away before your eyes, revealing to you a commonplaceness which will, as per your usual experience, turn your taste for adventure into dust and ashes in your mouth. Instead of which the cloud deepens and grows heavier and darker, and you begin, figuratively speaking, to breathe with shorter breaths when you get into the hushed atmosphere in which its immediate neighbors live.

In Riga they speak of going in and coming out as though Russia were some vast chamber of horrors containing strange fascinations along with things vague and unimaginable that men wish to investigate but hesitate to approach. You meet a stranger in Riga—an American, that is—and inevitably his first question will be, "Are you going in?"

"Yes," say you, and then you ask him, "Have you been in?"

If he has he is pretty sure to bate his breath for your benefit and make a noise like a survivor, while if he has not he will say, "No such luck!" and begin to tell you how he is stuck in Riga superintending the unloading of cargoes or keeping tabs on

(Continued on Page 53)

This Racquet will not warp!

The new Dayton Steel Racquet gives you all of the advantages of the finest of wooden racquets—plus strength and durability.

It has a *steel* frame which can't warp, crack or break, and which requires no press. It has strings of smooth, twisted *steel* wire which are practically unbreakable. They will withstand the hardest play and are unaffected by damp or wet weather. The racquet can even be used in the rain.

DAYTON Steel Racquet

Take this new racquet in your hand—swing it. It grips and *feels* just like the finest wooden racquets, because it has the standard wooden handle, is made in the standard weights and is perfectly balanced.

And yet it's a better racquet. The steel frame offers less air-resistance than a wooden frame, and consequently the racquet swings more easily and allows better timing and control.

Invented by William A. Larned

The Dayton Steel Racquet is the invention of William A. Larned, *seven times national champion.* It is the result of twenty years of study and experiment.

Ask Your Dealer

This new racquet is distributed by A. G. Spalding Bros., Wright & Ditson, Wright & Ditson-Victor Company and Alex Taylor & Company. Go to any store where their goods are sold and examine the Dayton Steel Racquet for yourself.

Price $10.00

Priced at $10.00 ($13.50 if strung with gut), the Dayton Steel Racquet is the most economical racquet you can buy.

A copy of our descriptive booklet will be sent on request.

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The rug on the porch is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 381. In the 6 x 9 ft. size the price is only $8.10.
GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
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Indoors and Out these Rugs are a Joy

"Nothing like Congoleum Rugs for summer-time. They're so easy to keep clean and nothing seems to harm them."

On the porch or indoors—*Gold-Seal* Congoleum Art-Rugs are surely the ideal summer floor-covering. Their cool, cheery patterns add charm to the seashore cottage, bungalow and mountain camp, and besides they are low-priced and extremely practical. They hug the floor tightly without fastening of any kind, never ruffle or turn up at edges or corners.

Water doesn't hurt them. The sun doesn't fade them. No need to roll them up when rain threatens. And they are so easy to clean—it's done in a jiffy with a damp mop.

Truly for the summer home there is no floor-covering so satisfying and economical as *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs.

6 x 9 feet	$ 8.10	The rug illustrated is	1½ x 3 feet	$ .50
7½ x 9 feet	10.30	made only in the five	3 x 3 feet	1.00
9 x 9 feet	12.15	large sizes. The small rugs	3 x 4½ feet	1.50
9 x 10½ feet	14.15	are made in other designs	3 x 6 feet	2.00
9 x 12 feet	16.20	to harmonize with it.		

Owing to freight rates prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

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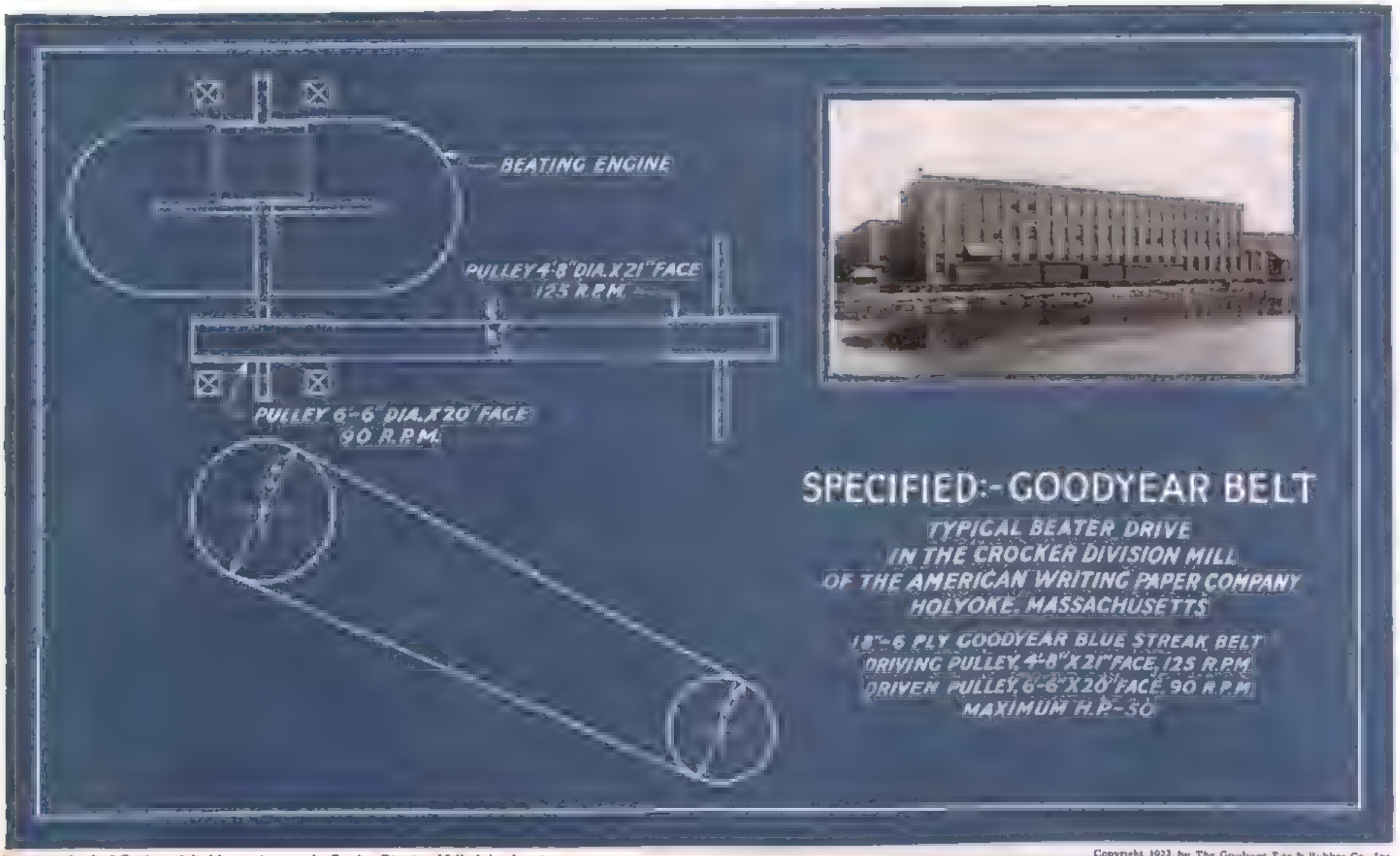
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OF THE AMERICAN WRITING PAPER COMPANY
HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS
18"-6 PLY GOODYEAR BLUE STREAK BELT
DRIVING PULLEY, 4'-8" X 21" FACE, 125 R.P.M.
DRIVEN PULLEY, 6'-6" X 20" FACE, 90 R.P.M.
MAXIMUM H.P.-50

Blueprint sketch of Goodyear-belted beater drive in the Crocker Division Mill of the American Writing Paper Company, Holyoke, Mass., and insert photograph of the Crocker Division Mill

Copyright 1922, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Twenty-six Eagle-A Mills and the G. T. M.

The American Writing Paper Company, of Holyoke, Massachusetts, comprises 26 mills throughout the country, making the nationally celebrated Eagle-A Quality-Standards of printing papers. The belting equipment and requirements of their every plant, involving hundreds of drives, have been analyzed in the past two years by a G. T. M.—Goodyear Technical Man.

As a result of this vast survey, this Company, which is the largest fine paper-making institution in the world, today is in possession of a tabulated record of every belt in each of its mills, complete data on dimensions and grades of belts used on the various drives, and specific recommendations for the types of belts best suited to the varying duties. The report is used continually by the plant engineers and by the Purchasing Department in choosing different sizes and types of belts.

"***This analysis*** of the belt equipment in each of our 26 plants is the most comprehensive and valuable work of its kind that has ever come to my attention," writes Mr. J. Moles, Chief Engineer of the American Writing Paper Company. "The actual G. T. M. work required months, and the final report, together with recommendations submitted by the Goodyear Company, comprises several volumes."

A great deal of the equipment installed on the basis of this expert analysis is Goodyear Blue Streak Belting. This is particularly true of the equipment of the great beater drives, which transmit the power from the main shaft to the great revolving cylinders where numerous knives beat rags into stock for the paper machines.

Two of these Goodyear Blue Streak Belts, 18-inch, 6-ply, were installed in the Crocker Division in Holyoke, in June, 1920. These two Goodyears have been in constant operation for two years now, and have never been touched. They never required taking-up or repairing. Mr. Moles says they are as good today as the day they were installed, though they have been working on this heavy drive for 24 hours a day, six days a week.

Hundreds of other Goodyear Belts in American Writing Paper plants are giving correspondingly faithful, trouble-free and long-wearing service. Their efficient and economical performance is a tribute to the quality built into them and to the correctness and exactness with which they are specified to their jobs.

This is a splendid example of the work of the G. T. M., the working of the Goodyear Plant Analysis Method, and the performance of Goodyear Belts. You can have a similar survey made of your transmission or conveying problem. There is a G. T. M. in your neighborhood, and you may rely on his recommendations and on the quality of Goodyear Belts. For further information about the Goodyear Analysis Plan, write to Goodyear, Akron, Ohio, or Los Angeles, California.

GOODYEAR

(Continued from Page 50)

shipments and that sort of thing. It reminded me for all the world of wartime when men growled about being hung up at the rear on S. O. S. jobs or something like that when all the excitement and a fellow's chance to get in were at the front.

Three members of the relief organization were going to Moscow at the same time I was, and the London office had asked the Latvian Government to give us a special railway carriage. Typhus was raging everywhere and the risk one ran in traveling in a public conveyance was not to be exaggerated. I am sure the Latvians were willing to lend us anything they had, but they are not rich in rolling stock of any kind and the best they could do was a terribly dirty little wooden second-class car that made one shudder to look at. It was either that or a long wait for a *wagon-lit* that was out on another job, however; so we decided to risk it. They told us that the car had just come back from Russia but had been disinsected. Nevertheless we discovered evidence of a considerable lack of thoroughness in the disinsecting process; so each one cleaned out his own compartment and sprinkled it liberally with naphthaline powder, after which there was nothing to do but hope for the best.

I spent an hour watching a plucky little creature trying to climb a naphthaline Alp that I had placed in his path, singing to myself the while: "Good morning, Mr. Zip, Zip, Zip, with your hair cut just as short as mine." But when my little playmate finally fell over on his back and gave up the struggle my faith in naphthaline powder was established.

In the Land of Famine

This private car of ours, which would sound so grand if I refrained from saying anything about it except that it was a private car, was attached to the Moscow Express. And this was lucky for us, because it meant fast traveling. It is six hundred and forty-three miles from Riga to Moscow, and it took us only three nights and two days to make it. To people who are familiar with facilities for traveling in great comfort from Chicago to New York in from eighteen to twenty-three hours, and from New York to San Francisco in less than five days, this may seem a bit slow, but I was to learn later that it was really quite snappy service. On a trip to the Volga Valley I found myself saying: "If it takes a specially favored person ten hours to travel ten miles how long should it take a grain of corn?" And I was unable to understand how relief operations, having behind them the pressure of immediate necessity and requiring a tremendous amount of transportation, could be carried on at all. But I shall not take this occasion to relieve my mind with regard to nationalized Russian lines of communication under soviet management.

Getting into Russia: We were traveling on a Latvian government mandate, to say nothing of being provided with Relief Administration and other American papers, notwithstanding all of which, when we crossed the border, we had to submit to the careful scrutiny of the soviet officials. This, however, I did not object to in the least, because, since they were the first real live Bolsheviki I had encountered I was much more interested in them than they could possibly be in me. My first thought was that any American soldier would sentence himself to the guardhouse if he should catch himself out looking as they did.

But their dirty and bedraggled uniforms had distinctive features. They were a kind of dark, mustard-colored, coarse wool cloth and were red, of course, as to collar tabs and cuff bands. But what made this uniform unique, different from any uniform the world has ever seen, was the cap that went with it. The cap is an atrocity that was invented, I am told, by Trotzky, and is known as the Trotzky helmet. It is made of the uniform material and is a hood, really, with both helmet and cap characteristics—that is, it has a visor and also runs up at the top in a floppy sort of peak. It makes its wearer look both flat-headed and low-browed, and just above the visor on the flat spot there is either a red star or a crossed hammer and sickle, these being the emblems of the Communist state.

The boys, however, were nice enough, quite courteous, and not in any observable way different from other chesty youths exercising governmental authority. But I did have a feeling at once of being despised and a bit too clean and well-groomed for the occasion, which was a feeling I was destined to carry about with me all the time I was in Russia.

We had no sooner crossed into Russia than we began to see horrible sights. And this is the truth—I was not expecting it. I thought the horrors were confined to certain areas and that I should have to go and look for them. But there is no area in Russia today that is not horrible; at least there is no area in which horrors are not to be encountered. And though the soviet authorities spare no effort in trying to induce the world to believe that the famine is confined to the Volga Valley and that it is due solely to natural causes and causes over which they had no control, there is not a man, woman or child in the country, aside from a favored few within the government circle or who have money enough to pay the fantastic prices that are demanded for food, who is getting enough to eat. This also is the absolute truth, which nobody who knows the situation will seek to deny.

At every railway station there were seething mobs of the most awful people I had ever seen. They crowded up under the windows of our car and wailed a pitiful wail with their hands held out.

I asked our Latvian porter, who spoke both English and Russian, what they were saying, and laughing a brutal laugh he answered: "They are saying, 'For God's sake give us bread, give us bread!'" He was remembering the Bolshevik invasion of his own country and the ruthlessness of it. He had no sympathy for Russians.

Cold and Misery

Most of the people were trying to get on the train; they were going somewhere, anywhere, I suppose, away from where they were. There were Red soldiers stationed at each end of all the cars, and only those who had permits to travel were allowed to get aboard; but the others, in uncontrollable masses, struggled for a foothold anywhere. We had one continual fight to keep them out of our car, but we had to keep them out; our hearts might ache for them, but they had on them one thing we were afraid of—carriers of disease.

We locked our doors, but they kicked against them and beat upon the windows with their fists, making piteous appeals. They clung to the steps and the trucks and crowded together between the cars on the coupling pins. And it was cold, bitter cold. The country was just one vast interminable stretch of blinding white silence; the villages were buried up to their thick-thatched eaves in snow; the beards of the men and the mufflers of the women were hung with icicles; it was all a terrible picture of human suffering.

At one station I stood looking out of a window as the train began to move; it gathered speed; there was a surge forward in the crowd and a frantic shout; then I felt the car under me lift and twist itself with a sickening grind.

One of the young men I was traveling with came up to me quickly, turned me away from the window and said, "Don't look! We ran over a woman. She slipped on the icy step she was trying to hang on to and fell under the wheels!"

The porter, looking just a little bit shaken himself, said, "Yes, and she's better off! Kindest thing you can do to a lot of these people is to kill them. We don't often make this run without killing two or three, but it don't seem right that they should nearly always be women."

We killed three before we got to Moscow—all women.

I once knew Moscow as one of the most colorful cities in the world. Its chief pursuit was happiness and even its muzhiks were round and rollicking and blessed with unfailing good nature. It was not a city to approve of particularly; it lay under a weight of wasted years and its moral tone was unhealthy, but at least it was cheerful. Also it was well kept and had an air of great pride in itself.

Gray and Dismal Moscow

My impression when I arrived this time was that it had grown suddenly old and dismally gray; that, moreover, it had lost its grip in its sad decrepitude, permitting itself to get filthy and foul—a bedraggled drab of a city. The station, too dirty to be described, and with its atmosphere too thick with the hideous smell of human uncleanness to be breathed, was filled with people one shrank from in fear, while outside was a swarm of beggars and mere idlers through which to thrust one's way was a thing to dread.

The city lay under a thick mantle of dirty snow and ice, while overhead hung a heavy gray pall of somber cloud. They told us it had been two weeks since the sun had shone. In the streets there were a great many people ambling aimlessly along doing nothing and, as I afterward learned, with nothing to do. I looked into their faces and saw only weariness; not even resentment—only weariness and a kind of hopeless submission. On the journey in, my nerves had been shaken a bit and, as anyone would, I had suffered thrills of heartbreaking sympathy for the people I had seen. But now a sense of deep depression began to settle upon me. Nobody in Russia escapes this; depression is chronic; everybody feels it and everybody talks about it. It is a dreadful thing to live with day after day.

There were gangs of women; terrible women; women only, cleaning the ice out of the street-car tracks with picks and shovels and stiff twig brooms. I knew them to be gangs of conscripted labor, and I felt sweep over me in their behalf a wave of hot resentment. But it was too soon for me to begin to feel resentful; too soon for me even to say to myself as I did, "So this is what it's like!"

I was to go a long way yet and learn in the end that the women who clean the streets of the cities are fortunate because they are fed. I shall wait until another time to go farther and see more in the grand old city of Moscow.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mrs. Egan. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE BUCKET BOOB

(Continued from Page 15)

Boker had me by the hand; and with his other hand he was squeezing my elbow as if I was a long-lost friend. I was afraid, in fact, he'd get on to the way I was shaking. It scared me, I remember, to be in there with all those others. They were the big Wall Street men, the traders I'd been hearing Bert—Boker, too—talking about already. I began to be a little ashamed, besides. A hundred plunks was all I had with me; and I wondered what they'd think—Boker, too—when I flashed that shoestring.

"The market's great!" said Boker.

He read me off a few prices from the board. After that he began to give me what he called the dope. A tip was out on Mex Pete; and there was a tip out on Studebaker too. A lot of talk, besides, he said, was going the rounds on Steel. If anyone went short on Steel they were dead sure to make a killing, he said.

"Short?" I said.

"Yeah; sell, you know," said Boker.

It was all Greek to me.

I was as green as any hick that ever stepped out of the Grand Central into Forty-second Street. How could I sell Steel when I didn't have any to sell? The look Boker gave me I can remember still. It must have been hard for him not to laugh.

Steel I sold, though; twenty shares of it. This meant of course that the trade was on a margin of five points a share only; and that in itself should have warned what kind of people I was dealing with. No reputable brokerage office, I know now, will carry a client on any margin like that. There you are, though; and my hand shook as I handed over the hundred dollars.

Boker hurried from the room. A moment later he was back again.

"Your order's filled," he said; "I filled it at 83."

I was astonished. I hadn't even seen him telephone. All he'd done was to take a walk around the room at the back. That

Elto
Light Twin Outboard Motor
OLE EVINRUDE'S LATEST MOTOR
Sportsmen Everywhere Are Talking About It
The Elto Light Twin is causing a big stir in the outdoor world. It is even a bigger sensation than Ole Evinrude's first outboard motor built 14 years ago.
Sportsmen everywhere are talking about the Elto. They had looked to the "Father of the Detachable Motor" for a highly developed motor of this type and they welcome this great advance in the industry with genuine enthusiasm. From all parts of America and foreign shores, letters are coming to Ole Evinrude's new organization highly commending the Elto Light Twin for its original and practical features.
Advanced Design
The Elto is a twin-cylinder and develops full 3 H. P., yet it weighs only 48 pounds. It is a rugged, long-life motor, built throuout with extreme precision.
Other notable Elto features are its quick, easy starting, vibrationless running, automatic tilting, folding rudder, comfortable steering from any part of boat, perfect trolling speed, quiet underwater exhaust, oil-tight gear housing. The Elto is the utmost in outboard motor beauty and utility. Its many distinctive features are quickly winning recognition for it as the outboard motor masterpiece.
Write Ole Evinrude's new organization for descriptive literature and name of the Elto dealer nearest you.
Dealers: Write today for outline of sales plan.
Elto Outboard Motor Co.
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Dept. M., Mfrs. Home Bldg., Milwaukee

Why You Should Change Your Spark Plugs Now

Most engine troubles come from worn-out or incorrectly designed spark plugs.

If your car starts hard, don't run the battery down; if it splutters and runs jerkily, if it misses on the hills and at high speed, don't blame it on the carburetor or piston rings.

Probably all you need is a new set of AC Spark Plugs.

Go to any good dealer and tell him you want a set of AC Plugs specially designed for your car.

Then see the difference in performance!

Most manufacturers of costly cars, trucks and tractors equip their engines with AC Spark Plugs because they know there is nothing like the old reliable AC to make a motor run smoothly.

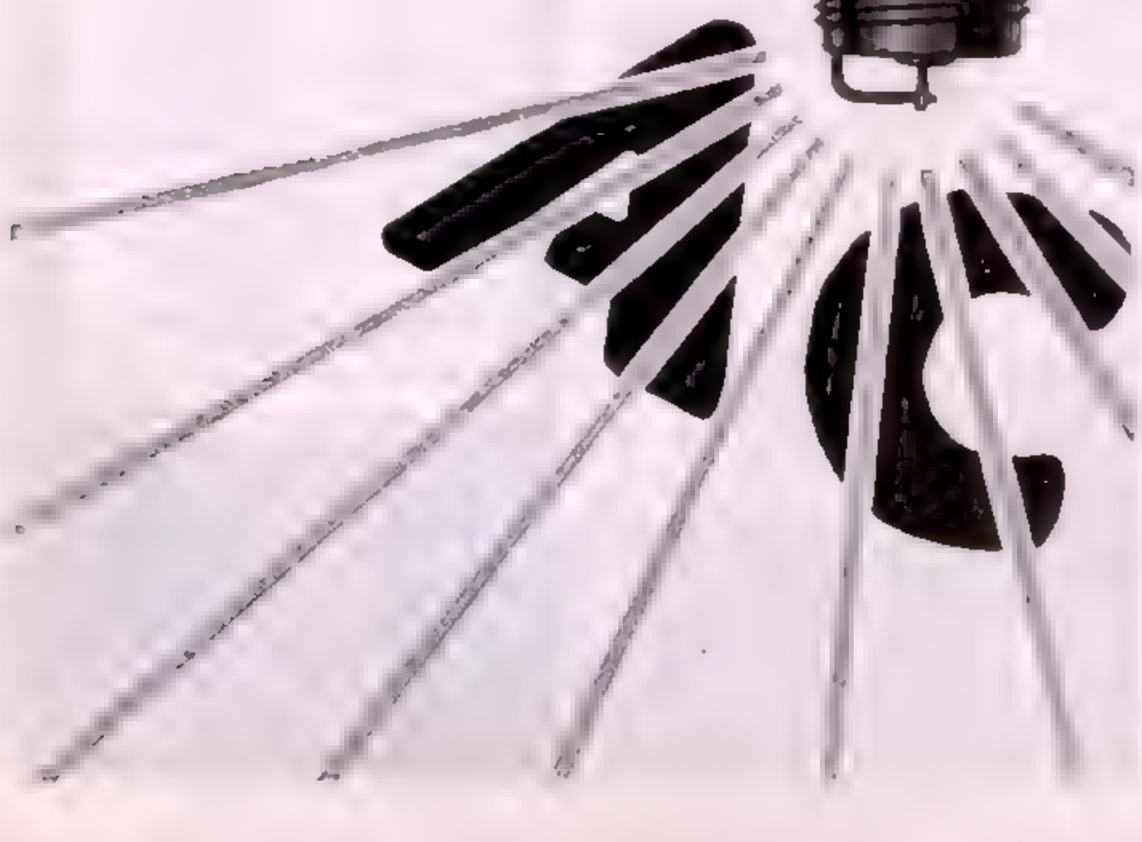
Race drivers, aviators, speed-boat pilots also insist that their engines be AC-equipped.

You can't go wrong if you follow these experts.

Ask for and see that you get the genuine AC Spark Plugs specially designed for your car.

Ford Owners:—The AC 1075 for Ford engines is the plug you should use. It has our patented wire clip for the Ford terminal, our new design electrode which prevents oil from lodging in the spark gap and the famous AC Carbon Proof porcelain. If your Ford dealer will not supply you any other good dealer can meet your needs.

The Standard Spark Plug of the World



AC Spark Plug Company, FLINT, *Michigan*

U. S. Pat. No. 1,135,727, April 13, 1915. U. S. Pat. No. 1,210,139, Feb. 13, 1917. Other Patents Pending

wasn't all, though. The price he told me, 83, was a good three-quarters under the figures on the board; and he'd gyped me out of that. I was about as green as they make 'em, I guess.

It was half past eleven when I left Boker's; and I'd hardly opened the door when I had a shock. As I reached the stairs and was starting down who should I see coming up but old man Potter!

I dodged out of sight pretty quick, I'll say. He hadn't seen me, however; and I hung around to see where he'd go. After that I took my time about getting back to the office. I knew now why he'd been figuring over that newspaper he kept hidden in his desk. It was the same as I'd been figuring—the financial page. One o'clock, though, was striking before I finished eating my lunch; and after that I lit a cigar. Twenty minutes later I lounged back to the insurance office.

Potter was waiting for me. He began to bristle as I walked in.

"Can it!" I said to him. "I know where you were this A.M."

"What's that?" he said. "What's that?"

"You were down at Boker's," I told him.

You should have seen his face. It grew as white and moist as the belly of a fish. I felt sorry for the old boy. He'd seen, too, what he was up against; and to try to get out of it he'd risked everything, his job included.

He sat there all crumpled up. "If you tell ——" he whispered.

I wasn't going to tell. I knew they'd sack him offhand. I went back to my desk.

Anyone who knows can tell you what happens to a bird who gets dealing in the market. I was no exception. All I could think of that afternoon was the money I'd put up at Boker's. If the market went down I'd win. If it went up I'd lose. I had the chills and fever all right. In fact, I was half beside myself till I heard the newsboys yelling the early editions in the street below. Potter watched me as I got up and dusted out of the room; but a lot I cared now for Potter. I got a paper from a kid; and the moment I saw it I let out a yip.

Steel was down a point and over. As it figured out, I'd cleaned up twenty-five bucks on the day!

I'd like to speak of that. It was winning like this, the first time of all, that put me really to the bad. If I'd lost I might have stopped to think. I'd won, though; and that fixed me—I had the fever in my blood. When I went upstairs to the office I lounged over to old Potter's desk.

"The market's off," I said, swaggering. It was the same swagger I'd seen Bert Gerken give. I was in on Wall Street stocks, you know—dealing in the market.

"Sh-h-h! For God's sake!" said old Potter, turning white.

That afternoon, when I went home to the flat, the world was mine.

IV

IT WAS along toward six o'clock when I got off the Subway at the corner and headed down the side street. Under my arm I had all the latest Wall Street editions; and one of these I'd been reading as I hung to a strap in the train. I felt pretty chesty and big, in fact, as I studied the financial page, letting on to myself I was a regular Wall Street man. I was figuring, too, how the folks who saw me must think what a swell I was. The Wall Street paper wasn't all of it, either. On the way from the office to the Subway I'd stopped in at a couple of places and got myself some other reading matter.

One piece of it was a list of winter tours—trips down South to the big resorts. The other piece was an automobile-road map. I hadn't a car, of course; but that day before I left the office I'd been doing a bit of figuring.

Twenty-five bucks a day, if you count six days in the week, is a hundred and fifty bones; six hundred, in all, for the month. It's no wonder, in fact, that seeing myself with that amount a month I thought the world was mine. The trouble, though, is that I didn't stop with that. If I used my profits, that six hundred plunks a month, to buy more stock, in a month I'd be making six or seven times what I was making now. I got crazy with the heat after that. Before long I saw myself—on paper—rolling in anywheres from five hundred to a thousand every week. At this point, though, I called a halt. To be on the safe side I set down what I'd make at two hundred and fifty a week or thereabouts—call it a flat three hundred. That made twelve hundred dollars a month, I said; and with that much in my jeans, all of New York I'd own, I figured.

I almost thought I owned it already. A car for Josie was the first thing I'd get; and it wouldn't be any tin lizzie, either. The car, before I got through figuring on it, was one of those nickel and brass imported cars; and by that time I had a choffer in livery at the wheel. That wasn't all, though, I laid in for Josie that evening on my way uptown in the Subway. The Gerkens had a colored girl to cook for them; but I wouldn't let Josie do with anything like that. I wasn't going to let her stick on, either, in that mangy two-by-four flat we were living in. I figured it out that we'd have a flat on Riverside Drive, and a cook, a chambermaid and maybe a man. The flat, too, would have eight rooms and a couple of baths; and I could see in my mind's eye the Gerkens when we asked them in for the evening. Josie would be in a new silk dress, one to knock your eye out; and she would have on, too, all her swell new jewelry. She was a good-looking kid; and I could see her with all her swell rings and the dingle-dangles in her ears. Then, after we'd eaten, we'd take the Gerkens to the show in that new car I'd bought; and Josie would have on the fur coat I'd got for her. It wouldn't be the fur coat, either, she'd been talking about a long while now—a piece of rabbit fur she'd seen over in Amsterdam Avenue. It was the real goods—sable or something; and to myself I pictured Sadie Gerken turning green when she got her eye on it.

There were a lot of things I pictured; a whole heap of them. They were still running in my mind when I romped up the stair to the flat, and put my key in the latch.

"Hey, Josie!" I whooped.

Then I stood there, gaping.

The flat was empty and dark. It looked, too, as if Josie hadn't been in there since morning. All around, the place was in disorder just as I'd left it hours ago.

The papers I dropped on a chair; and without taking off my hat and coat I walked on down the hall. "Josie!" I called again. It was the first time, in fact, I'd ever come home like that and found no one waiting for me. I felt queer, I know, as I opened Josie's door and looked inside.

The room, like the rest of the flat, was in disorder. The bedclothes lay flung over the footboard; and all the drawers of her bureau were open. I got a shock as I saw them. A gasp came out of me; and hustling to the closet I looked inside. You can guess, maybe, what I was thinking. Her bag, though, was there; and when I saw it I caught my breath. I hadn't really thought, of course, that she'd go do anything like that; but just the same I was relieved.

After that I began to get hot a little for the scare I'd had thrown into me. Here was I, all primed and bubbling with what I'd pulled off that day, and Josie wasn't at home, ready to hear me tell her.

I got hotter and hotter as I went back to the parlor and lit the light. I sat down, I remember, and tried to read the paper; but though I had it open at the financial page I didn't read it long. After a while I got another scare. Why had she gone out and left the flat like it was? Why, too, was she staying away so long? I dropped the paper and humped back to her room again.

There was her bag, though; and in the bureau and the closet, too, were all her things. Then, as I stood there, I heard the front door open.

"Say!" I said. "Where have you been, anyway?"

She looked at me a moment. Her face was pale, and she was all fagged out and limp.

"I've been downtown," she answered.

I knew she had. She had a paper parcel in her hand; and I figured she'd left the flat in a mess so she could gad around in the shops all day. I was wrong, though, it turned out.

"That's the dinner," she said, putting down the parcel; "I got it just now at the delicatessen."

Well, that was piling it on, I felt. Around the town I'd seen a lot of these women who hang out in the shops and movies, waiting till the last minute to beat it home with a slice of meat and a paper of potato salad for their husband's dinner; and I told her what I thought. She waited till I had finished.

(Continued on Page 56)

VELIE-BUILT MOTOR WINS AGAIN

The remarkable new **Velie 6**

ANOTHER link in the long chain of Velie Victories was added when a stock car equipped with the Velie-built motor climbed Mount Wilson in 27 minutes, 51 $\frac{60}{100}$ seconds, breaking the record that had stood four years *by over* 11 *minutes*, and winning the Los Angeles Express trophy.

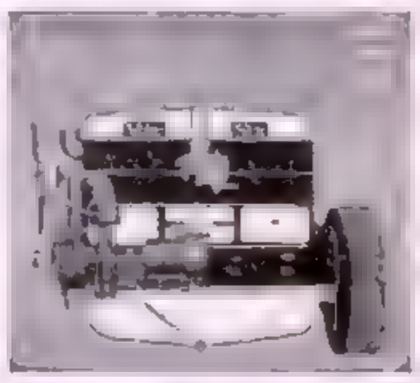
This unparalleled performance was made possible by the Velie overhead valve construction—Velie automatic lubrication—Velie motor solidity—Velie cooling—Velie dirt-proof construction—and a score of other features built into this matchless power plant.

In 9½ miles the car driven by Walter Lord made 144 turns in the tortuous ascent of 6000 feet. The motometer showed the water at only average summer temperature when the car reached the top.*

Every purchaser of a Model 58 Velie car gets an exact duplicate of this motor in a beautiful car of long soft flowing lines and curves. Richly finished and completely equipped. Four new body styles, open and closed. See your nearest Velie dealer.

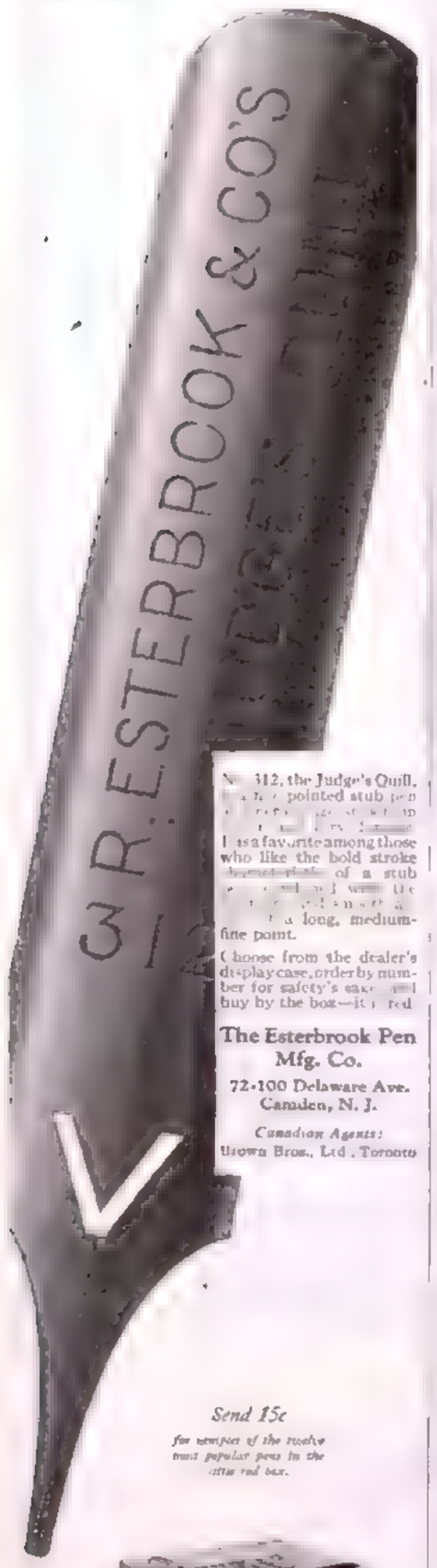
**The official account of the mountain climb will be sent on request*

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION
MOLINE • ILLINOIS

THE MARVELOUS  VELIE-BUILT MOTOR

Number
312

—one of the twelve most popular pens in the world



No. 312, the Judge's Quill, a fine pointed stub pen [illegible] is a favorite among those who like the bold stroke [illegible] of a stub [illegible] a long, medium-fine point.

Choose from the dealer's display case, order by number for safety's sake [illegible] buy by the box—it's [illegible]

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Brown Bros., Ltd., Toronto

Send 15c
for samples of the twelve most popular pens in the little red box.

Esterbrook

(Continued from Page 54)

"I wasn't shopping," she said; "I wasn't at a movie, either. I went downtown and got back that old job of mine."

You could have knocked me down with a feather.

"You did what?"

"Just what I say," she said.

It was the fact, what's more. Before we'd married, Josie was a stenographer in a Broadway jobbing house. The place paid twenty-five a week; and to think she'd gone back to it now—well, I just turned hot and cold. If she'd hit me I couldn't have taken it worse.

It was my pride, you see. Anyways, I had the same pride a clerk would have about a thing like that; and what laid me out was, first of all, what they'd say at the office when they heard my wife had had to go back to work. In my mind's eye I could see them grin. "His wife, she had to go to work," they'd say. With one thing and another I was pretty nearly beside myself.

Josie didn't make it any the easier for me.

I wouldn't stand for it, I told her. A wife's place was to take care of her husband's home, I said; and she looked at me for a moment.

"Yes—if he's able to keep a wife," she said.

"What's that?" I shot back at her.

"You heard me," she answered. "A wife who just trots round the house and does nothing is a luxury, Jim. That's why I went and got back my job. I figured you couldn't afford a wife."

Then, before I could say anything, she gave her shoulders a hunch.

"I'm sick of all this, anyways. I've sat round this flat, dusting and sweeping and cooking the meals for you; and what have I got out of it, I'd ask. I don't go anywheres; you never take me to a show or anything; I just drudge and slave. I wouldn't do it for any man. I made up my mind since you couldn't give me anything—or wouldn't—I'd go out and get it for myself."

She had spunk, I'll say. She was only a kid, at that, too; but she had the grit; and as for me, I began to come down from my high horse.

"Listen, Josie," I said.

"I don't wish to listen," she answered. "I'm through, I'm finished!"

I told her then. In a word or two I let on to her what I'd pulled off that day down at Boker's. You should have seen her!

"Jim!" she said.

After that it was as if the sunshine had burst all at once through the walls of that two-by-four flat we were living in.

"Jim!"

I just took her in my arms; and she hung to me, shaking and catching at her breath.

V

IT WAS one grand night, that night, I'll mention. It was as if the twenty-five bucks, the piece of change I'd raked down that day at Boker's, was as many thousands instead. Outside of the pay envelope I'd lugged home every Saturday it was the first money I'd turned up in the six years we'd been married. To Josie it looked even bigger than it did to me.

She thought I was made, that's all.

The dinner we rattled through with as if it had been a quick-lunch order downtown. The janitor downstairs had a phone; and while Josie was putting away the plates I beat it down to the basement.

"That you, Bert?" I called, when I got the Gerkens' flat. I was feeling pretty chesty and important, too, I'll say; though I didn't let him see it. "Josie and I, we're dropping round to a show," I said; "and we thought maybe you and Sadie would like to go." Then, before he could say anything I added, offhand like, "The tickets and the eats afterwards, Bert, are on me."

Bert said they'd be ready when I got around; and I dusted back upstairs.

"Put on your dress, Josie," I told her.

"Why, Jim!" said Josie.

Her face was all lit up when she skipped back into her room to get ready.

We took a cab at the corner. A street car or the Subway would have done us ordinarily; and I remember the squeak Josie gave as I beckoned to the taxi. The last one I'd paid for was on the day I'd driven her away from the church where we were married; though never mind. She snuggled up against me tonight as we sat inside; and I could feel her quiver. I guess she'd been waiting a long while for that taxi ride.

Bert and Sadie were at the door when we got there.

"Anniversary?" grinned Bert as he saw the cab.

It made me sore to hear him. I'd let him see, I figured, that he wasn't the only one who could spend money; but it took Bert a while to get on to that.

"What're we takin' in?" he asked. "A picture?"

"Cut it out!" I growled.

It was to a theater—a real show—we were going; and the seats I got weren't upstairs in the gallery, either. Including the tax, the four pasteboards set me back eleven dollars; but after the first shock of it, and the curtain went up and the show began, I forgot all that. I just sat back with my chest stuck out, feeling grand and lordly. You should have seen Josie too. She was like a kid out of school for the holidays, her face all shining and gay; and it wasn't just being at a show, either, that had bucked her up like that. Every now and then I'd catch her looking at Bert, and then she take a peep at me. When she did it I could see the light, pride, jump into her eyes and shine.

It was past midnight when she and I got back to the flat.

"Jim!" she said. "Oh, Jim!"

In the hall she flung her arms around me and held me tight.

The evening had set me back a heap. After the show the supper had cost me another good ten dollars; and we'd come home after it in a cab. That and the cigars Bert and I were smoking had cost me four dollars more. All this was nothing, though. Josie had her arms around me.

"Isn't it wonderful, Jim?" she said.

"That so?" I grinned at her.

"Yes; we're getting on at last!" she said.

That night, I'll say, she and I didn't mention again that job of hers she'd gone and taken back. The next morning we didn't mention it, either. She came to the door with me when I had on my hat and coat.

"I'm so proud!" she whispered.

I was kind of proud myself. I'd turned the trick, anyways—or so I thought; found the way, I told myself, of getting out of the hole I was in. And that, as I've said, is what must make it so easy for the sharks, the Wall Street bucket shops and all, to trim fellows like me out of their savings. It isn't just greed, I'll say again, that gets us into their clutches. If a man has, like me, a wife, he wants her to think he's a somebody, doesn't he? I know I did.

I was walking the mountain tops that morning when I got down to my job in Pine Street.

VI

NOW listen: In all of this I'm not trying to knock any clerk just because he's a clerk; I'm not trying, either, to make any fellow sore on the job he's holding down. All I'm trying to show is what gets so many of my sort into the hands of the bucket shops. Along with that I'd like to make clear what happens when they get there. There was nothing wrong with my job. The trouble, instead, was with me. All these years I'd just sat at my desk, letting my feet take root and standing still. What's more, plenty of fellows, clerks like myself, had made good while I was sitting there. I could name a dozen.

Ferd Backus was one. Ferd had the desk next to mine. In the office a lot of us used to laugh at Ferd. Sometimes, too, we'd get sore. Ferd, anyways, was a bear for work; and that's what got us. If work in the office was slack, instead of loafing the way we did, Ferd would hunt himself something to do. "Afraid for his job!" was what we said; but Ferd would only grin. "That's what you say," he said. Then one day he quit; and we learned what he'd been up to. Instead of being afraid he'd lose the job, he'd been learning everything he could about it; and now he was setting up for himself. What I'm getting to, however, is that when he quit Ferd asked me to go in partners with him.

It was an agency Ferd was starting. The office, though, was in a town upstate—Harrisville, we'll call it—and though I had a bit saved up myself, what made me back out wasn't the risk of losing the money; it was—well, Harrisville. I'd come to the city from a dump, a Podunk like that, you see; and little ol' New York I wouldn't leave. The city, I told Ferd, was the place for a business man.

You should have seen the look he gave me.

"Yes," said Ferd; "all the clerks say that."

"What d'you mean, clerks?" I came back at him, getting huffy.

"I mean," said Ferd, "that little ol' New York, as you call it, is just what keeps a lot of clerks what they are."

I didn't get him at all. It was still all Greek to me.

"All right," said Ferd; "you can drop me a line if ever you change your mind."

I hadn't dropped him a line. New York still looked good to me. In fact, it never had looked better than now. Little ol' New York! The jazz tunes I'd heard the night before on Broadway were ringing in my head.

That day, though, nine o'clock already had struck, and I was a good twenty minutes late when I punched the time clock in the basement. A lot I cared, however. Upstairs old Potter gave me a look when I swaggered in, my chest out; but I wasn't worried over him. I wasn't worried over anything that had to do with my job. What went on in the office that day was of a piece with the rest of the days that followed.

For a while I made a bluff of getting to work. It wasn't for long, however. As ten o'clock drew near I began to wriggle. At ten, I knew, the Wall Street market would open. All I could think of was that. I began to figure that as I stood there mulling over the books I might be losing money. For one thing, I might be missing a chance to get in on something big, a killing. Bert Gerken was always talking of that—a killing, a knock-out, as he called it. Boker, it seems, had fed it out to him; though never mind. As I look back on it now I know why a clerk gets fired when they catch him dabbling in Wall Street. Once you're in on the game you're good for nothing else. However, to make a long story short, at ten o'clock I got up and dusted out of the office.

You should have seen old Potter's face. He dassent say anything, though. He was getting ready himself to get up and beat it down to the bucket shop. Downstairs, however, I was getting into my hat and coat when I got a jump, a start. One of the men from the hall above—the elevator starter, it was—came mooching into the coat room.

"Say," he said, "how's the market this morning?"

I nearly fell out of my skin. Then, while I stood there gaping, he told me he'd seen me in Boker's the day before. As it turned out he was playing the market too. So, too, were three of the other help in the building. One of them was the scrub-woman who cleaned up our place at night. Like me, like all of them, she'd taken her savings and was dipping in on Wall Street.

"Yeah," said the starter, "she's made a clean-up. Next month she's quittin' here, and goin' back to her home in the old country."

"How are they coming with you?" I asked him.

They were coming good, it seems. He was four hundred bucks ahead of the game; and already he was figuring on buying a place somewheres up in the country, a farm he'd had his eye on. New York was no place for the kids, he said.

"And how are you making it?" he asked.

I told him. When he heard, though, I'd sold Steel he looked surprised.

"Say," he said, "you want to get a jump on. Steel's goin' up!"

He had a tip on it. The tip he'd had from a friend who got it from another fellow who worked on the books in a broker's office. You should have seen the break I made for the door. By the time I got round the corner into Broad Street I was running.

It was all right, though. The market already had opened, but Steel hadn't moved. It was still where it had closed the night before; and as soon as I'd caught my breath a little I told Boker to change my trade. "Switch" is the Wall Street word for it.

"I've got a tip on Steel," I told him, looking important.

Boker must have had a hard time to keep his face straight. I guess, though, I wasn't the first of the suckers he'd heard talk of tips. He went into the back room, rolling over in his jaw the cigar he was always chewing; and in half a minute he was back. "Your order's filled," he told me again; though he hadn't gone near the phone. Once more, too, though I hadn't the sense to see it, he'd gyped me out of a quarter point on the trade. They do that,

(Continued on Page 61)

By degrees comes light; and man's control over the conditions of his life grows greater and greater

Out of Ages of Experiment

MYSTERY, darkness and helplessness held man through dreary ages. Then it dawned on a human mind that experiment was the key to human betterment. With the vision of a prophet Roger Bacon declared that experiment would lead to engines of navigation, engines of tremendous speed on land, machines that would traverse the air.

For this unholy idea Bacon was imprisoned through long years. In his cell he experimented with glass and discovered a basic principle of eyeglasses. That was 650 years ago.

Three hundred years later a group of open-minded men in London formed the first society to encourage experiments. To the Royal Society of London we owe the multitude of scientists of the greatest genius who have opened crevices of light and brought near that day when we shall all have "complete power over the conditions of our lives." One notable group includes those who have devoted themselves to releasing man from the many defects of his eyes—defects which check the energy and clearness of the mind.

The improvement of your vision, as Roger Bacon first discovered, is produced principally by the surfaces of lenses —their curvatures—not by any magic in the glass alone.

When your eyes call for help and you go to your Optical Specialist, he works with all the means of precision he possesses. But up to the present time he has been unable to tell accurately if the curves on many kinds of lenses have been ground by his workmen as prescribed for you

Now, out of years of experimenting, comes the invention which meets this great need—The Wellsworth Lensometer. It measures these precious curvatures with the utmost precision.

This remarkable instrument is a product of long scientific experiment. It again verifies the wisdom of George W. Wells when he established laboratories at his great optical works at Southbridge, Mass., and brought scientists there to study. During his last years he charged his sons and fellow workers to spare no effort—to leave no experiment untried—to make Wellsworth Laboratories the center of optical research for the betterment of human vision.

Your eyes can have the benefits of the work of the Wellsworth Scientific Staff through the services of Optical Specialists in your community. Consult one of them now; make sure that the most precious of your senses is profiting by the ages of experiment done in its behalf.

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Wellsworth Glasses

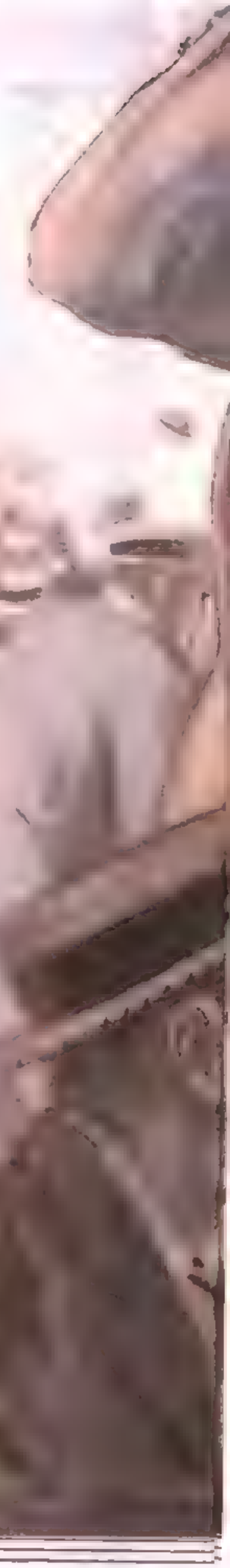
WELLSWORTH PARK—EST 1833

All that Science can give; all that Artistry can add

The Man in the Palm Beach Suit

A dozen years ago he was conspicuous, except in the South. Other men, hot in their woolen suits, looked at him and thought he was funny.

He wasn't funny. He was cool. Like Jonas Hanway, the first man in England to carry an umbrella, the first citizen of any town to wear a Palm Beach Suit was a pioneer. He was unusual, but he was cool.



PALM BEA

In 1922

The Men in the Palm Beach Suits

Today you can see thousands of men wearing Palm Beach Suits. The Palm Beach idea has become popular because it means coolness. You can't "pick out" the man in the Palm Beach Suit, for two reasons: First, the wearers are so numerous; and second, because Palm Beach Cloth is made in such a variety of shades and patterns—browns, blues, greys, stripes and plaids. There are as many varieties in Palm Beach Suits as there are in woolen suits.

Not all summer clothes are made of Palm Beach Cloth. It is well to know this. All suits made of Palm Beach Cloth are identified by the Palm Beach label.

When you see the label, you can be sure of the genuine Palm Beach Cloth. The style and fit of the suit depend on how well it is tailored. Some makers take extra pains in the tailoring of Palm Beach Cloth, and naturally this means better style and better fit.

Golf Knickers made of Palm Beach are cool and good-looking—practical and durable.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS—GOODALL WORSTED CO.
Selling Agents: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Palm Beach
REG U S PAT OFF
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO

This Label Identifies the Genuine

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CH SUITS

"Here's the cause—*dirty, worn-out oil!*

You failed to drain your crankcase regularly"

You can't keep on using the same oil—day after day—and escape damage to your engine. 800 miles of service is practically the limit of safety.

Poor quality oils—never safe—become actually dangerous after a few miles driving. Broken down by heat—thinned-out by gasoline—what little lubricating value they ever had is quickly destroyed.

Safety and economy demand that you follow these two rules for the lubrication of your engine—

First—buy lubrication by selecting a high quality oil of the right type (body) for your particular engine—*then stick to it.*

Second—drain your crankcase and refill with fresh clean oil every 500 to 800 miles.

Asking for just "a quart of oil"—accepting anything that's offered—isn't buying lubrication. But demanding SUNOCO Motor Oil *IS.*

SUNOCO is a *scientific engine lubricant*—totally and fundamentally different from ordinary motor oils.

And here are the reasons for SUNOCO'S superiority:

Being wholly-distilled—*not a compounded oil*—SUNOCO eliminates carbon troubles. That means no clogging of the cylinders—no fouling of the spark plugs—no gumming of the valves.

Being heavier in body—type for type—than other oils, SUNOCO maintains compression-tight cylinders. That means more power—greater gas and oil mileages—less crankcase dilution.

And there have been created in SUNOCO—by patented processes of super-refining—certain other exclusive features for motor protection not found in ordinary oils.

Prove these extraordinary qualities of SUNOCO by a trial NOW. Any SUNOCO dealer will clean out your crankcase and refill with the proper SUNOCO type for summer use in your car.

Ask your dealer for a copy of our new booklet "Lubrication or Just 'Oil'," or write to us. Ten minutes' interesting reading may mean an enormous saving to you.

SUN COMPANY

Producer and Refiner of Lubricating Oils, Fuel Oil, Gas Oil and Other Petroleum Products

More than 1,500,000 gallons of lubricating oils per week **Philadelphia** *Branch Offices and Warehouses in 32 Principal Cities*

SUNOCO

MOTOR OIL

GIVE A THOUGHT TO LUBRICATION

(Continued from Page 56)

the bucket shops. That afternoon, however, Steel was up two points and a half. I'd beaten the market again—a boob's luck; and at five o'clock I streaked it uptown in a hurry. I didn't go straight home, however. I got off the Subway at Fiftieth Street.

Automobile Alley, as they call that part of Broadway, begins up there; and for a dizzy hour I spent my time figuring what car I'd buy. I had my pockets filled with catalogues before I headed for the flat; but I hadn't made up my mind. The car I wanted brought a couple of thousand dollars; and though of course money meant nothing to me, now that I was rolling it in, as I thought, I hadn't that much cash for a car That night, though, Bert Gerken put me wise.

"If you pay a couple of hundred down," said Bert, "you c'n get you a car on time"

It was the way Bert had done. I made up my mind I'd do it too.

"Oh, Jim!" said Josie. I was just wonderful, she told me.

The next night when I came home to the flat I found her stitching away with needle and thread on a piece of goods, her fingers fairly flying.

"See!" she said. "I'm making a dress to wear in our auto."

"That so?" I grinned.

It had still been another good day downtown at Boker's. Steel had gone up another two points, I remember. I remember, too, that Boker was looking worried when I got around to the bucket shop. As they say in Wall Street, "The suckers always buy," and as it was a bull market and all Boker's boobs were buying he had a reason to look worried.

A bucket shop, you know, does not buy or sell a stock the way you tell them to. They just pocket the money, and bet against you that you're wrong. But let that go. I told Josie to lay off her sewing a while, and call it half a day. We were going out again with the Gerkens.

"Oh, Jim!" she said again as she went dancing down the hall.

There's a lot more like this that goes with the story, but I'll cut it short. We went out that night with the Gerkens, and most every night for a week or so afterwards. The market was still going up, but before long I wasn't going with it. What happened was that I'd switched once more on my trade.

It's the regular story, this. Day by day Boker, I could see, was getting more worried; but what it was all about I didn't know. Every day he'd tell me, I remember, that I'd better get out of Steel and make a trade in something else. All the time, too, he was after me to put up more money at the office. If I wanted to make the killing I was always talking of I couldn't do it on a shoestring, he said. That isn't all he said either.

"You don't look like a piker—a tinhorn like these other dubs," he'd say.

A piker, a dub. If only I'd known it I was as big a piker and dub as any of the other boobs. What Boker was handing me was the regular stuff. Then one day he rang me up at the office.

It was against the rules up there for a clerk to gas over the phone during office hours; and Boker knew it too. A lot, though, he let that stop him.

"Quick!" he said. "Get down here on the jump!"

I shook with fright.

"What's happened?" I spluttered back.

"Hurry!" he said, and hung up the receiver.

It's a regular part of the game, I've learned since then, to throw a scare like that into the boobs, the simps like me; and I fell for it like a babe. I hardly stopped to get my hat, in fact; but when I rattled up the stairs to the bucket shop he didn't look the half as excited as I'd expected. It was only when he saw me rush in popeyed that he took his feet off the table in the back office and came hurrying out to meet me.

"Say!" he said. "You want to get off Steel in a hurry! I just got a tip the bears are getting ready to bust the market!"

It was that tip of his having a tip, you know—that fixed me I figured if he had a tip he ought to know. The same afternoon though, Steel went up another two points and a half, and that wasn't all of it either. Mex Pete was what Boker had talked me into buying; and the oil stock went down three points before the close.

That night it wasn't so gay when we and the Gerkens went out on Broadway.

"Why, what's wrong, Jim?" asked Josie.

I didn't tell her, of course. I wasn't going to let on, you know, that part of my profits I'd lost. Bert Gerken, too, didn't seem as lively that night as usual. We all went home early for a change; and that next day things began to happen to me down in Pine Street.

The first was when the boss, the head of the firm, called me up on the carpet. Old Potter hadn't peached on me, though. It was the time clock I'd been punching later and later each morning that gave me away.

"You get here early, d'you hear!" the boss warned.

I knew what the warning meant. I'd never been fired; and it scared me so I was good. I was good for a couple of hours, in fact. Then I began to wriggle and get uneasy again. Before the lunch hour I got up and dusted down to Boker's.

Mex Pete was off another point and a half. Added to that, Steel that morning had crossed 90.

The bucket shop was filled up with the usual crowd of has-beens and seedy wisenheimers that hang in places like this. Some of them were real chatty and gay, talking big about stocks and all; but some of the others looked sort of moochy and out of pep. These must have been the ones like myself that Boker had in right—right for Boker, you know. As soon as I showed myself at the door Boker bounced up to me, his face in a grin.

"How's the boy?" he piped, slapping me on the back. "Feelin' pretty good, ain't you?"

The boy wasn't feeling good at all. The way Mex Pete was falling out from under me was beginning to get my sand. I spoke to Boker about it, and Boker gave a laugh. Mex Pete was all right. A pool was working in the stock, and the insiders were just trying to shake out the tinhorns, after which it was going to zip.

"You'd better take on another block," said Boker.

I fell for it. Another hundred I drew out of the savings that day. The same afternoon Mex Pete sold off two points more; and that night when I got home the little flat never looked so small, so dingy and mean. I sat there hating it.

We didn't go out that night. The Gerkens had said they guessed they wouldn't. Something, in fact, seemed to be the matter with Bert; but what it was I couldn't guess. If I had known, it was just what was happening to me.

For a while Josie tried to talk. She was chipper and gay, still working on that dress for the auto; but as for me, I didn't care much to talk.

"Say," I said, "I'm trying to read the paper." It was at the financial page, of course, I had it open; but I wasn't getting much of what it said. After a while I fell to biting my fingers. When again Josie tried to talk I lit out at her. "Can't you see I'm thinking?" I told her.

It was no bunk. I was thinking, all right; and the next night and the next it was the same. By the end of the week—Saturday—I wasn't fit to live with.

"Jim," said Josie, "what's wrong with you?"

"Wrong? What're you talking about?" I snapped back.

She looked at me, astonished. Then I saw a scare come into her eyes. She gave a gasp.

"Jim! You haven't lost it?" she said. "Lost your money?"

I told her not to be a ninny.

After that, though, she put up the auto dress she was making, and sat there quiet. She was thinking hard, too, I could see; and getting more and more scared the meanwhile. It made me sore.

"Aw, for the land's sake!" I growled.

The fact is, Mex Pete was still going down and Boker was calling me for more money. Half of the two hundred I'd put with him was gone; all my profits, too, of course. He was threatening if I didn't come across to close out the account.

Then, the Monday coming, Mex Pete began to go up again. At the market's close it was up three points; and that night when I rattled up the stairs to the flat I was whistling.

"Hey, Josie!" I called. "Come on, we're going out."

She stood and looked at me a moment.

"I'm not going, Jim," she said.

I couldn't believe her. Here she was, a girl who'd been digging away at me to take her out every evening, and now she wouldn't go! Could you beat it? I asked myself.

Then she began to cry.

"I'm scared, Jim—scared," she said. I was so taken aback I could just stand and gape.

"Say!" I said.

It was Wall Street that scared her. She hadn't guessed the risk I was taking; and for that matter, neither had I. It wasn't just the risk to our savings, though. The way I'd been going on—biting my thumbs and lying awake all night—had got on her nerves, it seems. There was the way, too, I'd snapped out at her every time she spoke.

"I'd rather be poor," she wept.

We didn't go out Monday night. We didn't go the next night either. It was on that same day, it happens, that I got the jolt, the slam that was coming to me. It was the same slam that landed so many other simps.

VII

THE day was Tuesday.

The time clock I'd punched late again once more; and I was upstairs at my desk, making a bluff to get to work, when the office boy told me a fellow wanted to see me outside. That, too, was against the rules—having a caller, you know, in business hours; but a little thing like that wouldn't stop me now. In the hall Bert Gerken was waiting.

He gave a grin when he saw me, but the grin wasn't what you'd say was merry.

"Say, Jim," said Bert, "could you lend me a ten-spot for a couple of days?"

I was so flabbergasted I could only gape. The way Bert had been throwing ten-spots around on Broadway, I'd thought he must have his clothes lined with them. This morning, though, Bert had come to the end of his bluff.

"I'm bust, Jim," he said. "The market's cleaned me out, and I've lost every red I had. That ain't all of it either," he went on; "I owe everyone in sight—the rent, the tradesmen and all; and this week the office fired me."

I stood and shook. If it was I it'd happened to I couldn't have been more scared.

"How did it happen, Bert?" I asked him.

He told me as well as he could, for he was pretty nearly crying. All along he'd been making money, buying stocks as the market kept going up; but finally Boker had got him to go short—to sell, you know. Every trade after that had gone against him; and finally, when he hadn't any more to put up, Boker had closed him out.

"Your car, too, is it gone?" I asked him.

He gave a laugh, only you could hardly tell it from a sob. The car they had taken away from him the day before. The furniture people, too, from whom he'd bought a lot of swell furniture on time, had come and taken that off.

"Say, you'll lend me that ten, won't you?" asked Bert. Then he said, "All Sadie and I had for breakfast this morning was some coffee."

I gave him the ten. I hadn't been cleaned out; and with Mex Pete still going up I had money coming to me again from Boker. What's more, I'd fixed it the night before that Boker couldn't close me out for want of margins. Just the same, when I went back to my desk I was so limp I could hardly walk.

It wasn't ten minutes after that when the office boy called me out again.

"Telephone," he said.

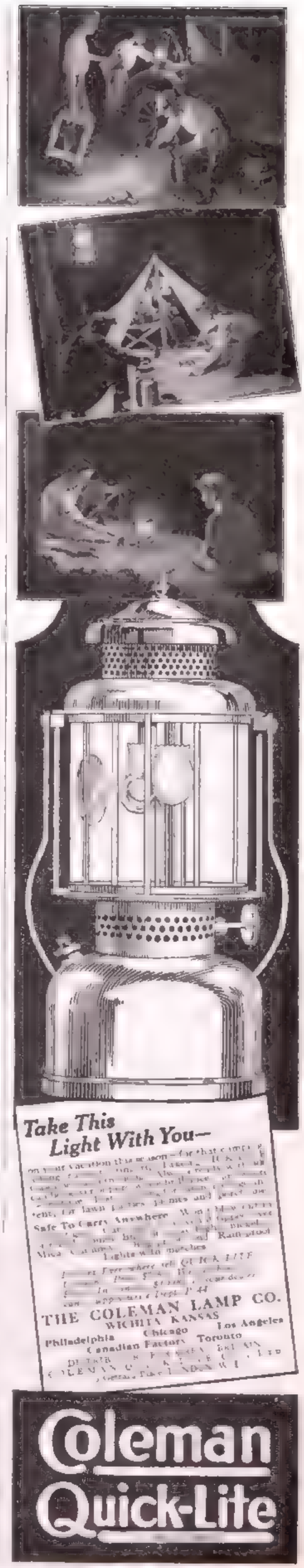
It was Boker on the phone; and I stood there, the receiver to my ear, sweat on my face, and my knees going out from under me. The minute I spoke to him Boker sailed into me with all he had. I never heard a man swear and threaten like him. "Bilk," "short-card," "cheap skate" and "swindler" were just a few of the things he called me. I felt for a minute or so that he'd gone batty; and then I understood.

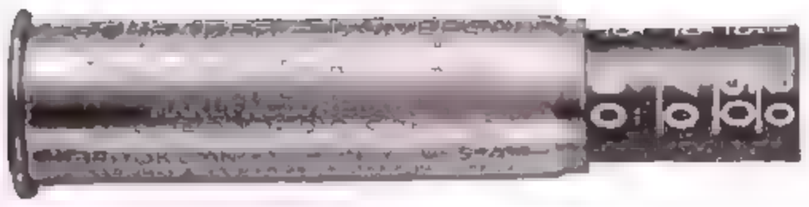
It was the bank order, a draft on the savings, I'd given him the day before. The guff he'd been handing me—all that talk about a killing—I had fallen for at last; and though Josie had cried and begged me not to, I'd handed Boker an order for all our savings, the nine hundred dollars left in the bank. Why Boker was calling me a bilk and a skate I found out now.

"The order's phony!" he swore at me. "You haven't any funds in the bank!"

I wondered now if I was crazy. I'd given Boker the bank book along with the order; and there was nine hundred in the bank or else I'd lost my mind.

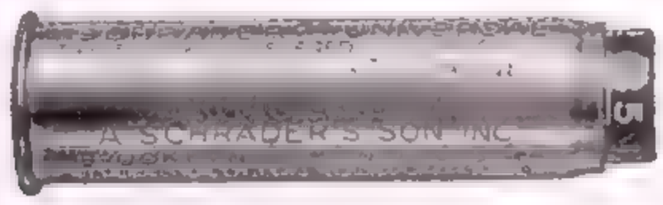
"Nine hundred, nothing!" sneered Boker. "The book shows all you have is a measly dollar bill!"





Too much air!

and your car rides like a truck with solid tires



Not enough air!

and you weaken the side walls of your tires and lose mileage

When you are not sure of the amount of air in your tires, the chances are you have too little.

It doesn't take very long for "not enough air" to do a lot of damage to the carcass of a tire—weakening the fabric or cord construction.

Own a tire gauge and know how much air you are carrying in your road tires and your spare.

Don't depend on borrowing a tire gauge. You seldom borrow a gauge until you are afraid you need air. Maybe you have needed air *for days*. It so, you have been injuring your tires for days.

The Schrader Tire Pressure Gauge costs $1.25 and with proper care lasts for years. It is compact, accurate, and easily read.

Own a Schrader Gauge, use it, and you will save its price many times in mileage. Sold by garages and auto supply dealers.

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SCHRADER VALVE CAPS

5¢ literally seal in the air. A dome-shaped rubber washer reinforced by an arched metal plate fits tightly over the valve. The valve pin cannot be depressed. This Valve Cap is simple and effective equipment for keeping air sealed in tires.

Five caps in a metal box, 25c.

SCHRADER

TIRE-PRESSURE-GAUGE

He began to cuss me again, and I hung up on him. The next minute I had my hat and coat on, and was dusting it over to the Subway. I had a hunch at what had happened—something besides Boker and what went on at the bucket shop; and the minute I got to the flat, our place, and opened the door, I knew I'd guessed it right.

Josie wasn't there. Her bag, too, this time was gone; and on the table was a note she'd written. It was short and direct, I'll say.

"Dear Jim," it said; "I write this to tell you I couldn't stand it. There's some cold meat and things in the ice box, and I've fixed it with the janitor's wife to cook your breakfasts and make up your bed. I've gone away for a while, and I'll let you hear from me. I'm awful sorry, Jim."

That was all. "Your loving Josie," she'd signed it, but I didn't get much from that. After a while I went down to the janitor's basement, but they couldn't tell me anything. She'd gone away early, they said; and she hadn't mentioned when she'd be back. She hadn't even said she would; and I went downtown in the Subway. It was half past twelve, I remember, when I got back to the insurance office.

I was raging. By turns I'd turn hot and cold; but just the same I knew what I'd do. She could look out for herself, I made up my mind; and if she could treat me like that I was through. On an envelope I'd done a little figuring in the Subway. There was about three hundred and fifty dollars coming to me from Boker's; and in a week or so, the way stocks were going up, I'd double it, I figured. That is, I figured I would, you know; and with that money, when I got it, I'd figured also what else I'd do. I'd chuck my job at the office, now that I didn't have to worry over Josie; then I'd settle down to playing Wall Street regular. She'd be sorry, I told myself, when she saw I'd rolled up a fortune.

The other clerks were out to lunch when I came in. The only one in the office was old Potter, that seedy has-been. He sat hunched down in his seat, his jaw open and his face the color of cheese. "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" he was saying to himself; and for a moment my own troubles I forgot.

"Here, what's eatin' you?" I said to him.

The old boy put up both hands to his face and looked at me as if I was a ghost. Then he began to shake and cry.

"It's all gone, all gone," he said—"all we had, my wife and me." Then he choked up all over, and laid down his head on the desk. "All gone, all gone," he went on.

"What's all gone?" I asked. I knew already, though.

"My money, my savings," he drooled; then I got the slam, the wallop that was coming to me.

"Boker's failed," he said; "he's lit out with all the money; and the police have pinched the place."

VIII

THREE minutes later, the moment I turned the corner into Broad Street, I got wind of the happening. It sounded like a riot. A big mob of people was out in front of the place—men and some women too; and the most of them were struggling to get inside and up the stairs. Around the edges of the crowd stood a lot of others—clerks, bank runners and office boys; and a lot of these were laughing and talking, all having a lot of fun and excitement. The people that were mobbing the bucket shop didn't seem, though, to be getting much fun from it; and the minute I bust my way in among them the first person I saw and recognized was the hall man from our building, the elevator starter who'd given me the tip on Steel. With him was a woman, an old lady in a bonnet and a worn weather-stained dress and shawl.

It was the scrubwoman that helped clean up our place in Pine Street. She was being shoved to and fro by the crowd; and every now and then the elevator man would put an arm round her shoulders to keep her from being knocked off her feet.

She wasn't crying. She just looked crushed and dazed, as if she was in a trance. I guess maybe she was thinking of all the nights she'd flopped round on her knees in the suds, laying up the dollars Boker had trimmed her out of.

"There ain't a cent left," said the elevator man to me. "Boker's lit out, they say, taking the books with him; and all they've found in the safe was a pair of overshoes and eleven cents. Boker must have overlooked 'em," said the elevator man.

I tried to get in, only it wasn't any use. The stairs were jammed with people; and the police had locked the office doors. A man told us the district attorney was inside going over the trash of papers; but where Boker was no one knew. It was supposed he'd lit out the night before. Of course I knew different, but I didn't say so. I could just stand and gape like a ninny, wondering how Boker had sailed into me that very morning, trying to get out of me that nine hundred dollars.

I heard a lot about Boker. Some of the men he'd trimmed had seen him around uptown; and they told what a spender he was. He had a wife, a big blonde—Edith, he called her; and with all that easy money Boker had been raking in, the two of them had been rolling it high on Broadway. They all do, those flashes like him. She had a car and was all covered over with jewelry he'd bought her; and that's where the scrubwoman's savings had gone. If Boker's wife got joy out of it she was welcome, I'd say; only I wasn't thinking of that. I was all in. I was dazed.

I didn't go back to the office that day. I hung around with the others. The crowd all the time grew bigger and bigger, for Boker, it seemed, had been working all over the town. It was folks like me, though, he'd gone after mostly—clerks and small tradesmen; and along with these, shopgirls, seamstresses, here and there cooks and servant girls too; and now and then someone like a broken-down old minister or a doctor. If Boker got wind of anyone with a little piece of money laid by he'd ring them up on the phone or send one of his fellows up to see them. The stuff they handed them was the same stuff handed me: "You don't want to be a clerk all your life, do you?"

It was along past five when I saw another face I knew. The fellow was a clerk from our Pine Street office, and he came over and spoke to me.

"They're looking for you up at the office," he said.

I didn't care. I didn't care for anything now. All I could think of now was going back to the flat, the two-by-four that I called home. It sounded like a joke to me just now. Home!

"Say," said that fellow, grinning, "did Boker sting you too?"

The grin was what got me, and for a moment I set to swing at him. It was only a flash, though. I slunk away into the crowd, leaving him grinning after me. I hadn't gone far, though, when there was a stir from the crowd; and I heard someone call out my name.

"Hey, Jim!" it shouted. "You there, Jim!"

I didn't know if it was I who was being called. Then I heard another voice pipe up. The voice I knew all right.

"Jim!" it sang out. "Jim!"

There was Josie. With her, too, was the fellow I've told you of—Ferd Backus, the one from Harrisville. I just gaped.

I'll be short with this. There isn't but a bit to tell. To me, though, I wouldn't wonder, it's the biggest of all that happened. I'd say so, anyways, looking back at it now. There was Josie; and she'd come back to me.

"It's all right, Jim!" she was saying. "It's all right, don't you hear?"

"Yes; buck up there, Jim," Ferd was saying too.

They had me round the corner, out of sight from the crowd; and in a doorway there Josie was hanging to me, laughing and crying together.

"It's all right, all right," she kept on telling me; "I've got the money. The nine hundred's here in my waist."

It was no news to me; I'd guessed it from the first.

"Yes," said Josie, "I knew yesterday you meant to give it to Boker; so I drew it out myself."

I wasn't thinking of the money now. My head was all in a whirl.

"Where have you been?" I asked her. "Where did you go, Josie, when you left me?" She was laughing and crying still.

"I didn't leave you, Jim," she answered; "I just took a train up to Ferd's."

Then she gave a gasp, a little cry.

"Why, don't you understand?" she said. As I didn't—as I still couldn't make much of anything—Josie came out with it then.

"Ferd's come down to get you," she said; "you're going into business, you and Ferd together."

Well, that's all, I guess.

Save this New Way

Make the money you work for, work for you. And make it earn more interest. Investigate the new savings system offered by the U. S. Treasury Department.

THIS tells how $20 soon becomes $25, how $80 soon becomes $100, how $800 soon becomes $1000. It shows you how to earn 25 per cent in five years. And all with the greatest safety.

The United States Government, through the Treasury and Post Office Departments, has developed a new Savings System, which has received a spontaneous welcome from men and women throughout the Nation.

The System is simple. It consists of new United States Treasury Savings Certificates, yielding at present issue prices 4½ per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, if held to maturity. They mature in five years, earning 25 per cent for that period.

But they can be redeemed at any time before maturity, at redemption prices which increase from month to month, yielding about 3½ per cent compounded semi-annually, so that your savings are constantly earning, and yet are available in emergency.

Begin Now

The advantages of this system are many—too numerous to list here. But everything is explained in a descriptive circular obtainable from your Postmaster or by sending direct to the United States Government Savings System, as addressed below.

Note some of the outstanding advantages: Any individual can buy up to $5000 maturity value of Treasury Savings Certificates of any one issue, and if desired can have them made payable to another person in case of death. The Certificates are exempt from normal Federal Income Tax and from state and local taxation (except estate and inheritance taxes).

Learn all the advantages now offered by this new Savings System. See how to accumulate savings faster. And with complete safety. Once you know this simpler, more profitable way, you will surely adopt it, as thousands of others are doing throughout the land.

4½% on Savings

Treasury Savings Certificates present an ideal form of investment, fully protected, and with a liberal rate of interest. Each dollar saved earns 25 per cent in 5 years, at present prices, which is at the rate of 4½ per cent a year, compounded semi-annually. If withdrawn before maturity you receive interest at the rate of 3½ per cent, compounded semi-annually.

Safety

These Certificates are a direct obligation of your government, the soundest investment conceivable—backed by the strength of the Nation. Your principal and interest are absolutely safe. Risk is eliminated. Certificates are registered in your name at time of purchase, protecting you against loss or theft.

Certain Value

The Certificates are not subject to market fluctuations and cannot depreciate in value. They are always worth what you paid for them plus the interest.

Payment on Demand

You can withdraw your money at any time, without waiting until maturity of the Certificates. This provides for any emergency. The Government, however, cannot call them for redemption before maturity.

Invest to the Limit

U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates are issued in denominations within the reach of all. You can now buy a $25 Certificate for $20, a $100 Certificate for $80 and a $1000 Certificate for $800.

If you save less than $20 per month, you can accumulate Postal Savings Stamps at 10c each, or Treasury Savings Stamps at $1 each, both non-interest bearing. Or you can open an interest-bearing Postal Savings Account. Then you can convert such savings into a Treasury Savings Certificate when you accumulate $20.

U. S. Treasury Savings Certificates may be purchased at Post Offices, Federal Reserve Banks, banks and trust companies, or direct from the U. S. Government Savings System. There is no red tape, no formality.

Do not delay in becoming acquainted with this simpler, more profitable system of making your dollars grow. Make the money you work for, work for you. See how quickly it earns 25 per cent.

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Below are shown the results of investment in Treasury Savings Certificates—how your money grows when interest is compounded semi-annually. It shows how to make the money you work for, work for you. And all the time with absolute safety. Observe how soon you will earn 25 per cent at present issue prices—in only 5 years your $20 becomes $25, your $80 becomes $100, your $800 becomes $1000.

Issue price	Value after one year	Value after two years	Value after three years	Value after four years	Maturity
$20	$20.70	$21.45	$22.20	$23.00	$25
80	82.80	85.80	88.80	92.00	100
800	828.00	858.00	888.00	920.00	1000

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT SAVINGS SYSTEM

TREASURY DEPARTMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Mail this coupon with remittance to the United States Government Savings System, Treasury Dept., Washington, D. C.

Application for Treasury Savings Certificates, New Issue

Enclosed find Check, Draft, or Money Order for—

Number Desired

_____ $25 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $20 each $_____

_____ $100 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $80 each $_____

_____ $1,000 Treasury Savings Certificates, Price $800 each $_____

$_____

Register in the name of and send to (Name)

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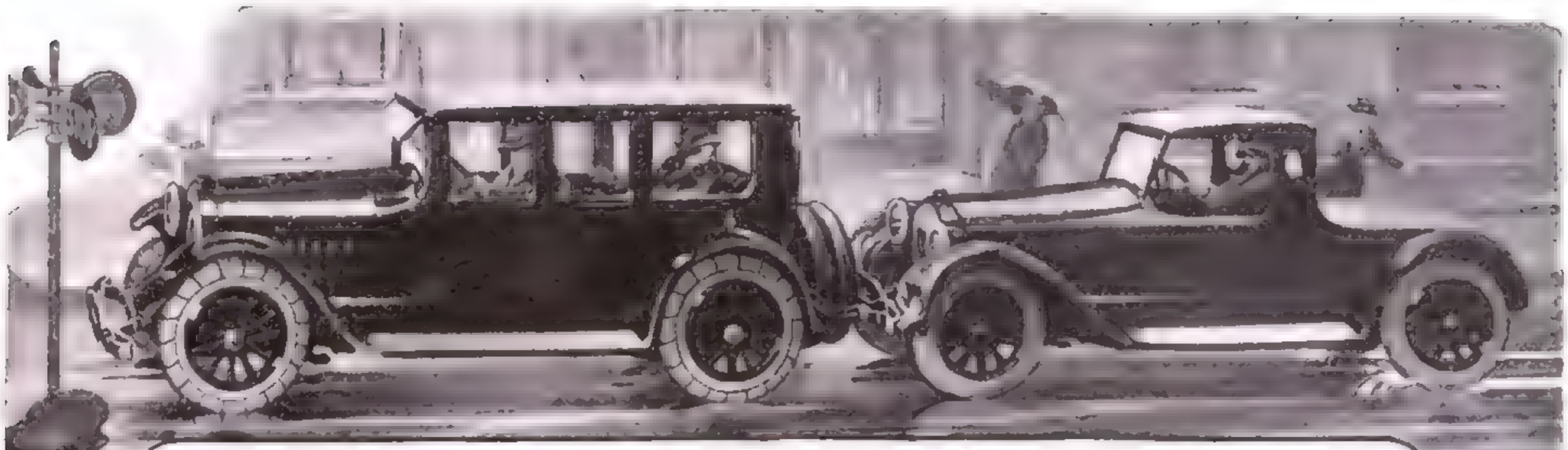
Street address _____

City _____ State _____



Fully Controlled—and Safeguarded

against the helpless, unprotected car

Weed Chains *plus* Weed Bumpers give you control of your car and protect you from the onslaught of the slipping, sliding car in the rear, helpless without Weed Chains.

The Deep-Chested Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers are especially needed on skiddy days when careless drivers neglect to use Weed Chains. A sudden stop in the traffic line and chainless cars slide into you. Weed Bumpers furnish the best front and rear protection to be had.

Strength is in every line of these deep-chested protectors of life and property, which absorb the terrific traffic blows without injury to themselves, the car or its occupants.

The Weed Spring-Bar Bumper protects your car from other bumpers; not one can go over or under its exceptionally wide buffing area.

Front and rear the Weed Bumper not only gives real security but it is decorative—adds distinction to any car.

Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers are protection recognized by insurance companies for which they will substantially discount their collision insurance charges. In many instances the saving on the first year's premium thus involved pays for the bumper.

When you buy bumpers, say "WEED"—a word that stands for *protection* the world over. With Weed Tire Chains underneath and Weed Spring-Bar Bumpers fore and aft you'll come through fine.

The Twinbar Spring Bumper, also made by the American Chain Company, is manufactured for those who want the maximum protection possible at minimum cost.

See your car dealer, accessory dealer or garage man today

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, INC.

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In Canada:
Dominion Chain Company Limited
Niagara Falls, Ontario

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Boston Philadelphia
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New York Portland, Ore.
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They are **WEED CHAINS** *only when the name* **"WEED"** *is stamped on every Hook*

The name "WEED" on a bumper carries the same assurance of quality that it does on Tire Chains

WEED SPRING-BAR BUMPER

THE VOICE OF BLANCHE PERKINS

(Continued from Page 19)

cracked and crumbled, and looked worse after Thaneus used a homemade dirt filling in the cracks. But he was insolent to the city pavement inspector who came along and then sent him notice to have it fixed properly.

Inside the house there were corresponding features. The carpet of a small sitting room wore slick, like discolored wax. Two narrow kitchen curtains came to be forlorn, patched, yellowed articles. Tablecloths were darned. Chipped plates were not replaced by unchipped.

A daughter with a voice needs money. She needs it interminably, constantly. For a city bed, city board, city vocal lessons, advice, reading matter, clothes, recreation. Her needs are like an endless iron pipe—hard and long. Parents cannot fill that pipe of needs. No matter how much goes in, more must follow.

Rance Whitely once offered Blanche's father a loan. Edgewater was expanding so fast that it could hardly be supplied by rapidly enlarging plumbing dealers. The loan was declined.

"We'd rather do it all ourselves," said Thaneus Perkins with dignity. "We don't mind. She's our flesh and blood. And if ——"

Thaneus did not finish. But Rance understood. It was quite on the boards that a successful young woman might not come back to an old beau. She ought not to be obligated to him. Parents were different.

For a year or so letters came to Rance and to Blanche's parents in equal proportion. In inexpensive—at first—but pink envelopes, with her great sprawling writing, even at that time very firm of crossed *t*'s and dotted *i*'s.

She wrote long, frank, interesting letters to those at home. She was no niggard of details. She told of the high cost of New York chocolate and rolls; of her narrow hall bedroom; of her colds; of one vocal teacher who tried to make love to her; of another who was always on his guard against young women pupils who might make love to him; of her professional acquaintances; of her promises of eventual success.

Edgewater was a section, not a city. Everyone in the Whitely shop knew when its owner got a letter from Blanche. His employes watched him grab it from the morning pile of mail, slit a pink end, read it engrossedly, slowly get back to the other mail.

The Whitely plumbing-supplies shop enlarged, and so did the force of employes, as Edgewater grew mushroomishly. But every one of that force—and indeed almost every one of Edgewater—knew just when the great sprawling-lettered pink envelopes began to come less frequently to Rance. People knew when they went from weekly to semi-monthly, to monthly, to longer apart.

One February, Mabel Metz, of the sales corps, and Lil Cooley, at a typewriter, had spirited argument.

"Listen, Lil! Call me a liar and be done with it."

"I saw one last month!"

"You didn't, either. Those pink things are the golf links board-of-directors' announcements. Trade your two eyes for kerosene lamps. She loops her *y*'s and *l*'s like she wants to splash on half an ink bottle."

It was shortly after Blanche Perkins attained Paris that her letters became monthly. In spite of her inexperience, a promise of a foreign concert tour had been fulfilled. It was after her first important public appearance, as Azucena, in Il Trovatore, that they became—not monthly.

But by that time her personal letters were not Edgewater's only means of learning what Blanche was doing and where she was. There had been first of all two or three small blue-marked items in the Manhattan Musical Courier. Her parents received a program—La Première: Les Artistes. There appeared, year by year, her pictures: in the Paris Tempo; in the New York Times; in the Chicago Record.

Very good to any eyes, those pictures. She was a little more mature than when she left, but as lovely as ever. Especially in the picture with a fur neckpiece. Mrs. Perkins sent her the imitation white-fox scarf one Christmas. A second mortgage, small because of a first mortgage, had gone on the Perkins cottage, and Mrs. Perkins said she was sure that Blanche wouldn't buy herself any nice clothes because every cent from vocal lessons was grudged, so she herself determinedly kept fifteen dollars of the mortgage money and bought the white fox for her talented daughter's personal adornment.

There came tidings of success in Paris; of a successful concert tour in Italy; of a première in London; of a long London engagement; of a New York engagement.

Back in her native land Blanche did not come as far as Edgewater. She sent her father and mother tickets to come to New York to hear her sing. Mrs. Perkins bustled and trembled and murmured the word "Metropolitan" as though it were golden.

Afterward Mr. and Mrs. Thaneus Perkins returned home as important, excited and garrulous as two parents well could be. Thaneus wore new clothes from the skin out; his overcoat, in which he moved consciously, was a velvet-collared marvel of real chinchilla cloth. Mrs. Perkins, pink-faced, tried not to play too ostentatiously with the jet fringe of her one-piece black charmeuse dress as she stopped in a Devon Avenue meat shop to order a porterhouse steak for her and Thaneus' first meal back home.

Rance Whitely that month was very busy turning double salesrooms into four larger rooms with an addition for stock surplus. Besides, Blanche had not written to him for nearly a year.

Thaneus met him on the street and told him friendlily that Blanche sent her regards and would see him sometime when she had a chance to get out home between engagements. The message was acknowledged with quiet thanks.

The remaining small equity in a mortgage-ridden cottage was sold that year, and Thaneus Perkins bought a larger, brighter house three blocks east; suitable for a successful daughter's visiting in the future.

"Could have moved a year or so back," acknowledged Thaneus to friends, "but we waited till we saw Blanche in person. We was afraid she was skimpin' herself when she began to send us so much money."

There was no need longer to fear that. Blanche Perkins' voice was well and widely admitted. Her pictures in newspapers and magazines came in multiple. Chicago—surrounding Edgewater—boasted in type black and large, that it had borne her.

With a renewal of interest which had been a little pressed aside of late years by different matters, Edgewater regarded Rance Whitely with inquisitive eyes. How was he taking it? And what was he taking? The interest presently became so insistent that a clerk in the post office had to inform several persons that he was strictly forbidden by Federal Government to give out information concerning private pink envelopes, or any other color. Blanche was then using very fine satin twill for her epistles to her parents.

By that time the salesrooms of the Whitely plumbing-supplies establishment were mammoth; all glittering white with bathtubs de luxe on a raised white dais. De luxe enough to guarantee annual profits of some twenty-three thousand dollars to their owner. Rance Whitely belonged, too, to five clubs: Edgewater Golf, North Shore Country, Business Men's Improvement, Better Chicago Politics and Chicago Athletic. His forehead was no longer a boyish one.

The first time Berry Stay saw him she said to another girl that he looked as if he didn't get enough to eat at his home or club or wherever he lived. His eyes were too serious for a well-fed man.

Berry was a modern young person—postwar, that is. Pretty enough. A wispy knot of red hair, lovely blue eyes, a small unsculptural nose and a very red and curved mouth composed her. She was five feet four. She weighed one hundred and ten pounds in her bathing suit—and in that one-piece blue silken-knitted garment was no extraneous material.

As has been said, she lived in one of the latest stone houses on the road. Before moving into that she and her parents had lived on the West Side, which is farther from Edgewater in a way than Nebraska is from Iowa.

Henry Wilson Stay was a poor man of poor judgment who before the war had his cellar overstuffed with oils, paints and other stock of similar nature which customers of his small West Side shop above had refused for years to buy.

When the war got heady, like a monstrous keg of home-brew which has fermented more than its makers ever expected, he realized four hundred per cent on jars of stuff like hydrofluoric acid and up to eight thousand per cent on certain colors of paints.

Excited out of all judgment, he put his unexpected profits into war babies—Steel Uncommon, or something which sounded the same—and saw his bank book bloat enormously beyond his station in life. But his only child Berry, being born in 1904, became affluent before she had become used to being poor for life, and she was able to take command of any different station. She belonged, better than did her two flustered parents, to the class best able to understand and participate in these times—which are the times of the Young Girl.

She picked out their new stone house. She learned to run her first car so well that her father and mother wished that they were poor again and needn't sleep nights with one ear open for the ambulance bringing Berry home. But they were very proud of her clothes, especially her large collection of sport silk sweaters, and they bought her the one or two odd shades which she had overlooked in State Street shops.

Her vivid blue silken or pink or golden-striped shoulders became familiar to all North Shore links, garages, tennis courts, tea rooms and soda fountains. And presently—presently the Stay stone house became to Berry the place where she stayed when she was not seeing or expecting to see Rance Whitely—who did not go at all out of his daily way to see her.

She forgot who first told her about Blanche; because several other people also told her. She opened her blue eyes wide and distastefully, and did not at all like what she heard. She was depressed for several days. Later, having played golf two mornings in one week while Rance, although busy with three men of his own age, was quite within her horizon, she took some private pleasure in looking over views of prima donnas in a book of phonograph records. She said to herself that they were mostly, using the kindest word, a pretty plump lot.

Still later, she saw a Sunday supplement and became quite cheerful. She said to an intimate—herself—that it was extremely unlikely any honest-to-goodness opera singer who had her picture in pearls and an ermine-and-moleskin wrap in all the Sunday papers would ever return to look up an old beau in Edgewater. She repeated this—the second time a little doubtfully. Berry in her heart's bottom could not help conceding it likely that this one quiet-eyed man might cause even a prima donna in ermine and moleskin to run untrue to form. She went back to the many plump portraits for comfort, and glanced down at her own slim limbs with youth's own egotism of satisfaction.

She had her mother ask him to dinner as often as she dared, and she kept her dance card in very plain sight whenever he happened to be at a clubhouse evenings. This latter happened often enough. Rance Whitely for several years had not cared to spend his evenings in the lonesome quiet of his comfortable rooms.

But in time he came to regard Berry with a small pucker between his older eyebrows. She was a nice little girl, a pretty girl of course. No normal man could actually have disliked her. Her lovely eyes and red mouth and clean young skin forbade. He thought of her a good deal as she continued to put her pretty, insouciant self in his way, his thoughts were half amused, half tolerant. He may have regretted that he had not known someone like her years back—when it would have been worth while to him and to her.

However, being older than Berry, he pleaded engagements to some of her inner invitations, and he managed to keep a friendship static. Berry angrily employed the word. She had it from high school and physics.

It remained static for four months, six months, twelve. Past thirty, the years step along swiftly. Under twenty, years can crawl like slow and black beetles. Berry Stay with curiously sober blue eyes tapped a gold-mounted pencil on a gift calendar one Christmas and hoped that the next year would not—would not be so beetlish.

An evening in March her foolish young heart beat high, like a moth's wing at a white candle. She was sitting in an Edgewater drug store, consuming a hot peach drink in lieu of better employment for a wet cold hour. Because spring was belated she still wore the gray satin-lined squirrel dolman which two complacent parents had given her at Christmas. Its great sleek enveloping collar made her face seem rather small and wistful, in spite of a diamond bar pin visible where her throat was V-exposed. Perhaps because of her earlier years Berry could at times, in spite of most luxurious attire, seem a forlorn young person.

Rance Whitely entered the drug store in search of something to break a chilly feeling. He was not ill, but he suspected that influenza's forepaws were reaching out stealthily to infold him. He asked a clerk for quinine in five-grain capsules as repellent ammunition for an undesired pawing.

Upon Berry's instant recommendation he tried smilingly the same sirupy hot drink which she had ordered.

He rode home with her, in a mood to admire the deftness with which in her car she took Edgewater's March puddles and corners. He was far enough from being a well man to welcome sympathy and even coddling. At the big Stay house, somewhat too big for its family of three, Berry's mother had gone to bed and her small thin gray-haired father was in the library. Berry took Rance into the dining room and made him a toddy and then ensconced him in the most comfortable chair in the living room.

It happened that three or four hours earlier in the evening Rance had read a small paragraph on a late triumph of Blanche Perkins. New York newspapers had passed on to Chicago sheets the item secured from the Madrid Heraldo.

In a very short bright blue silk dress Berry at hand was a young and charming and not triumphant person. A young, charming and attentive girl with eyes bluer than her short smart dress can be a most desirable companion to a discerning depressed or an undiscerning depressed man. He called her "Berry" twice and "my dear" once. And he—he half proposed.

Just half, however. Berry wanted anxiously for him to finish a sentence. Poor Berry. It was at that moment that Henry Wilson Stay, ordinarily the mildest and most tactful and unintrusive of parents, began to play his phonograph in the adjoining room.

Since he had come to late middle age without having had much pleasure, Henry Stay's capacity for wild pleasure was limited. It fell far short of its opportunity with Henry's acquired dollars. His favorite and worst dissipation, outside of watching Berry buy silk sweaters, was playing an ornate phonograph in a brand-new library with many expensive soft-toned rugs. He liked old songs best. Most men of his age and habits like them.

He marveled weekly at the appealing voices one could buy for a phonograph. He hardly ever remembered the names of the singers, but he had an obliging young woman clerk pick out the best records of his favorite songs and send them out, charge, monthly. Now he contentedly put on My Ain True Love, sung by—but he didn't know that—Blanche Perkins.

With the first sweep of the accompanying strings Berry recognized what was coming. She had played the record herself—once.

Whether or not Rance recognized it so soon cannot be known. What records he was in the habit of playing on his own phonograph in his own sitting room was not a matter of his daily conversation.

Years back, Blanche's younger voice with its birdlike note had suggested to hearers Shelley's skylark, dew on pink tulips, moonlight and such things. Now, matured, lovely as song itself, it reminded hearers of the same things. Its notes came clear and thrilling, love yearned in them, passion poignantly fell from them.

My Ain True Love was followed by In the Gloaming, sung by Clarence Whitehill; The Kerry Dance, by Mme. Schumann-Heink; Annie Laurie, by Nellie Melba;

(Continued on Page 68)

MO

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Oak, mahogany or walnut finish. Rand" or "Buckskin" leather in tan, blue or black. Loose Spring Cushion seat and deep spring back.

(Continued from Page 65)

Kathleen Mavourneen, by John McCormack; My Old Kentucky Home, by Alma Gluck.

After a silent interval Rance Whitely said he must be on his way home. There was no music in Berry's half inaudible "Good night, Mr. Whitely."

When the front door had closed her father came into the room, peering apologetically over his new gold-rimmed glasses, his thin graying hair somewhat untidy.

"I didn't know you had company, honey. I didn't disturb you with my playing?"

Because she was that kind of daughter and saw no reason for hurting an inoffensive and indulgent parent's feelings, Berry lied bravely and courteously.

"N-no. Of course not."

And that same week Blanche Perkins came home for a visit.

Berry Stay read the printed cable. Five Chicago newspapers displayed it. She read it outside a newspaper. Meeting her on the street, Rance Whitely was faintly but decisively less intimate an acquaintance than he had once been. His manner was unmistakable, for all its hint of great kindness to a pretty, foolish girl.

It was a late day in March when Blanche arrived. Edgewater was slushy and cold, along with other parts of Middle Western America; it was quarreling with plumbers and writing letters to Vox Populi over the condition of its street cars, streets, arc lamps and aldermanic elections.

But it forgot that the world held slush or Vox Populi as soon as it glimpsed Blanche, her lovely smiling face half out a taxicab window as she stretched eagerly to see her old neighborhood, old friends, old landmarks.

When Berry Stay saw that face her own grayed a little and her hand unsteadily relaxed on its wheel, so that if a truck driver hadn't likewise been staring back at Blanche—with whom he had once gone to public school—he would have been thunderstruck over danger of a bad collision.

Blanche wore a great fox-trimmed wrap, which many persons had already seen in a magazine picture of her. Her low fuchsia velvet toque did not quite hide a lovely white forehead or her great glowing black eyes. She carried a shred of a terrier, and a sheaf of flowers which admirers had sent to meet her train.

Old acquaintances would have known her anywhere. She was older, plumper, more richly garbed, that was all. There were photographers and reporters in her wake, great pearls in her ears, a certain polished satisfaction—not unbecoming—in her bearing, but essentially she was unchanged. There was perhaps reason for Rance Whitely, also on the street that morning, to stop abruptly and be compelled to swallow a little gasp at sight of her.

The pearl earrings had been well Sunday-supplemented. The long white line of throat was familiar to him, too, through magazine half tones; so familiar that perhaps his eyes were justified in their aching at actual physical sight.

The taxicab with her and her two raptly proud parents whirled on. He telephoned her an hour later, somewhat uncertainly. Her voice came in reply, graciously and friendlily enough. She asked him to call—not that first evening, but the next.

She was gracious and friendly, face to face. A crowd was present. The Perkins living room was filled. Blanche's parents wore that ecstatic look of perfect happiness which is so seldom seen in this humdrum world. They listened quiveringly while Blanche told Rance and others present of her experiences; her endeavor, her disappointments in general, her success.

She proved not to be one of the great ones of earth who wrap themselves and their accomplishments in reserve and hauteur. She talked cordially and freely to all who had known her formerly. She might have been the little pink-cheeked, black-haired girl who sang every Sunday at an Edgewater church.

She promised now to sing at church one Sunday while she was at home; asking those whom she promised to be reasonably reticent, or the church might be mobbed with Chicagoans. She promised, should she lengthen her visit beyond original plan, to sing at a benefit given by a women's club to which her mother belonged.

After a while her eyes went rather directly to the corner of the room where Rance Whitely sat. A few minutes later, somehow she made room for him beside herself on the divan. At her beckoning smile he came quickly. Later, other callers, as if understanding a hint, departed and left him in possession.

And somehow in half an hour she swept away years and her own negligence in letter writing. Before the one evening ended Rance Whitely was familiar with all of Blanche's life since she left home.

"I suppose I've got used to success," she said in an amused interval when her father had gone downstairs to attend to the furnace and her mother was in the kitchen sternly giving a maid orders for a famous daughter's breakfast. "To tell the truth, it's rather a bore at times." Then she surveyed Rance with a scrutiny which caused him to redden a little even while he laughed.

The Dress Which at the Time Was Her Best, a Brown Crêpe, She Turned and Pressed and Sponged and Cleaned and Retrimmed

"I must have forgotten how nice you are, Rance! Now that I see you again and realize how interested you are in listening to all that's happened to me——"

He interrupted with some awkwardness: "It'd be queer if I were not interested. Go on—please."

She was no niggard of details. Some of them were known to him from the inexpensive pink envelopes of long back. The high price of her chocolate and rolls in those early New York days; her first narrow, uncomfortable hall bedroom; her frequent colds; the vocal teacher who tried to make love to her; the vocal teacher who always was on his guard lest his young women pupils make love to him; her first early promises of real success; of acquaintances who encouraged and acquaintances who discouraged; of two teachers whose methods were all wrong, as she later learned.

"I cried so often one month that I half ruined my throat," she admitted with a low musical laugh. Rance marked the parting of her red lips; older lips but not essentially changed since their owner was fifteen.

When he rose to go an engagement was made for luncheon the next day. Downtown. She wanted to see the changes in Chicago.

The next morning Rance Whitely passed Berry Stay and did not see her. Berry winked with both blue eyes and later in the day was arrested for speeding on the North Shore.

At luncheon in a well-known Loop restaurant Blanche Perkins took up her recital where she had left off the evening before. She told about her first voyage across the Atlantic. Second class. She made a *moue* in remembrance. But she sang several nights, and several first-class passengers heard of her voice and asked to hear her. Three elderly women told her that they were glad that they had taken passage on the same ship—she was worth their passage money.

As they lunched, she told, too, willingly enough, of the men who had wanted to marry her—or hadn't. A fellow boarder on Sixth Avenue, a teacher and a tenor about the same time; a commercial traveler and a steward on that first second-class voyage; in Paris, two art students, a wine dealer, a restaurant keeper; a vicomte in Brussels, a younger son in Dublin, an impresario in London, a stout count in Luxemburg.

The list of conquests was not unbelievably long. Rance Whitely's glance, which may or may not have been a jealous glance, went from lovely white line of throat to lovely black eyes, to the coil of satiny hair just visible under the fuchsia velvet toque brim.

"Some list," he said in even voice. "And none——"

"I was too busy to bother with any of 'em," she said. Her voice had the ring of perfect truth. She diverted to the length of time it had taken her to learn her first unexpected rôle in a new opera.

"In less time than any other young singer in his experience, said my French director," she told with a pardonable touch of boasting.

In the restaurant, although the hour was fashionable and the tables crowded, she and Rance escaped recognition. Rance Whitely did not give the matter any thought. He himself was not used to being stared at in a downtown restaurant, nor even in one in Edgewater. But Blanche laughed a little as they left.

"This has been rather pleasant; I was afraid I'd be mobbed as usual."

She lunched downtown the next day with her mother and some club women and was not so fortunate—so she told Rance when he came in the evening. She had worn her ermine-and-moleskin coat, and of course people recognized her in it, from the many newspaper and magazine pictures. Reporters had surged. A young girl from an adjoining table had rushed over and begged for her autograph. She hadn't been able to eat enough for a staring throng.

Rance Whitely must have considered it a compliment that she saved a second evening for him alone and asked her mother to tell anyone else that she was not at home.

The Perkins living room, even in the new house, was an ordinary enough Middle Western room. But Blanche dominated it—perhaps obliterated is the better word. Her successful personality, her lovely eyes and black hair, her expensive white crêpe gown were enough to make many a man forget place and time.

Like its predecessor, this evening wiped out years and unfolded lavish leaves of biography. Blanche admitted the fly in her ointment. She had not a coloratura soprano voice. And contraltos are not the ones favored by Providence or composers. Opera scores and audiences give more importance to the first kind of voice.

"I don't admit your complaint at Providence," smiled Rance. He studied her face

Continued on Page 71

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(Continued from Page 68)

One could find no fault with its coloring or contour.

"No?" She was pleased. "But I have it nevertheless."

She went on to tell him of the director of a Milan opera house who had been the first to remind her that the contralto is not so important as her higher-chorded sister singer.

"He was an impossible man. Not at all honorable. Fancy—he wanted to substitute an unknown woman for me on one of my evenings. Of course he had some personal interest in her. I had a cold and he declared I wouldn't be able to get through the last act—it was Rigoletto. But despite a slight hoarseness I sang to the last note. He said—fancy!—it was outrageous and the audience ought to have their money back." She sighed. "In a career like mine so many disagreeable incidents occur."

"I suppose so," said Rance with ready sympathy.

She sang for him after that, accompanying herself on the small new grand piano which Thaneus had rushed to buy as soon as her cablegram arrived to herald her own coming. She gave him bits of Carmen, La Tosca, Rigoletto. At the last, a low lilty love song not from an opera.

"Written by a poetess in Rome. She asked me to give her the advantage of allowing people to hear me sing it. I'm saving it for future repertoire—concerts; it's rather plaintive. I don't care to give it often privately for a while. But, for you ——"

He was properly appreciative. "I won't tell anyone."

She mused, glancing thoughtfully over her shoulder at him before she began to sing. "Do you know, I'm just realizing how nice it is to have someone around to whom I can talk unreservedly and confidentially. The road to success is rocky, Rance. I dare say even you could not understand just how rocky."

"Even me?"

She sighed. "You listen with such interest and sympathy, Rance." One white finger played softly up and down three running black keys. Her lovely black lashes lifted to him, lowered slowly. "Perhaps—in the—the years—I'd forgotten you partially. I don't know why. But I don't mind telling you now—now"—her confessional words came in a pretty, lilty rush—"that I see you again, I don't see how I could have forgotten you even partially. Of all the folks I've met for several years now"—she spoke thoughtfully—"you seem the most—there is no English word for it, but there is an Italian. You're the most interested in hearing of my struggles, my troubles, my success."

He motored with her the next day, which happened to be Sunday. She wanted to ride throughout Chicago and note the changes in her years of absence. North on Sheridan Road they took Evanston first, proceeding obliquely to Ravenswood and then through the rush and glitter of the Wilson Avenue district.

It was a beginning-to-grow-green spring Sunday. As if charged simultaneously, lawns were putting forth green daffodil and tulip spears, and the Chicago Sunday newspapers put forth double illustrated pages concerning Blanche Perkins; her career, her shred of a terrier, her beauty, her apartment in Paris with its high-backed reception-hall chairs, her four maids, her secretary, her foreign motors, her château in Switzerland, her rôles and her gracious personality.

On the Stay veranda with its protecting heavy stone pillars Berry Stay was sitting watching the daffodil spears, with a heap of Sunday papers in her youthful lap, when Rance Whitely's car whirled by. She recognized the low fuchsia velvet toque, the lovely white profile turned toward Rance. She put her two youthful white forefingers to her eyeballs as if to press back the burning sensation which visited those pretty organs, and then she passionately tore up several Sunday sheets and flung the fragments off the veranda onto a daffodil-ribboned green lawn that had that week been neatly raked and trimmed by a man.

Berry's father found the fragments later and rebuked the man for untidiness. Whereupon, with the proper spirit of modern hired help, the man betook himself haughtily to Miss Stay. When American meets American, sparks may fly. Berry discharged him before he could retract any of his worker's proper spirit. She told him sharply that well-kept lawns were not a hobby with her and she would throw anything she pleased into any handy yard whenever she chose.

She dully resumed her seat in a corner by a stone pillar. At that moment Rance Whitely was skirting the woody adjacences of Maywood, and Blanche Perkins was amusedly discussing her parents.

"I think they're disappointed because I haven't married a count. I nearly married one—but he had two children and he seemed to fancy I'd be as devoted to them as to my career."

To any man it must have seemed half incredible—her return and ready renewal of an old relation. Rance Whitely drove unseeingly through neat Austin, diverging mechanically to the woody adjacences of Maywood, in attentive silence whirling back toward the Loop ping-ponged with its sabbatically quiet skyscrapers and sabbatically crowded great green busses. He proceeded more slowly through quiet gray-stoned Hyde Park. Blanche was telling him mirthfully of the jealousy of various and numerous women whose paths in life she had crossed.

At times she had been somewhat hampered, although she tried not to be annoyed, by this recurring jealousy. There had been a Mme. Arconi, in Dresden, who sat in a box whenever Blanche sang, and hissed. There had been a little blond counteas in Italy who tried to bribe a maestro not to engage the American.

"Positively two of the most voiceless women!" She flung out her two black-gloved hands in a graceful little foreign gesture—at least it was of a gracefulness foreign to the public school which Blanche had attended in Edgewater.

She went on to tell him of several operatic feuds in which she had a major rôle forced upon her. "But"—again the small gesture—"one has to expect enmities to form about one. Such are part of the price which must be paid."

"I suppose so," he agreed.

He studied her face. No magazine page had flattered it. From any photographer it needed only the merest justice. The spring wind whipped a rose color into its lovely pallor; the contour was as charming as the beautiful roll of a gray-blue wave far out in the lake.

They had been asked to have Sunday supper with the Ordways. Minnie Ordway, self-conscious with three children and her stoutening thirties and a brand-new gray taffeta dress, was unwitting foil to Blanche's perfect poise and graciousness. Well—perhaps not at all unwitting.

Minnie afterward mused coldly for Fred's benefit: "That one jade bracelet cost more than my overstuffed davenport. But a lot a woman's arms are fit for bracelets when she has a furnace of a two-flat building to look after daytimes, and a laundress that skips every other week where there's three children and four tablecloths a week."

But while Minnie thus was reminding Fred Ordway, as wives take bitter solace in reminding a husband, of all she sacrificed by living with him and bearing him children for him to support, Rance Whitely and the wearer of the jade bracelet, having forgotten entirely the Sunday-night meat cakes on which Minnie had spent an entire Sunday morning, were conversing intimately in the Perkins living room.

Blanche's parents were not in the room. Rance did not miss them. He was listening engrossedly to Blanche, watching the play of pink lamplight on her white profile, noting that the lovely black knot of hair was similar to the knot worn when she was sixteen years old. Years change, but not artistry or beauty.

An hour slipped into two; two went into three. Afterward Rance could repeat to himself an intimate conversation which lasted three lamplighted hours. Well, to be exact, two hours and fifty-six minutes.

Not word for word, perhaps. It would be quite a feat of memory to repeat a conversation of such length word for word. But in the main he went over it with accuracy—as many a man has gone carefully and recollectively over a long conversation between himself and a beautiful woman.

He had begun, when they were at the Perkins home after breaking away from the effusive Ordways, by trying to tell Blanche a little about his own life in the years past.

"You see, the plumbing-supplies business ——"

"Rance, I know! The word 'plumbing' describes the years. I pity you. Did I tell

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you about one awful week I had in some town in Italy, though, where plumbing was never heard of? Oh, I didn't mind that. One doesn't expect plumbing perpetually, except in America. But I was stranded there without railway fare. An expected engagement didn't materialize."

"That was too bad."

"My dear Rance, it was nothing to the month in London once. A November. A gray November. I had an engagement—a really good one and no material worries. But there happened that month to be audience after audience that wouldn't respond. I fancy the climate or the weather must have been to blame. It was during the war of course."

"I believe you wrote me. Or your mother told me."

"Did I? Did I ever write you about my terrible time in Milan? I had tonsilitis! I couldn't even talk to reporters or critics. Seven weeks' siege. I was horribly afraid my hair would turn gray. You know bad luck is tremendously hard on artistes. I simply lost control of my nerves, although I am a rarely adept individual in keeping my nervous system under control. I make a practice ——"

Rance interrupted sympathetically:

"I've often heard of artistes' highly sensitive nervous organizations. I suppose it's necessary to do calisthenics."

"I've a wonderful instructor in Paris. He ought to be wonderful, too—what he charges! And of course I've a regular dietitian. Physically I take perfect care of myself. But ——"

"You look it."

"Thanks. You can make nice speeches, Rance. One's surprised. But what I was about to say: An artiste's physical condition is often at the mercy of her mental state. And one's mental state—one can't always"—she sighed—"control that."

"I suppose not," he agreed kindly.

"I don't want to boast, Rance. But I can say that I keep myself better disciplined—self-disciplined, I mean—than the usual woman singer, who for the most part is simply wrapped up in her own reactions to really trifling ailments or mishaps. I may go further and say that even in front of large mishaps I hold myself in hand in a way impossible to most of my confreres."

"You do?"

"Often, Rance. Once I sang Amneris perfectly in borrowed costumes—my own trunks were lost in transit. We had so much trouble with trunks and passports during the years of the war. I'll never forget the war years."

"I dare say not. It must have interfered, that war, with your career."

"Terribly, in a way. I'm so glad it's over. And speaking of holding oneself in hand in any contretemps—for instance, the director of an orchestra in Brussels at present is absolutely an object of detestation to me. But I didn't all last season allow the fact to interfere with my mood while singing. I simply cleared my mind of him and allowed only my rôle to occupy my attention."

"You did? Reminds me of a customer I have whom I don't like. But I can stand his monthly account on my books ——"

Blanche raised her black eyebrows slightly at the comparison. But she interrupted pleasantly enough:

"Indeed? I don't believe, speaking of people one doesn't like, I've told you about a browbeating dressmaker in Marseilles whom I engaged to make some simple little morning dresses. Fancy! She thought because of my reputation that she was entitled to the most outrageous prices. Her insolence and grasping spoiled a week's rehearsals for me—I mean it was a decided effort to keep myself serene. But whatever my state during rehearsals I am always in condition for performances."

"You are?"

"One owes that duty to oneself."

"I suppose one does," he said.

And after a while he rose hesitantly to go home—if a suite in a bachelor's hotel can be called home.

Blanche pressed him to remain longer.

"My dear Rance, this isn't late—except in Edgewater. And I enjoy talking to you—really, you're not boring me. Few people have the listener's knack as you have it! I confess it has been a delightful surprise to return and find that you have that knack. You wouldn't believe me, Rance, I'm sure, if I told you the many, many people I've met who prove to be absolutely uninterested, except of course for a superficial hour or so, in the interesting details of a person's career."

Her voice was soft, clear as a lark's; it was music itself. Her lovely black eyes rested with obvious sincerity on Rance Whitely.

But he explained that he had on his mind an important personal matter.

"You're coming on to hear me next winter in New York?" she asked him. "I do so want you to hear me. And I'll want to talk over with you -oh, something. After a summer's thought over it," calmly.

"I'll try to come."

"What could be important enough to keep you away?" she wanted to know in some amusement.

"From hearing you?"

"From hearing me."

He coughed awkwardly and admitted that of course his days were not overflowing with any really important doings to hold him back from a trip to the Metropolitan to hear her.

He finally said good night.

In his own sitting room he smoked three cigars. He attended to nothing more important or more personal for an hour.

And then his private telephone instrument seemed to glisten at him with mute invitation. He picked it up uncertainly. It was disgracefully late at night. Still, some people abominate early going to bed and postpone it as long as possible with the aid of literature, refreshments and even one-party discussions. One person so abominated—she had once told him.

She might be reading a magazine yet; or playing pinochle with her father. He picked up the instrument.

Presently Berry Stay's voice came questioningly. It was a restlessly wide-awake voice.

"Oh," she said doubtfully. "You you?"

"I know it's late ——"

"I didn't mean the time. But what do you want?"

"Are you going to be busy to-morrow morning?"

"Why?"

"Are you?"

"Why?"

"If you aren't, I'd—well, I'd like ——"

"You'd like—wh-what?"

"If you'd be at all interested I'd like to talk about myself a while. Or the plumbing-supplies business. Or the way a tailor cut my last suit. Or the way daffodil leaves are appearing so early this year. I think I'd prefer to talk a while about myself before any other subject ——"

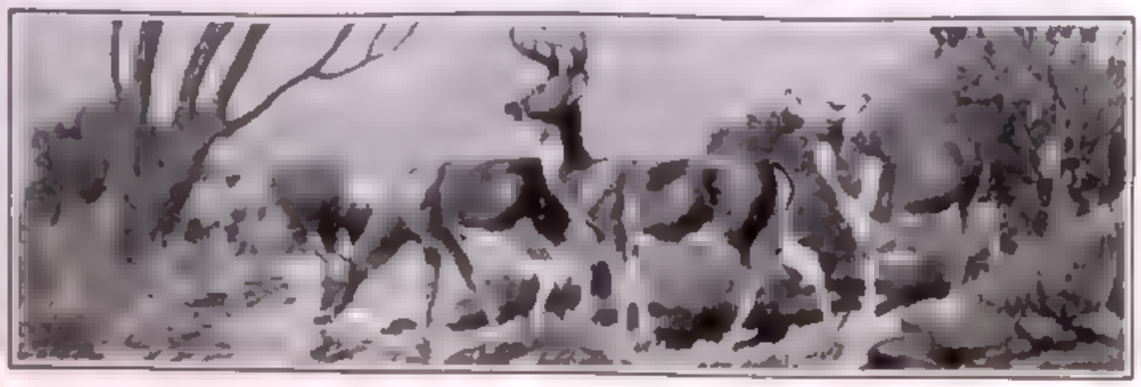
"What—what do you mean exactly?" Her youthful voice was not steady.

"I mean what I say," he said doggedly. "Would you be interested in hearing me talk about myself? Just for a short while? Just to sort of help to feel natural?"

"Oh—why—oh?" She repeated the last oh. "Are you joking? I—I couldn't bear a joke—from you."

"I'm not joking! Berry! Will you be doing anything to-morrow morning, about seven-thirty?"

"I'm not doing anything at all—right now!" She began furiously to pin up her hair with one hand, while the other snatched at a short blue silk dress, a powder puff, a pair of pumps, a pink box, a cobwebby lace stocking, a string of pearls, a handkerchief and a bottle of French perfume.



J. POINDEXTER, COLORED

(Continued from Page 28)

at what he's traded for, and that alone I values at fully two dollars more in private sat'sfaction to J. Poindexter. So, taking one thing and another, getting lost has been worth pretty close on to ten dollars, besides which it has taught me the lesson that when a trusting stranger goes forth in the great city he's liable to fall amongst thieves, but if only he stays honest himself, and keeps his eye skinned, he cannot possibly suffer no harm at the hands of the wicked deceiver.

V

IT SEEMS like having dealing with designing persons of my own color must've made my mind act more keen. All at once I remembers that I seen the name of our apartment house carved on a big square tombstone over the front door, and it comes to me that the same's name has got something to do with gristmills and something to do with lawsuits. I studies and studies and then, like a flash, I gets it—Wheatley Court.

With this much for a clew to work on the rest is plenty easy. A man in a drug store consults in a telephone book and gives me the full specifications for getting back to where I has strayed from, which it turns out it is fully three miles away from there in a southeast direction. But previous I buys an ice-cream soda and a pack of chewing gum before I asks the drug-store man for his friendly aid. Already I has took note of the fact that most of the folks in New York acts like they hates to answer your questions without you have done 'em some kind of a favor first. So I places this man under obligations to me by trading with him, and then he's willing to help me. That is, he's willing, but he ain't right crazy with joy over the idea of it. If I'd 'a' bought two ice-cream sodas I think probably he'd 'a' moved more brisk like. Still he does it. So, inside of an hour more, what with riding part of the ways on street cars and walking the rest, I is home again and glad to be there.

Even so, my being gone so long ain't put nobody out, because Mr. Dallas is yet in bed, but is now thinking seriously about getting up. He complains of feeling slightly better than what he did a while back; still, he ain't got so very much appetite. Orange juice and black coffee seems ample to satisfy his desires; he also continues to remain very partial to the ice water. He says he must hurry up and dress and get outdoors, because he's got an engagement to go with one of the ladies which he met the night before and look at a little car which she's thinking about buying it, but wants to get his expert opinion on it first. He don't specify her name, but I guesses it's the sickly one of the two—this here Miss Bill-Lee DeWitt.

Whilst I is laying out his clothes for him to put on he calls out to me from the bathroom that I will doubtless be interested to know that we'll be staying on in New York permanent. I asks him how come, and he says he's passed his word to go in partners with this here Mr. H. C. Raynor selling oil properties.

I says to him, I says, "Scuse me, Mr. Dallas, but it sho' does look lak to me we is movin' powerful fast. Only yistiddy we gits yere an' to-day we is fixin' to bust into bus'ness. Tha's travelin'!"

He says you have to move fast in New York if you don't want to get run over and trompled on, and I says that certainly is the gospel truth. And he says when you meets up with an attractive proposition up here in this country you is just naturally obliged to grab holt of it quick or else somebody else'll be beating you to it. I feels myself bound to agree with that, too; and then he goes on shaving himself and abusing of his skin for being so tender.

I ponders a spell, and then I asks him, sort of casual and accidental like, when was it that Mr. Raynor displayed this here desirable business notion to him, and he give his promise for to enter into it.

"Oh," he says, "it was late last night, after we started back from the road house. He's going to let me have a full half interest," he says.

I don't say nothing out loud to that. But I casts my rolling eyes up to the ceiling and I says in low tones to myself, I says, "Uh-huh, uh-huh!" just like that.

That's all I says, and I makes sure he ain't overhearing me; but all the time I'm doing considerable thinking. I'm thinking that, excusing one of 'em is white folks and the other is mulatto-complected, and excusing that one has got decorated teeth and the other one just plain teeth, there's something mighty similar someway betwixt this here Mr. Raynor and that there colored imposer which he called himself George Harris. I can't make up my mind whether 'tis their expressions or the way they looks at you out of their eyes or the engaging way they both has of being so generous like on short notice. But it pointedly must be something or other, because when I broods about one I can't keep from brooding about the other. But naturally I keeps all that to myself.

VI

TIME certainly does flitter by here in little old New York, as I have now taken to calling it. Here it has been nearly six weeks since last I done any authorizing, and a whole heap of things has come to pass since then; yet when I looks back at it it seems like 'twas only yesterday when last I held my pen in hand.

Also, in that time I has learned much. When I reflects back on how sorghum green I was when we landed here off the steam cars I actually feels right sorry for myself—not knowing what a road house was and figuring that when somebody mentioned sublet apartments they was describing of the name of a family, and getting lost in Harlem the first time I went forth rambling, and all them other fool things which I done and said at the outsetting of our experiences. No longer ago than last evening I was saying to some of the fellow members up at the Pastime Colored Pleasure and Recreation Club on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, which I lately has joined it, that it's a born wonder they didn't throw a loop over me and cart me off to the idiotic asylum for safety keeping till the newness had done wore off.

I must also say for Mr. Dallas that he's progressed very rapid too. And likewise the new business must be paying him powerful well right from the go-off, because we certainly is rolled up in the lap robes of luxury and living off the top skimmings of the cream.

Before we has been here a week I notices there's a change taking place in Mr. Dallas. He's beginning to get dissatisfied with things as they is and craving after things as they ain't. Near as I can figure it out, he's caught a kind of a restlessness disease which it appears to afflict everybody up in these parts one way or another. It seems like to me, though, he must 'a' taken it early and in a violent form.

The first symptom is when he fetches in one of these here little slick-headed Japanee boys to do the cooking and et cetera, so's I can wait on him more exclusively. Anyway, that's the reason which he assigns to me, but all the same I retains my own personal views on the matter. We don't need no extra hands to help us run our establishment no more'n we needs water in our shoes, and my onspoken opinion is that Mr. Dallas thinks maybe the place'll look more high-tonish by him having an imported strange foreigner fussing round. Privately I don't lose no time in designating to this here Koga, which is the slick-headed boy's name, where he gets off so far as I is concerned. No sooner does he arrive in amongst our midst than I tolls him back into the far end of the butler's pantry and I says to him, I says:

"Yaller kid, lissen! I ain't 'sponsible fur yore comin' yere, but jest so shorely ez you starts messin' in my bus'ness I'm goin' be 'sponsible fur yore everlastin' departure. You 'tends to yore wuk an' I 'tends to mine, an' tharby we gits along harmonious. But one sign of meddlin' frum you an' I'll jest reach back yere to my flank pocket whar I totes me a hosstile razor an' 'en you better pick out w'ich one of these yere winders you perfurs to jump out of."

He just sort of grins at that and sucks some loose air in betwixt his front teeth.

"Tha's right," I says, "save up yore breathin', 'case ef I teks after you you'll shore require to have plenty of it on hand fur pupposes of fast travelin'. Chile," I says, "you's had yore warnin'; so hearken an' give heed, or else you'll find yo'se'f carved up so fine they'll have to fune'lize you on the 'stallment plan. Mr. Dallas he may be the big boss," I says, "but you

(Continued on Page 76)

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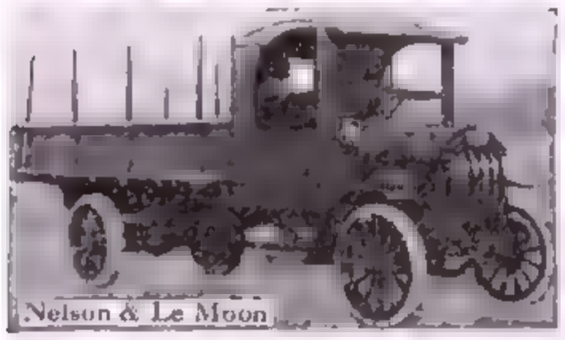
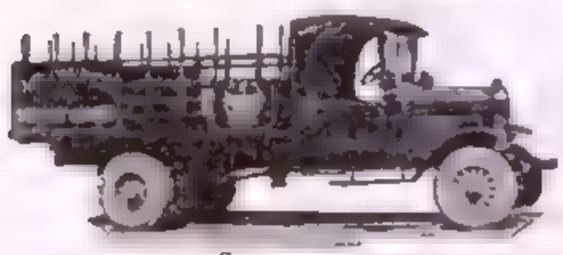

Nelson & Le Moon

Wichita

Service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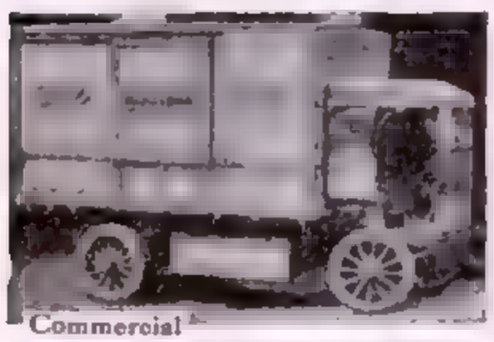
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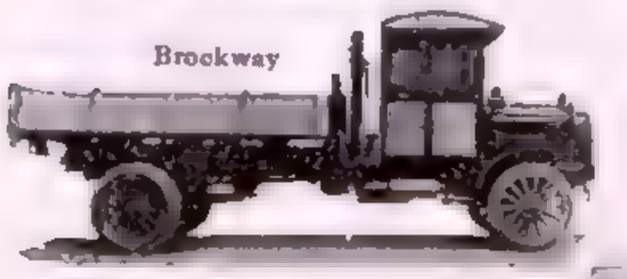

Brockway

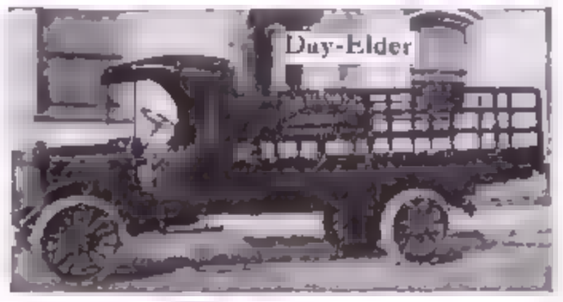
Now there's no extra cost for Caterpillars

On all these well-known makes of trucks Kelly Caterpillar Tires are now either standard equipment or will be furnished by the manufacturers at no additional cost unless some size larger than the standard for that make of truck is specified.

Thousands of truck-users during the past five years have willingly paid an extra charge in order to have their trucks equipped with Caterpillars. Now the man who buys any of the trucks shown on this page can have Caterpillars as a part of the regular equipment.

Aside from their other great advantages, the fact that the pronounced cushion effect of Caterpillars adds to the life of the truck and cuts down repair bills is alone enough to justify every truck-owner in insisting upon them.

Now, except where he wants a special size, they cost him nothing extra.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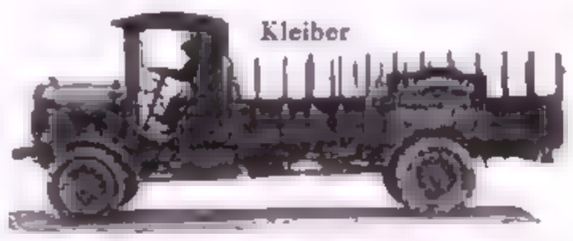
Moreland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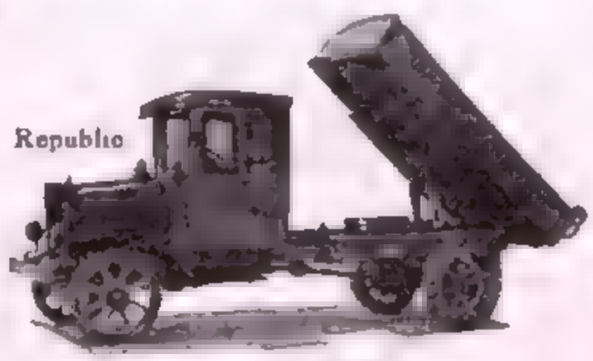
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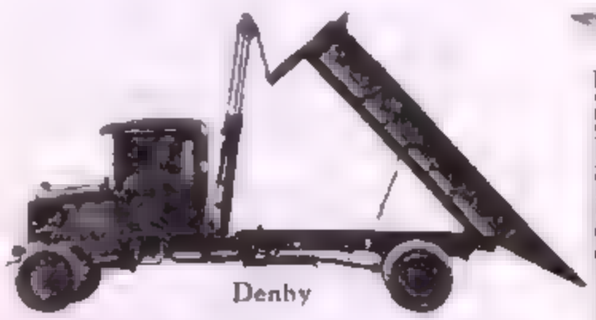
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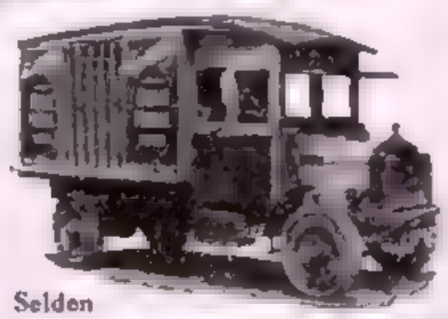
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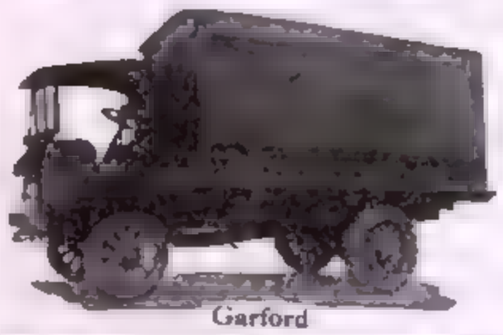
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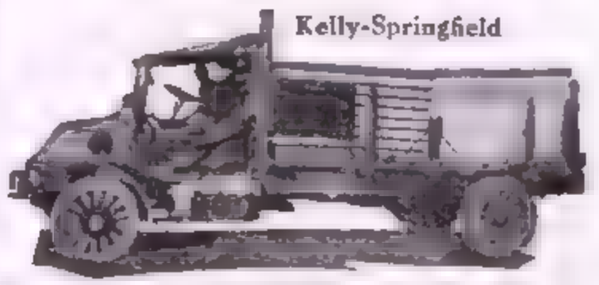
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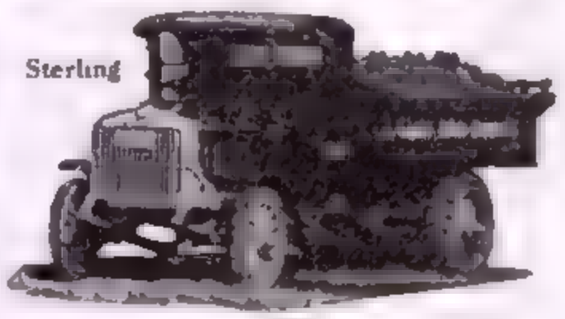
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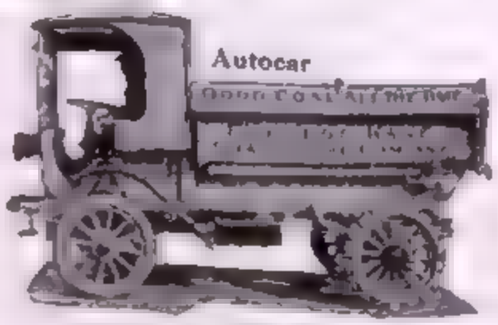
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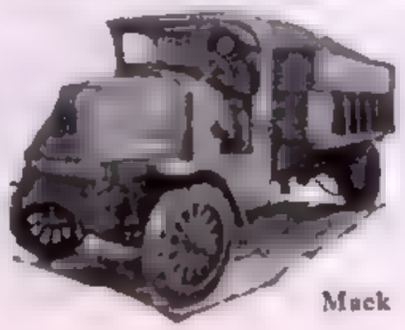
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CATERPILLAR TIRES

KELLY CATERPILLARS are now so well known that a detailed description of their advantages is hardly necessary.

It is sufficient to say (and there are thousands of truck owners who will back up this statement) that Caterpillars combine in themselves *all* the advantages of other types of tires without the corresponding disadvantages.

They cushion the truck to practically the same extent that a properly inflated pneumatic does, they give greater traction, far greater mileage, are much less expensive and are not subject to puncture or blowout.

They have the dependability of the solid tire and in addition cushion the truck, give traction that makes the use of chains unnecessary in any but the most exceptional cases, and because they give a far greater average mileage and do not waste the engine's power by slipping, they are more economical.

Caterpillars Cost Nothing Extra

If you buy any of the trucks pictured on the opposite page, you can have Caterpillars without paying anything extra for them. The manufacturers of many other trucks also are willing to furnish Caterpillars if specified.

Caterpillars are made in sizes suitable for trucks of every type and weight. If you are not already familiar with them we will gladly send you on request our little booklet "Caterpillar Logic", which explains in detail the particular usefulness of the Caterpillar in meeting the tire problems of various industries.

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"Clean Hands in Business"

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ScotTissue Towels

(Continued from Page 73)

lakwise better pay a heap of 'tention to the fust assistant deputy sub-boss w'ich I'm," I says, "him."

Saying thus, I gives him a savigrous look backward over my shoulder and walks away, stepping kind of light on my feet like a cat fixing for to pounce. He ain't saying a word; he's just standing there reserving some more breath.

Of course I ain't really aiming to start no race war. Always it has been my constant aim to keep out of rough jams with one and all; but, even so, I figures that it's just as well to get the jump on that there Japanee human siphon and render him tame and docile from the beginning.

Next thing is that Mr. Dallas begins faulting the clothes he's brought along with him from home. He says to me they appeared all right when he was having 'em made to order for him by M. Marcus & Son, corner of Third and Kentucky Avenue, which that is our leading merchant tailor; but he can see now that they ain't got the real New York snap to 'em. And the ensuing word is that one of them swell Fifth Avenue shops is making him a full new outfit. Well, I must admit that suits me from the ground up; it's a sign to me I'm about to inherit.

And the next thing is that he invests in several cases of fancy drinkings which a bootlegging white man fetches it up to us under cover of the darkness. I sees Mr. Dallas counting out the money for to pay him, and it certainly amounts to an important sum. I ain't questioning the wisdom of this step, neither, seeing that the stock we fetched along with us from the South is vanishing very brisk and the new supply ought to last me and him for no telling how long if we both is careful.

The trouble with Mr. Dallas, though, is he ain't careful. Scarcely a day passes without some of his new-made Northern friends dropping in on him and sopping up highballs and cocktails and this and that. That there Mr. Bellows is one of our most earnest customers. He'll set down empty alongside a full bottle and stay right there till the emptiness and the fullness has done changed places. Also, when it comes to liberal consuming of somebody else's liquor, Mr. H. C. Raynor has got merits. And when Mr. Dallas gives a party, which he does frequent and often, the wines and such just flows like manna from the rod of Aaron. Still, that ain't pestering me much. When white folks lives high in the front parlor niggers gets fat back in the kitchen.

Then on top of all this he buys himself an automobile and hires a white chauffeur for to run her. She's one of these here low-cut, high-powerful cars which when you wants to go somewheres in a hurry you just steps on her, and b-z-z-z! You is done arrived! But she's plenty costive to run. Every time she takes a deep breath there's another half gallon of gasoline gone. If the truth must be known, Mr. Dallas has not only bought one car; he's bought two. But we don't see the second one, which is a dark-blue runabout, only when Miss Bill-Lee comes round, because it seems Mr. Dallas has loaned it out to her for her own use, him paying the garage bills. Betwixt themselves they speaks of it as a loan, but I thinks to myself that this probably is predestinated to be one of the most permanent loans in the history of the entire loaning business.

So it goes. Every day, pretty near it, delivery boys comes knocking at the service door bringing this and that for Mr. Dallas. If it ain't half a dozen fresh pairs of shoes it's a sackful of these here golf utensils or some new silk pajamas; and if it ain't another motoring coat or an elaborous smoking jacket it's a set of silver-topped brushes and combs and bottles and things for his toilet table with his initials cut on 'em. It seems like he must stop in somewheres every morning on his way downtown to business and buy himself something. So I judges the money must be coming in mighty brisk at the bunghole, because it certainly is pouring out mighty steady from the spigots.

It also must be a powerful handy and convenient business to be in, for not only does it appear to pay so well but it practically almost runs itself. Often Mr. Dallas ain't starting downtown till the morning is 'most gone and sometimes he gets back home as early as four o'clock in the evening. Come Saturday, he don't go near the headquarters at all. That astonishes me deeply, because down home on a Saturday the stores all stays open till late at night on account of the country people coming into town and the hands at the tobacco warehouses and the factories and all being paid off, and the niggers being out doing their trading—especially the niggers. You take the average one of 'em and if he can't spend all he's got on Saturday night it practically spoils his Sunday for him. He ain't aiming to waste none of his money saving it. So with us Saturday is the busiest day in the week. But seemingly not so in this locality.

In fact, so far as I observes to date, the folks up here has got a special separate system of their own for doing pretty near everything. More times than one enduring this past month I has said to myself that there certainly is a big difference betwixt West Kentucky and New York City. You don't notice it so much in West Kentucky; but, lawsy, how it does prone into you when you gets to New York!

VII

FOR instances, now, take this here Saturday last past: Down home Mr. Dallas would 'a' been down to that there oil office of his bright and early, shaking hands, I suppose, with the paying customers and helping boss the clerks whilst they drawed off the oil and all. But nothing like that don't happen here with us—no, sir, not none whatsomever. He lays in bed until it's going on pretty near ten o'clock, and then he gets up and I packs him, and along about dinnertime, which they calls it lunch time round this town, we puts out in the car to the country for a week-end; only for the amount of baggage we totes with us you'd 'a' thought it was going to be a month-end. I'm tooken along to look after his clothes and to do general valeting for him.

We rides Mr. Raynor and Mr. Bellows and the permanent-wavy lady, Mrs. Gaylord, along with us. Miss DeWitt and Miss O'Brien is also headed for the same place we is, but they comes in the blue runabout, traveling close behind us. By now I has done learned not to expect Mrs. Gaylord to bring a husband with her. It seems like she can get 'em but she can't keep 'em. She's been married three times in all; but, from what I can hear, her first husband hauled off and died on her and the second one kind of strayed off and never come back. I ain't heard 'em say what happened to the present incumbent, but since he ain't never been produced, I judge he must've got mislaid some way, so now she's practically all out of husbands again. Still, she seems to be bearing up very serene at all times. If she misses 'em she don't let on.

Well, we loads up the car with the white folks and with valises and golf sacks and one thing and another and starts for the country. But I must say for it that it's totally unsimilar to any country like what I has been used to heretofore. The front yards which we passes all looks like the owners must take 'em in at nights and in the mornings brush 'em off good and put 'em back outdoors again; and most of the residences is a suitable size to make good high-school buildings or else feeble-mind institutes, and even the woods lots has a slicked-up appearance like as if they'd just come back that same day from the dry cleaner's. In more'n an hour's steady travel I don't see a single rail fence nor a regulation weed patch nor a lye kettle nor an ash hopper nor a corncrib nor a martin box nor a hound dog nor a smokehouse nor scarcely anything which would signify it to be sure-enough country. I thinks to myself that if a cottontail rabbit was aiming to camp out here he'd naturally be obliged to pack his bedding along with him.

When we arrives where we is headed for I is still further surprised, because, beforehand, Mr. Dallas tells me we is going to stop at a country place, but it looks to me more like a city hall which has done strayed far off from its functions and took root in a big clump of trees alongside the Hudson River. Why, it's got more rooms in it than our new county infirmary's got, and grounds around it all beautiful, like a cemetery! It belongs to a very spry-acting lady named Mrs. Banister, which she is a friend of Mrs. Gaylord's. There's a Mr. Banister, too, but as far as I can judge, the lady is the sole proprietor, and his job is just being Mrs. Banister's husband and helping with the drinks when the butler is busy doing something else. I hears the cook saying out in the kitchen that he can also mix a very tasty salad dressing. Well, that's what he looks like to me—just a natural-born salad-dressing mixer.

But we don't arrive there until it's getting on towards four o'clock, by reason of us stopping for quite a sojourn at a tea house along the road. Leastwise, they calls it a tea house, but its principalest functions, so far as I can note, is to provide accommodations for folks to dance and to drink up the refreshments which they've fetched along with 'em in pocket flasks; and you might call that tea if you prefers to, but it's the kind of tea which now sells by the case, for cash down, and is delivered at your house after dark.

That's mainly what our outfit does there—dance and refresh themselves with what the gentlemen brought along on their hips. From where I'm setting in the car outside I can see 'em weaving in and out amongst the tables whilst a string band plays jazzing tunes for 'em to dance by. But Mr. Dallas don't appear to be getting the hang of it so very well, and the chauffeur, who's setting there with me, he allows probably the boss ain't caught onto these here new dances yet.

I says to him, I says, "Huh! Does you call 'at a new dance?"

He says, "Sure—the newest one of 'em all! That's the Reitzenburger grapple. It's just hit town."

And I says, "Then it shore must 'a' been a long time on the road gittin' yere, 'cause niggers down my way," I says, "wuz dancin' 'at air dance fully ten yeahs ago, only they done so behind closed doors," I says, "bein' 'feared the police mout claim disawd'ly conduct an' stop 'em frum it."

He says, "Did you ever dance it?"

I says to him, "Who, me? Many's a time! But not lately," I says.

"What made you stop?" he says.

"I got religion," I says.

There was also considerable careless dancing done at the Banister place that night and early the following morning. In fact, there was considerable of a good many things done there that Saturday and Sunday—tennis and golf and horseback riding and billiards and pool and going in swimming in a private lake on the premises and playing a card game which they calls it auction bridge, and eating and drinking and smoking. Everybody is so busy all day changing clothes for the next event they ain't got very much time for the thing that's on at the time being. But when the night time comes the ladies strips down to full dress and all hands just settles in for the three favorite sports, which is dancing and cards and drinks, both long and short. I has seen thirsty gentlemen before in my day, but to the best of my recollection I ain't never encountered no ladies that seems so parched like as one or two of these here ladies does. I'm thinking in particular of Mrs. Gaylord. She certainly is suffering from a severe attack of the genuine parchments. But I'll say this much for her: She's doing her level best to get shut of it by taking the ordained treatment.

That Saturday evening whilst I is upstairs in Mr. Dallas' room laying out his dress clothes, the guests, about a dozen of 'em, is out in the front yard setting round little tables where I can see 'em from the window, and every time I passes the window and looks out it seems like she's being served with a little bit more. She carries it just beautiful, though; she certainly has my deep personal admirations for her capacity. But next day when she comes downstairs she acts dauncy and low-spirited for a while. She's got on a fresh complexion, to be sure, but even so she looks sort of weather-beaten around the eyes. You take 'em when they is either prematurely old or else permanently young, and the morning is always the most tellingest time on 'em. Well, several of those present ain't feeling the best in the world, seemingly, that Sunday when they strolls forth for late breakfast 'long about half past eleven. It was after three o'clock before they dispersed, and some of 'em ain't entirely got over it yet—they is still kind of dispersed looking, if you gets my meaning.

Well, all day Sunday is just like Saturday evening was—only, if anything, more so; and late Sunday night the party busts up and scatters and we starts back to town. Mr. Dallas he elects for to ride back in the runabout with Miss Bill-Lee, so that throws Miss O'Brien, the one which they calls Pat for short, into the big car with the rest of our crowd. Starting off, she quarrels right peart with Mrs. Gaylord. I gathers that they was partners at the bridging game part of the time and they can't get reconciled with one another over the way each one of 'em handled her cards. The more they scandalizes about it the more onreconciled they gets too. It seems like each one thinks the other don't scarcely know how to deal, let alone play the hands after she gets 'em. Setting there listening to 'em carrying on, I thinks to myself these here Northern white folks must hate to lose even a little bit of money. I knows these two ladies couldn't 'a' lost much neither. I heard Mr. Raynor saying beforehand they was going to play five cents a point. But to overhear 'em debating now you'd 'a' thought it had been a real stiff game, like dollar-limit poker say, or setback at six bits a corner.

After a while Miss Pat she quits argufying and drops off to sleep, and Mr. Bellows he likewise drifts off into a doze, and that leaves Mrs. Gaylord and Mr. Raynor talking together in the back seat kind of confidential. But the hood of the car being over 'em it seems like it throws their voices forward, and setting up with the chauffeur I can't keep from eavesdropping on part of what they is confabbing about. Presently I hears Mr. Raynor saying:

"Well, you never can guess in advance what a sap will like, can you? You would have thought he'd fall for a kiddo with a good, strong, up-to-date tomboy line, like little Patsy here. But no, not at all! He takes one look into those languishing eyes of our other friend and goes down and out for the count. Funny—eh, what? Well, it only goes to show that while the vamp stuff is getting a trifle old-fashioned, it still pays dividends—if only you pick the right customer."

Then I hears Mrs. Gaylord saying, "Her system may be a bit *passé*, but you can't say she doesn't work fast, once she gets under way. Clever, I call it."

"Clever?" he says. "You bet! She works fast and she works clean, tidying up as she goes along and burying her own dead. I always did say for her that when it came to being a gold hunter she had the original forty-niners looking like inmates of the Bide-a-Wee Home. Fast? I'll say so!"

"She has need to be fast, working opposition to you, Herby dear," says Mrs. Gaylord. "Speaking of expert bloodsuckers, I shouldn't exactly call you a vegetarian."

"Hush, honey," he says. "Let's not talk shop out of business hours. And anyhow," he says, "I don't mind a little healthy competition on the side. It stimulates trade under the main tent—if done in moderation."

"You should know, Herby," she says, sort of laughing; "with your experience you should know if anybody does."

Then he laughs too, a kind of a low and meaning chuckle, and they goes to talking about something else.

But I has done heard enough to set me to studying mighty earnest. Neither one of 'em ain't specifying who they means by "he" and "she," but I can guess.

Once more I says to myself, I says, "Uh-huh, uh-huh!"

VIII

SOME folks might think it was my bounden duty to go straightaway to Mr. Dallas and promulgate to him these here remarks which I hears pass betwixt them two on that Sunday night coming back from the country. But I does not by no means see my way clear to doing so. In the first place, I ain't never been what you might call a professional promulgator. In the second place, I figures the time ain't ripe to start in telling what I believes and what I suspicions. In the third place, I don't know yet if it ever will be ripe.

Some white folks, seems like, is just naturally beset with a craving to bust into colored folkses' business and try for to run their personal affairs for 'em. Mr. Dallas he is not gaited that way in no particular whatsoever, him having been born and raised South, and naturally knowing better, anyhow; but some I might mention is. Still, and even so, most white folks don't care deeply for anybody at all, much less it's somebody which is colored, to be telling 'em onpleasant and onwelcome tidings. And he is white and I is black—and there you is!

Another way I looks at it is this way: There's a whole heap of white folks, mainly Northerners, which thinks that because us black folks talks loud and laughs aplenty in public that we ain't got no secret feelings of our own; they thinks we is ready and willing at all times to just blab all we knows

(Continued on Page 80)

The Road to Prosperity

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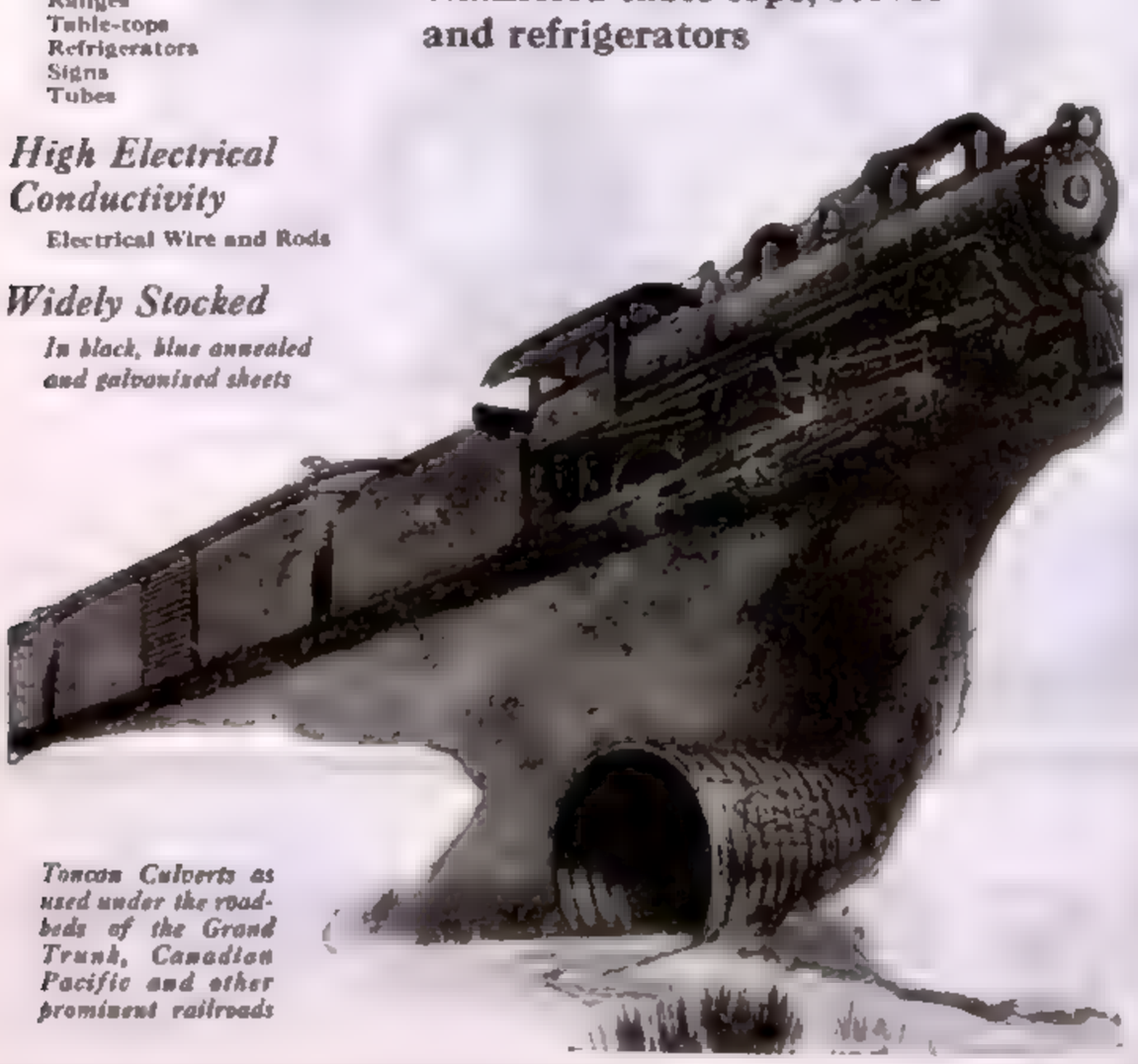

Toncan Culverts as used under the roadbeds of the Grand Trunk, Canadian Pacific and other prominent railroads

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into the first white ear that passes by. Which I reckon that is one of the most monstrous mistakes in natural history that ever was. You take a black boy which he is working for a white family. Being on close relations thataway with 'em, he's bound to know everything they does—what they is thinking about, what-all they hopes and what-all they fears. But does they, for their part, know anything about how he acts amongst his own race? I'll say contrary! They maybe might think they knows; but you take it from J. Poindexter, they positively does not do nothing of the kind. All what they gleans about him—his real inside emotions, I means—is exactly what he's willing for 'em to glean; that and no more. And usually that ain't so much.

Yes, sir, the run of colored folks is much more secretious than what the run of white folks gives 'em credit for. I reckon they has been made so. In times past they has met up with so many white folks which taken the view that everything black men and black women done in their lodges or their churches or amongst their own color was something to joke about and poke fun at. I is perfectly willing to laugh with the white folks, and I can laugh to order for 'em if the occasion appears suitable; but I is not filled up with no deep yearning to have 'em laughing at me and my private doings, specially if it's strange white folks.

Moreover, speaking in particular of our own case, what right has I got to be intimating to Mr. Dallas my private beliefs about the personal characters of this here brisk crowd which he has gone and got so thick with since we arrived here on the scene? Right from the first I has had my own personal convictions about the set he's in with. I has made up my mind that they ain't the genuine real quality; that they is just a slicked-up, highly polished imitation of the real quality; that they ain't doing things so much as they is overdoing 'em. The way I looks at it, they bears the same relation to regulation high-tony folks which a tin minnow does to sure-enough live bait. You maybe might fool a fish with it, but you couldn't fool the world at large for so very long. And as for me, I ain't been fooled at all, not at no time. But I naturally can't go stating my presenterments to Mr. Dallas without he the same as practically invites me first to do so; now, can I? But if he finds it out for himself and approaches me, that's a roan horse of another color.

So I patiently waits on, letting Nature take its coarseness, and sure enough in just about a month and a half Old Miss Hard Luck she starts in shooting at him with the scatter gun of trouble, both barrels at once. And then it is he turns to nobody else excepting it's me.

Which I will go into the full details about all that mess the next time I takes my pen in hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE COMING EMPIRES OF BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 23)

race domination and religious antagonism which were the chief objects of politics before the war; while international politics—high diplomacy, colonialism, marinism and militarism—has been killed by the saving magic of defeat. Through defeat Germany became the natural laboratory for the experiment of rule by business men, elected narrowly on a business basis, for the management of business alone.

Parliaments of business are not easy to create. Germany's came into existence only after an acute controversy in which democratic dread of class rule and conservative dread of socialism played equal though contrary rôles. The Reichswirtschaftsrat plan was vehemently condemned on the ground that it contained the beginnings of state socialism, and equally vehemently condemned on the ground that it meant the return of privilege, and therewith the loss of the political gains of the revolution. It was socialistic, said conservatives, because it proclaimed the sordid empire of business, and embodied the Marxian "materialistic conception of history," the doctrine that the elemental struggle for food, housing, clothing and comfort has always dominated and ought to dominate the world's development. It was reactionary, said those in the opposite camp, because it meant repudiation of the sacred democratic principle of the equal and universal vote. An economical parliament, with bankers, farmers, manufacturers and traders all organized and marshaled in their separate groups, would be merely a modernization of the medieval estates-of-the-realm system with its colleges of nobles, clergy, burghers and peasants, each concerned only to vindicate its interests or privileges as a class. To one class of Germans, therefore, a parliament of business was a reckless gamble in radicalism; to the other class it was a return to the Middle Ages.

The founders of the Reichswirtschaftsrat did not take these objections very seriously. They had arguments of their own. It was an anomaly and a monstrosity, they declared, that the most essential fact in the life of every citizen—his trade or occupation—should be ignored in state constitutions, while accidental facts—his place of residence, his nominal membership of a party, and his religion—should shape the whole system of representation. Politicians might fairly claim to regulate politics; and the religions, in or outside of the political parties, ought to regulate religious affairs. But there was no reason why a Bavarian because he was a Catholic should be required to vote solidly with other Catholics on the question of the forced loan, or why a Hannoverian because he wants back the Guelph kings should vote in the party of other Hannoverian Monarchists on the question of the eight-hour day. Half the inefficiency and nine-tenths of the corruption of modern democratic assemblies and of the cabinets which they maintain proceed from the prevailing confusion of politics and business. Differentiation and specialization are the elements of progress. Religion and politics were long ago separated in the more advanced countries, and today this separation is taken as a matter of course. "Fifty years hence," said Hugo Stinnes to the Federal Coal Council in August, 1920, "politicians will no more draft tariffs than manufacturers will dictate the curricula of universities."

The advantages claimed from the creation of a parliament of business all spring from this differentiation:

Politics and business will no longer be mutually checked, hampered and confounded;

Economic conflicts, which are inevitably and rightly conflicts of self-interest, will be decided by the preponderant judgment of all the national economic interests. As every great business interest will be in a minority as against the other interests, settlements contrary to the whole national interest will be avoided;

Political issues will be decided by national representatives, elected with a clear mandate to settle these issues on political lines only;

Corruption will be abolished or diminished. Under present constitutions powerful bands of industrial magnates and sometimes not less powerful bands of industrial employes influence politicians secretly and dishonestly in favor of particular pocket claims. In a parliament of business both capital and labor, both producers and consumers, would be openly represented for the proper defense of their pocket interests; and suspicion of a corrupt confusion of politics with big business or big labor could hardly arise.

On these principles the Federal Chamber of Economy was created. It is designedly, avowedly and exclusively a representative assembly of business; its members are all in a comprehensive sense business men; and it has a sharply defined business sphere of work. Its 326 members are farmers, industrial producers, merchants, financiers and consumers; but they are also professional men, and even practicers of the arts, so far as the professions and arts follow material interests. Lawyer representatives represent only law so far as law is a matter of fees and salaries; medicine's representatives similarly represent only the physician's interest in gaining a livelihood; with

(Continued on Page 83)

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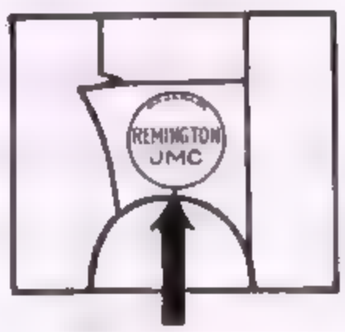

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THE NEW
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(Continued from Page 80)

the juristic or scientific [illegible] these professions the R. W. R. has as little to do as it has with the sporting interests of a banker or shipper. Every occupation pursued as means of making a living counts as an integral part of the national economic machine, and as such sits and votes. Some Germans therefore call the R. W. R. *Kammer der Arbeit*, or "Chamber of Work." Its composition—and equally its sphere of deliberations—embraces all kinds of work done for gain.

The parliament of business is a sober and, in nonpolitical sense, conservative assembly. This result is a constitutional curiosity, because the initiative came from ultrarevolutionary quarters. Hardly had Kaiser Wilhelm fled over the frontier of Holland when every communist extremist in Germany was clamoring for adoption of the Russian system of soviets. Soviets—which Germans called *Räte*—sprang up elementally and seized local power; and these, said the communists, must be embodied in the coming republican constitution. Scheidemann and the moderate socialists then in power rejected sovietism firmly.

Composition of the R. W. R.

"No member of the cabinet," said Scheidemann in February, 1919, "thinks or has ever thought of embodying the soviet system in the constitution in any shape." This sounded definitive; but within a fortnight Scheidemann was compelled to negative his negation. The new fact was the communist general strike and riots in Berlin, which so terrified the cabinet that a hurried communiqué promised that "The Workmen's Councils"—soviets—"will in principle be recognized and embodied in the constitution." Following Scheidemann's promise, Article 165 of the Weimar Constitution provided for a network of local workingmen's—also employers' councils, and established at the same time a supreme Reichswirtschaftsrat as unifying institution at Berlin. "Social and economic bills of prime importance," continued this article, "shall before submission to the legislature be submitted by the federal cabinet to the Reichswirtschaftsrat for its opinion. The Reichswirtschaftsrat shall also have power to submit bills of its own."

The Weimar Constitution left the exact constitution of the R. W. R. undefined. The Berlin communists demanded local chambers, and on top a central chamber—both of purely labor composition and so fitted to exercise the dictatorship of the proletariat on pure Bolshevik lines. The Reichstag would be deprived of power not because as a political body it was unsuited for management of business but because it was a bourgeois institution. This communist plan was entirely foiled. The R. W. R. came into existence as an organ of business without regard to class. An influence here was the growing trusting of industry, partly under state compulsion. To Wickard von Mollendorff, then Assistant Minister of Industry, the business parliament presented itself largely as an instrument of "self-government for business." The trade and industrial regulation which Germany's peculiar position since the war has made inevitable should be taken from under control of politicians and intrusted to business itself.

The collective economic interests were the proper tribunal for judgment on the claims, privileges and duties of each single interest. Mollendorff therefore insisted that each great branch of business should be separately represented in the R. W. R. by a group of men from its own ranks. He declared against any such territorial arrangement as forms the basis of political elections. The banking interest was one interest, without regard to its distribution over all Germany from East Prussia to Westphalia; the iron interest was an all-German interest; the consumers everywhere were one. Each, through its representing group, could champion its interests in the parliament of business, and all the groups together, representing Germany as an economic unit, should decide what should be done.

That in principle is the composition of the R. W. R. Each of its ten groups contains a specified, unchangeable number of members; and this number is neither arbitrary nor calculated upon the number of citizens employed in the interest, but is based on the estimate come to by the R. W. R.'s founders of the interest's national importance. The whole R. W. R. consists of:

GROUP	MEMBERS IN GROUP
1. Agriculture and Forestry	68
2. [illegible]	6
3. Industry	68
4. Trade, Banking and Insurance	44
5. Communications and Public Undertakings	34
6. Hand Work	38
7. The Consumers	30
8. Officialdom and the Professions	16
9. Nominated by the Reichsrat	12
10. Nominated by the Government	12
	326

All these members are elected, except twenty-four who are nominated from among eminent economists and experts. The Reichsrat is a representative assembly of the separate states, roughly corresponding to the American Senate; and its right to nominate twelve members is based on the fact that though territory is in general ignored, certain state areas are associated with particular economic needs. In every group, including the two nominated, half of the members represent employers and half the employed. Election is indirect. The corporate interest, not the individual interested citizen, decides the membership. Most members are elected by already existing bodies—by chambers of commerce, employers' unions, the special associations of great industries, and, for employes representatives, by labor unions. Farmers' associations, among them the all-powerful Bund der Landwirte, which largely ran Germany before the war, and the Farm Laborers' Union, choose the sixty-eight members of the agriculture group. The election system of the industrial group of sixty-eight almost entirely ignores the opposition of capital and labor, in that most members are elected by the Central Community of Industrial Employers and Employes, an institution founded in 1918 in the cause of good relations between capital and labor; but some industrial-group members are chosen by the Industry and Trades Congress, and by the Federal Coal and Potash Councils, which are also joint capital-and-labor bodies. The consumers' group is elected by the Inter-Municipalities Congress, by associations of consumers, cooperatives and housewives, and into it is sandwiched representation for domestic servants. Over a hundred associations, including all the representative organs of business in the whole of Germany, take part in the elections; and there is therefore no occupation or distinct economic interest that is left without a voice.

Almost a Parliament

The R. W. R. is almost in full sense a parliament. Its members draw salaries and traveling allowances; they enjoy parliamentary immunity and cannot be called to account for their speeches; their votes are free; they cannot be bound by mandates from the electing organizations; they sit publicly, but by vote of a two-thirds majority they can sit in secret; they can summon experts to help in their committee work. They vote singly, but the collective vote of each group is separately recorded, so that the decision of every group on a particular question is publicly known. To them must be submitted every new bill concerning business before it is presented to the Reichstag; they must be consulted by ministers before any important step concerning business is taken; and they can require ministers to give them explanations. In one matter only they do not constitute a full parliament. Though they can advise, initiate, amend bills, counsel the passing or rejection of bills, and approve of or condemn a minister's acts, they cannot absolutely veto a bill and so prevent its submission to the Reichstag, and they cannot force the Reichstag to sanction one of their own bills. They are a parliament of business, but a parliament to which for the present is conceded only the prerogative of advice and suggestion.

This limitation of the R. W. R.'s powers has provided Germany with a critical and controversial question; and if Germany's example is generally followed the same critical question must everywhere arise. Without a complete constitutional revolution, a political parliament and a business parliament, each equipped with absolute power to sanction and veto, could not exist side by side. European parliamentarism requires that cabinets stand or fall with the success or failure of their projects. Had

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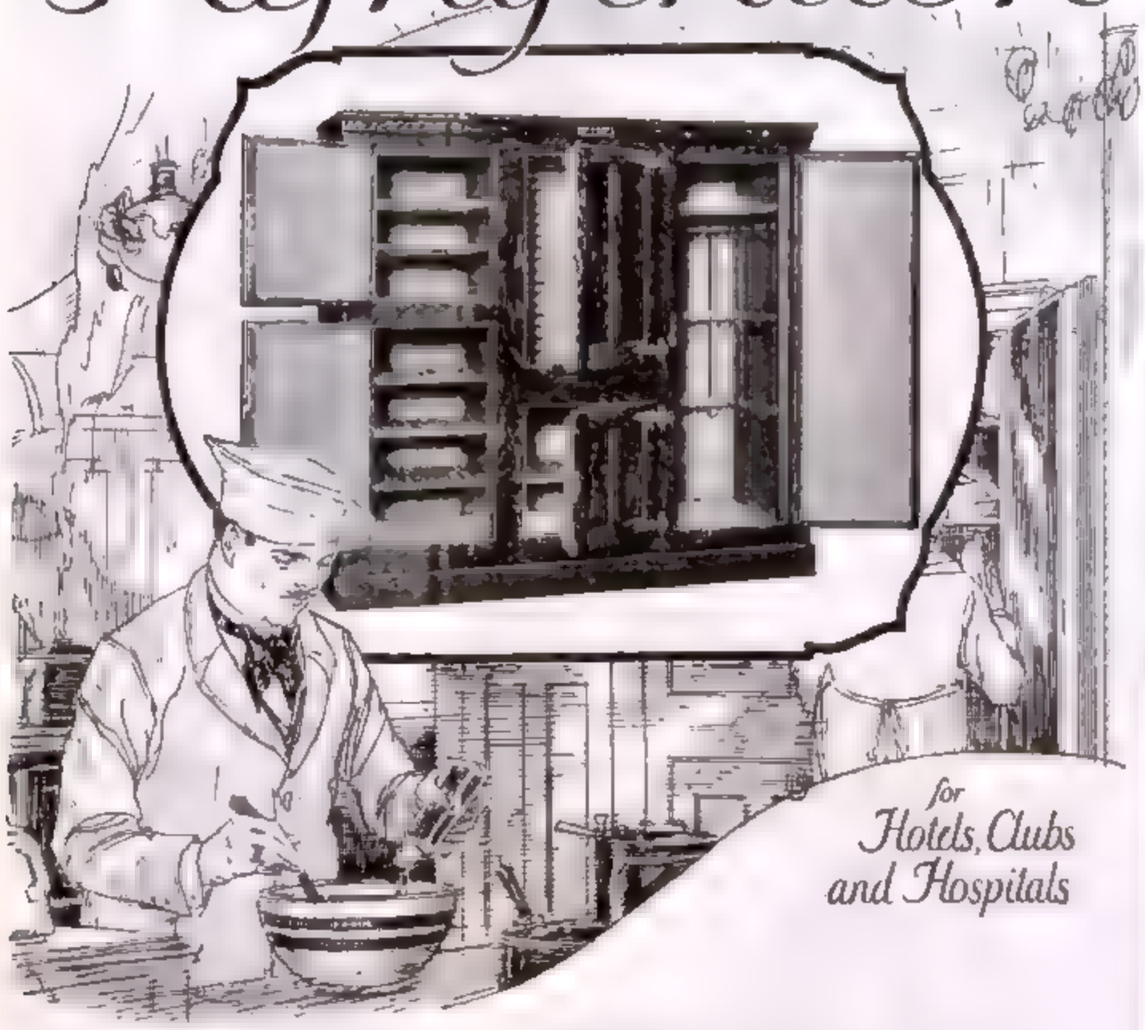

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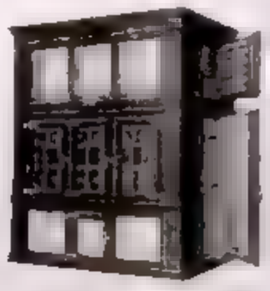

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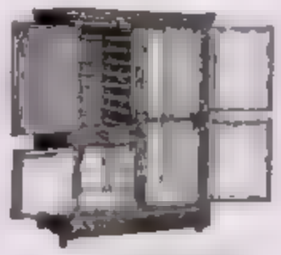

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a political parliament and a business parliament both absolute power in their respective domains, the question to which the executive should be responsible would immediately arise. If business legislation is more important than political in modern states, the business parliament could fairly claim to be maker and unmaker of cabinets; and with that the political parliament's importance would dwindle to nothing. Democratic sentiment would not tolerate this, if, as in Germany, the business parliament was elected on a nondemocratic-interest basis; and if the business parliament was elected by direct, equal and universal votes it would be a mere pale image of the political parliament, and would cease to be an expert assembly specially qualified for control of business. Faced with this dilemma Germany decided for a nondemocratic but expert business parliament; and as counterbalance decided that the democratic Reichstag should have the ultimate vote.

In theory this limitation of the Reichswirtschaftsrat's powers is today in force. But the theoretical monopolization of ultimate power by the Reichstag has not prevented the new business representation from becoming a serious rival. The Reichstag, having power, is able to do without reputation. The Reichswirtschaftsrat, having in theory no power, is obliged to depend upon prestige. So far as it has gained a national reputation for impartiality, expertness and devotion to the whole nation's interests it can influence and even coerce the Reichstag. This reputation has been gained; and the nonexpert, nonbusiness Reichstag thinks twice before rejecting the R. W. R.'s advice.

The source of the business parliament's strength, as the source of the Reichstag's weakness, is the personal composition. The three hundred and twenty-six business men include the very pick of Germany's leaders in practical and theoretical economics. Its most prominent members are Stinnes; Walter Rathenau—at present, as Foreign Minister, not taking part; the electricity king, Wernher von Siemens; the coal-and-iron expert, Vögler; the head of the Hamburg-American Line, Cuno; the former Finance Minister and Berlin Bürgermeister, Wermuth; the ex-Ministers Schorlemer and Von Braun, for Agriculture; the ex-Minister of Industry, Wissell, to whom the R. W. R.'s existence is largely due; the Labor leaders, Hue, Imbusch and Legien; the socialist theoreticians, Lederer and Karl Kautsky. With these sit scores of expert financiers, municipal and social workers, transportation experts, workshop organizers, and innovators in applied science. Most are men of practical achievements; and most had fruitfully kept outside of mere politics, for the good reason that politics in European countries is largely an unproductive waste of time.

A Conciliatory Spirit

The Reichswirtschaftsrat's defect is not too little reputation, but too much. For that reason it is the subject of angry and jealous criticism, in part from the dwindling ranks of the stalwarts of majority democracy, in part from the extremer socialists and communists. Discontented laborites proclaim that labor has been weakened. This is a paradox, because labor is better represented in the R. W. R. than in Europe's most democratic legislatures. In a Reichstag elected directly by the whole adult population of men and women, not one member out of five is a manual worker; but half the business parliament's members are and must be manual workers or employes or their delegates. Extremists hoped that this equal division would create a violent capital-labor opposition. The result was the opposite. Capital and labor both proved unaggressive and conciliatory. Capital does not domineer; labor is not obstructive or incendiary. This lies in the nature of the R. W. R.'s powers. In a legislature which has no final deciding voice, the political system of overwhelming by majority vote has no sense. Except through abstention from voting of some members, a solid capital or labor majority could not be attained; and such a majority would have so little show of reason that ministers and the Reichstag could properly ignore it. Work is therefore carried on on the nonpolitical principle of open bargains; and so far not a single decision has been come to by clear-cut vote of capital against labor, or the contrary. The employers' representatives' ranks contain many men of pronouncedly progressive views: Stinnes himself directs his greatest single concern, the Rhenish-Westphalian Electricity Company, in collaboration with municipal socialists; and labor has elected many moderates, very few extremists, and a majority of mere experts. Some of its representatives are not workmen, still less agitators. They are experts who by virtue of experience and sympathies were considered fitted to champion labor causes more effectively than labor could champion them itself.

The group system of representation fosters this conciliatory spirit. The R. W. R. law declares that members primarily represent the interests of Germany as a whole. So far as the eight elected groups represent particular business interests, they are not expected to differ on the capital-labor issue. The agriculture group represents the farming interest as a whole; and, independently of the domestic opposition between farmer and hired farm worker, the farming interest is a solid unit. The same is true of industry, of trade, of banking.

Scooping the Reichstag

That this emphasis on the interest as such must mitigate capital-labor antagonism, Germany discovered from another experiment made simultaneously with the R. W. R. The steel, coal and potash industries are all controlled by joint capital-labor councils, in which representatives of employers and employed sit side by side. These councils tend to defend their particular industries, and to leave capital-labor quarrels to be settled by outside means. When capital's representatives in the councils declare that prices must be raised labor's representatives usually give their support. Higher prices, reasons labor, mean higher wages. In a single industry this praiseworthy harmony may easily lead to exploitation of the consumer; and in fact the steel council has been angrily attacked on that score. In the R. W. R. exploitation is prevented by the full representation of consumers. On paper, the consumer has only thirty members; but nearly all the producing and distributing groups are consumers in regard to some other group; and the one hundred and thirty-six labor and employe representatives regard themselves as consumers first of all. The R. W. R. has therefore never given enemies cause to impugn its impartiality. In some quarters this has injured it. An unlettered Athenian voted for the ostracism of Aristides merely because he was tired of hearing the warrior statesman called "the Just." It is those Germans who distrust the whole parliament-of-business innovation as a blow at majority-democracy who resent its reputation for impartiality most.

After the Reichswirtschaftsrat had sat for only a few weeks this jealousy went so far that members were publicly accused of conspiring to oust the Reichstag entirely. The Reichstag—intentionally, said the majority-democrats, unintentionally, said the R. W. R.'s backers—was permanently kept in the shade. The public talked only of the business parliament; and the Reichstag, realizing with truth that politicians who are ignored are thereby flouted and superseded, had good cause to take offense. The necessary and inevitable procedure of a legislature equipped with only advisory powers was responsible for this. An advisory legislature must handle measures before they are submitted to the deciding legislature. Important bills, whose divulgence to parliament in other countries is a great news event, are in Germany first dealt with by the representatives of business. Before the Reichstag gets to work the measure has been fully ventilated and exhausted; and thereby the Reichstag is shorn of its quality as theater for surprises and revelations, and kept effectively out of the public mind.

In the summer of 1920 Germany's representatives returned from the critical Spa conference; the representatives appeared before the R. W. R., rendered a full account of happenings and conclusions, and provoked a three days' debate which all Europe followed with interest. When the same matter later came before the Reichstag the statements and the debate were naturally ignored. The Reichstag smelt a plot to set it back in popular esteem; angry attacks came from jealous members whose speeches had not been reported; and the business parliament was represented as designing to supplant popular government. The cabinet was attacked as an accomplice. Ministers replied that the R. W. R. by its nature

must receive confidences first; but the majority-democrats were not propitiated. Since then the R. W. R. has continued to extend its power; and the Reichstag has continued to suspect and resent, prophesying that into the hands of a nondemocratic class representation will ultimately pass the supreme governmental power.

Of this there is real danger. Germany by tradition is the *Obrigkeitsstaat*, the land of authority, the country to which liberty always counts for less than order and prosperity; and if a class-elected business parliament proves fittest to rule, only a minority of Germans will lament the passing of the rival democratic system of counting all heads as equal. Prominent moderate-socialists demand that so far from the business parliament's power being weakened, it should be strengthened. Three socialist leaders, Kaliski, Max Cohen and Henry Ströbel, lately proclaimed for the granting to the R. W. R. of a decisive vote. The Reichstag's sphere of legislation, they said, should be merely cultural. This would mean the complete shelving of the Reichstag; because practically no important cultural questions are left; and the unimportant are regulated by the state diets and municipalities. On finance, tariffs, trusts, labor, reparations, only the business parliament would have a say; and a majority-democracy, except for local and petty affairs, would come altogether to an end.

Signs are that the business-parliament system will spread. Austria has a plan under way. In the old Austria-Hungary five years before the war the complete separation of political and economic lawmaking was suggested as the only remedy for the chaos and impotence of the Vienna Reichsrat. The Austrian plan was closely modeled upon an unrealized initiative of Bismarck. Bismarck actually created a business parliament for Prussia, and submitted a complete scheme for a similar business parliament for all Germany. Partly as hardened conservative, partly as restless reformer, he held that politics and business could not efficiently work in harness. In his Thoughts and Reminiscences he mentions that the notion of a chamber of occupations obsessed him all his life. Suspicious of majority-democracy, and on the eve of launching his program of protection, social legislation and financial reform, he wrote in 1878 that either the Reichstag should be replaced by a legislature elected on the basis of occupations or that it should be neutralized by establishment alongside it of such a legislature. He began with Prussia, and established a Prussian Volkswirtschaftsrat, containing seventy-five members representing only industry, trade and agriculture. This chamber actually sat. It was to be enlarged as the business representation of all Germany by inclusion of fifty members from the non-Prussian states. Bismarck's motive was in part reactionary; but his one progressive initiative brought his plan to naught. He insisted upon representation of workingmen; and as workingmen could not afford to sit without pay he decided upon payment of all members. This compelled him to appeal for money to the Reichstag; and the Reichstag, seeing only a plot for its own destruction, vetoed. The all-German chamber scheme never got further; the Prussian chamber opposed Bismarck's own plans; and the first parliament of business died a sudden death.

In Russia, Bismarck's scheme was formally taken up by the great reformer Witte in 1902. Witte's proposed Soviet Promuishlennosti, or Council of Industry, was designed to forestall the demand for a Duma, which—only three years before he was compelled to convoke a Duma—Nicholas II declared he would never grant. To-day, Bolshevik Russia actually has a business parliament, marred, like all Russian communist initiatives, by class despotism, corruption and incapacity. The Vuishi Soviet Narodnavo Khozaistva, or Supreme Council of National Economy—barbarously mutilated to "Sovnarkhoz"—was the first constitutional creation of Lenine and Trotzky in December, 1917. Of its forty-seven members, ten are chosen by the sham political parliament known as All-Russian Central Executive Committee, seven by Bolshevik ministries, and the remainder by the local economical councils and labor unions. With an entirely communist composition and with the complete exclusion not only of capital and expert knowledge but also of genuine labor, the Sovnarkhoz is only a parody of the schemes of Bismarck and Witte.

But even Bolshevism learns; and it lately showed its learning by publishing a plan to admit the hated capital, while still excluding the even more hated genuine labor element. Bolshevism is not a model to any civilized state; but it is no chance that the three most populous countries of Europe—Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary—respectively attempted, considered and actually realized the separation in some measure of business from politics, and the transfer of the immediate management of economic affairs to persons directly elected therefor.

Western Europe has so far done nothing. In England the growing party of Guild Socialists, declaring that a citizen cannot be represented, and that only his interests can, stand for the creation of a parliament of occupations. France has too many other preoccupations to harbor such schemes. Yet France is the original source and origin of the business-parliament idea. The French Revolution's leaders stood emphatically for a parliament of work.

To Mirabeau and the Abbé Sieyès this presented itself as a modernized estates system. Mirabeau, by declaring that representative power should be based on the importance of interests, and not on numbers, foreshadowed the system today in force in Germany. The dreamer Saint-Simon planned an economic parliament; Proudhon in 1848 made the same demand; and fifty years later the Frenchman, Charles Benoist, published a complete scheme for a central legislature composed of eight occupation groups.

Thus in the business-parliament movement meet such heterogeneous elements as French idealism, Bismarckian conservatism, czarist opportunism, Bolshevist anarchy and modern German constructive statesmanship. Nations with nothing in common, and parties which by tradition and program are irreconcilably antagonistic, have agreed in principle on the same remedy for the specific ailments of parliamentary democracy. Unless this coincidence is an accident, the separation of business from politics is likely to be the next great task of constitutional reformers all over the world.

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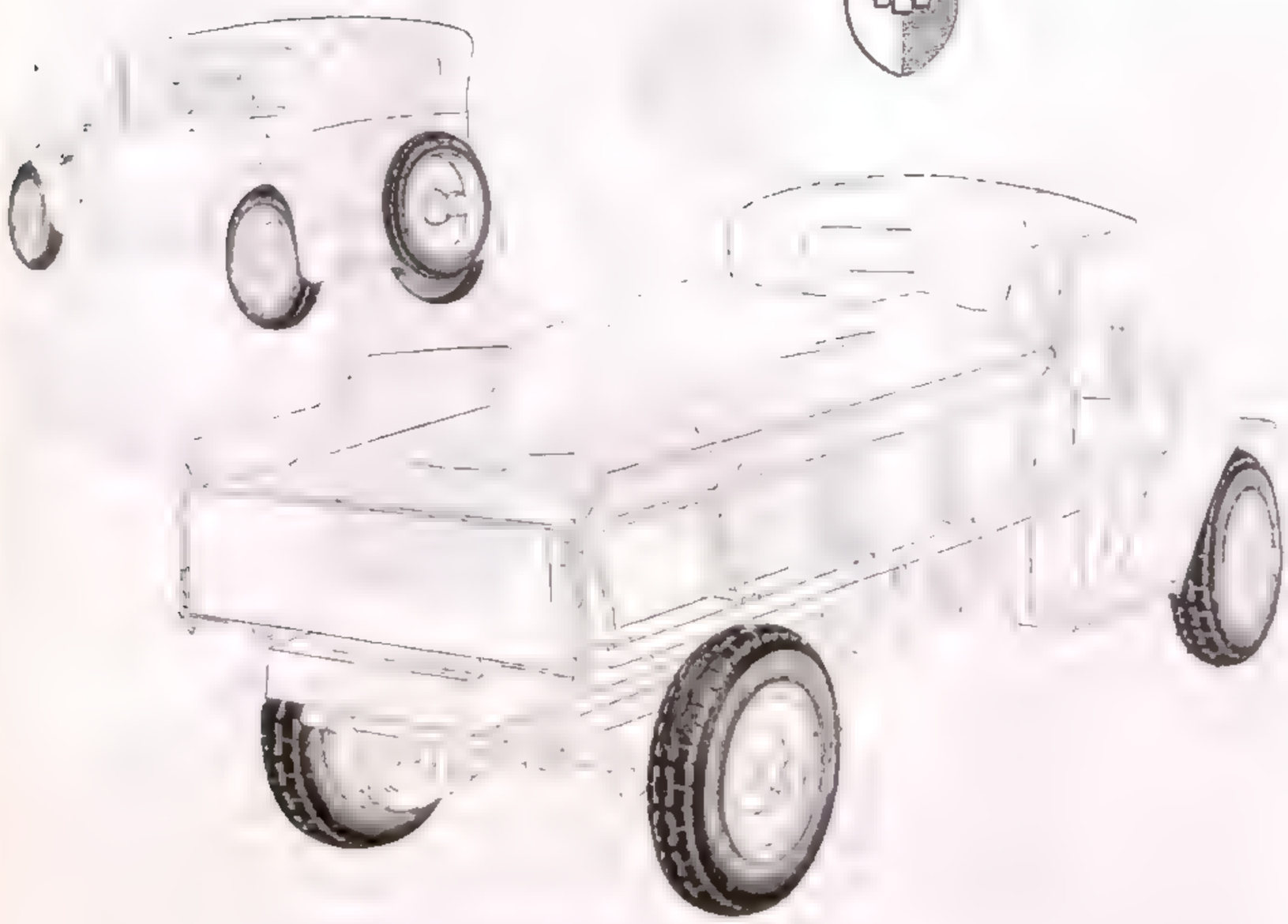

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Robert Belung	10	Oak Park, Ill.
Henry Bernsten	11	Washington, D. C.
Manning Bouknight	10	Abbeville, S. C.
Geraldine Cadov	10	Albany, N. Y.
Francell Chenett	11	San Diego, Cal.
Barbara Chickering	11	San Diego, Cal.
John P. Crawford	11	Kokomo, Ind.
Peter DeYoung	10	Kalamazoo, Mich.
Richard Dills	11	Yakima, Wash.
Dorothy D. Dorsey	10	Indianapolis, Ind.
George Drame	11	Denver, Colo.
Catherine Elcorn	8	Hot Springs, Ark.
Virgil Exner	11	Buchanan, Mich.
Ellana Foster	10	Astoria, Ore.
Shirley Gibbs	9	Mars Hill, N. C.
Marie Gilson	11	Latrobe, Pa.
Allen Harman	11	Latrobe, Pa.
Ione Haunson	11	Atlanta, Ga.
Walter Hodge	9	Worcester, Mass.
Torlief Holmes	11	Eau Claire, Wis.
Oliver Hooge	11	Buffalo, N. Y.
John Inches	10	Fort Wayne, Ind.
Edith Johnstone	11	Chicago, Ill.
David Keniston	8	Sheridan, Wyo.
Marjorie Keniston	11	Sheridan, Wyo.
Kathryn Leonhardt	11	Latrobe, Pa.
Dorothy Lucker	11	Benton Harbor, Mich.
Mary McGavin	10	San Antonio, Texas.
W. McKeown	11	Chicago, Ill.
Robert Paul MacNeil	11	Lansing, Mich.
H. McReynolds	11	Ventura, Cal.
Jimmie Newmarch	11	Fresno, Cal.
Cecile C. Parenteau	10	New York, N. Y.
Gladys Phillips	11	Sheridan, Wyo.
Earle Port	11	Johnsonburg, Pa.
Lois Power	11	Nacogdoches, Texas.
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Russell Remig	11	So. Manchester, Conn.
Elizabeth Reynolds	10	Ft. Smith, Ark.
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Wanita Schaefer	10	Madison, Wis.
William Shepherd	11	La Grange, Ga.
Forrest Smythe	11	Portland, Ore.
Stanley R. Snider	11	New Orleans, La.
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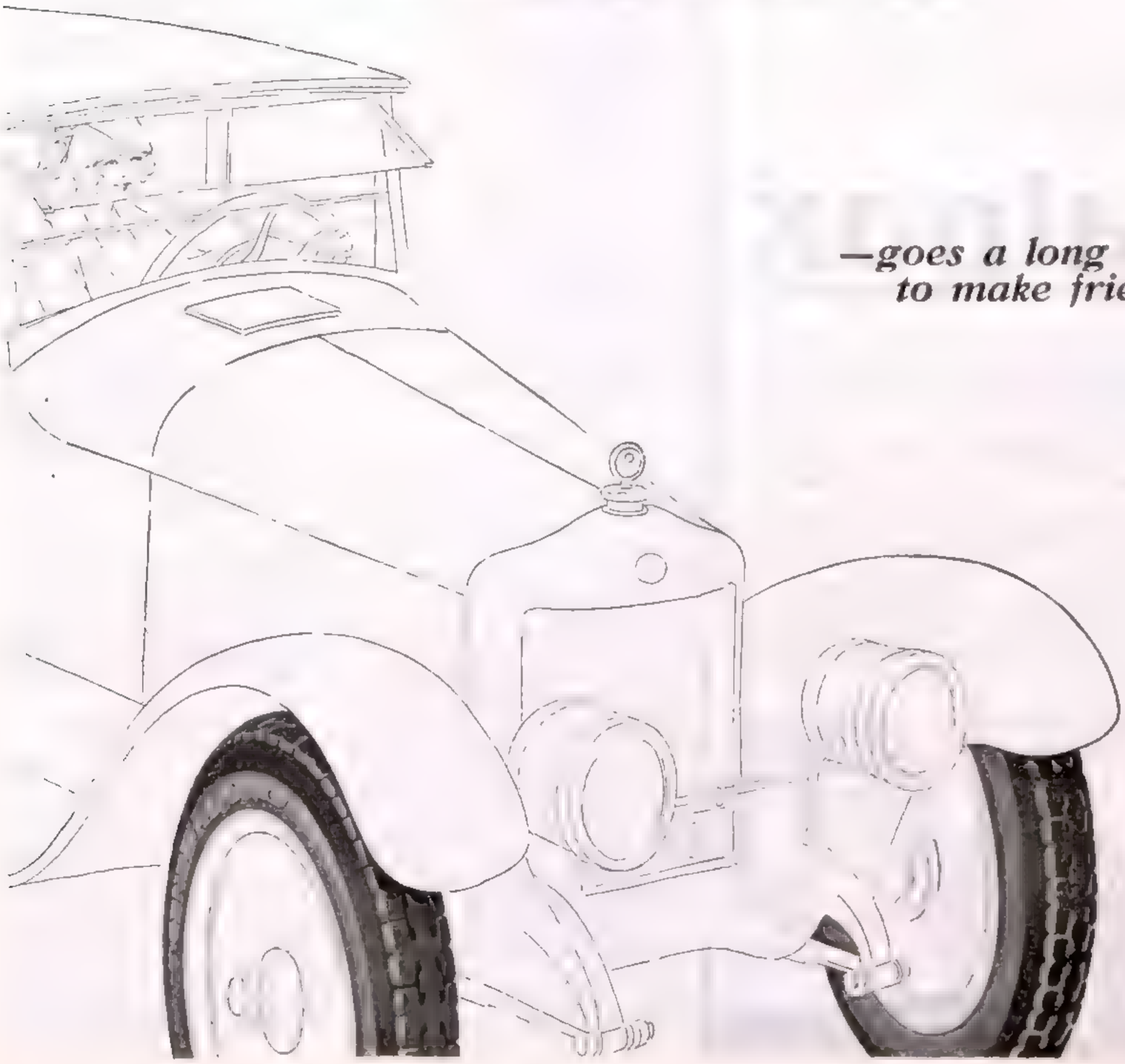

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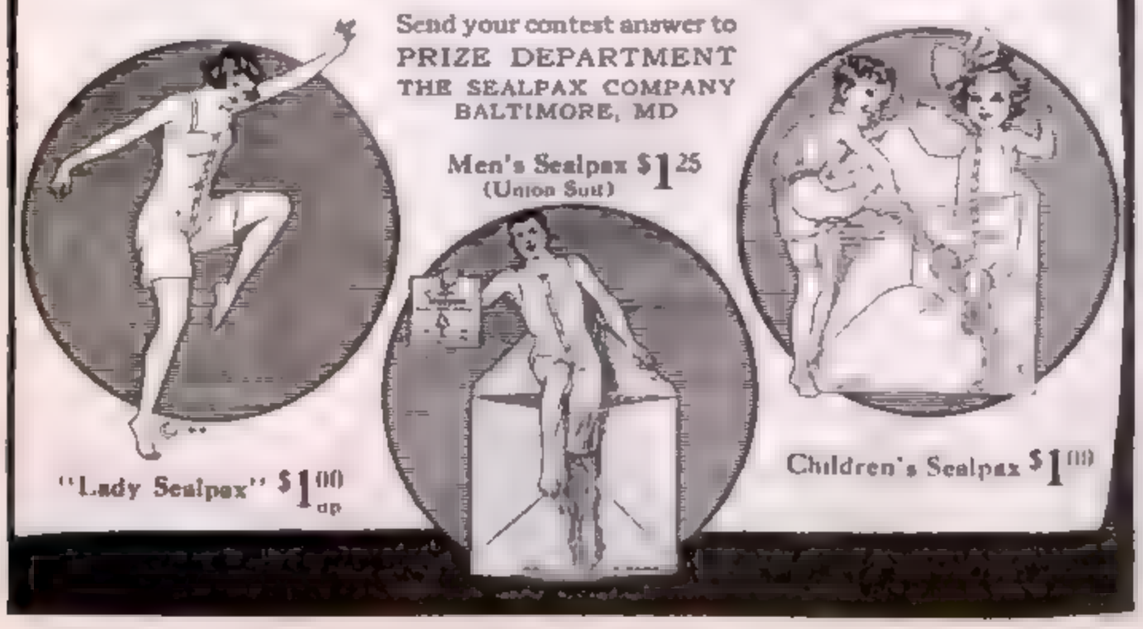

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THE EAGLE AND THE WREN

(Continued from Page 7)

provided lively experiences. That he ever came out of it with a whole skin was little short of a miracle, for he knocked about Central Europe from the beginning to the end. He had an extraordinary faculty for remembering names and faces and the association of place and event in which he came into contact with their owners. He contrived to make a mental dossier of every one he met. Their looks and actions, fame or ill fame, record past and present—he had it all complete and isolated in his brain, and ready for production at any moment.

IV

GEORGE WEDDERTON'S official appearance upon the scene took place nearly a month after his actual appearance. During the preceding thirty days he had occupied a post at a hand drill in Number 16 Workshop. In this capacity he went by the name of John Slave, although he had privately confessed to an agitated political circle which gathered nightly in one of the lowest pubs in the town that his real name was Johann Slavenski and that he was a Pole. He took no part in the rebellious conversations of his fellows, but it had been remarked by several keen observers that Johann's hands twisted and his eyes blazed at the mere mention of the word "soviet." For the rest, he behaved with his customary calm, nodding gravely at the world's injustice to the worker, taking his glass with the rest, and earning the respect that usually falls to silent men. Thus he came to be spoken of as a dark horse that might be worth watching, and once or twice overtures were made inviting him to attend workmen's councils privately held in secret corners of the town.

But always he shook his head or answered "I am a quiet man, brother. I do not wish to excite myself—yet."

There were men of every nationality and persuasion at Diplock's; it could not very well have been otherwise with a pay roll of fifty thousand. In the course of his sojourn there George Wedderton recognized many faces which he had come across in other associations, and he added a variety of new ones to his collection.

Prominent among those to whom he gave special attention was a weedy little Italian named Paolo Mossi. Mossi was an exquisite craftsman, engaged in precision work in one of the smaller machine shops. His ability with a lathe was astounding and so highly valued that little or nothing was said when he absented himself from work sometimes for days on end. His face was remarkable for the possession of thick, bushy eyebrows which, unlike the usual kind, turned downward and almost entirely screened his eyes. Also, he wore a thin, straggly beard.

An inner sense assured George that he and this man had met on some previous occasion, but it took him three days to reconstruct the incident. The man's face defeated him; it was the little stool upon which he sat that brought the affair to mind. It was a kind of milking stool, fashioned of common wood, but the legs were astonishingly well turned and as perfect in outline as an Etruscan vase.

"Got it!" said Wedderton. "Got you!"

The dossier of Paolo Mossi was before his eyes. The Trentino in 1917, a village called Fugi—a little *salone* shadowed by a cyprus. At the door, seated upon a stool with beautifully turned legs, a small, clean-shaven man with very bushy eyebrows turning fiercely upward. The name of the man was Basso. He had three children—two girls and a boy who squinted. His wife was enormously fat and talked too much. He smoked a pipe with a silver cap. He never talked. The place was used as a billet for officers. The generalissimo was murdered in his bed and movement orders affecting the entire front were stolen. Subsequently they were discovered in the possession of the Signora Basso, but not until their contents had been messaged to the enemy.

Basso was present when the papers were taken from the lining of his wife's skirt, and to prove the depth of his patriotism he shot her through the heart before the search party, and incidentally George himself. But somehow suspicion was not entirely arrested by this extraordinary display of justice. Wherefore Basso blithely disappeared, carrying with him an exact knowledge of the strength and disposition of every regiment in the district.

In short, a lively and ingenious person, whose presence at the firm of Diplock, Mathews & Brandling was not altogether productive of confidence.

George Wedderton did not believe in accepting his own impressions without confirmative evidence, and here was a case where confirmation was easy to obtain. Very unobtrusively he visited the gentleman's private room, and noted with satisfaction that he possessed a pair of curling tongs. Identity being thus established George departed, smiling to himself.

The means by which he won the confidence of the amiable Mossi are known only to himself. It is probable his apparent ability to keep counsel was the chief factor, but thereafter he and the little Italian spent many evening hours in each other's society, George staring at the ceiling with an expression appropriate to the character of an outraged and exiled Pole, and Mossi watching him through the tangle of his downturned eyebrows as a cat watches a dog.

They conversed but little during these sessions, the few words they uttered being spoken in a patois familiar to both, but it was evident that they were taking soundings of each other with that prodigious care known only to persons who have a price upon their heads.

"The war was fought for nothing," said Mossi one night, and George nodded.

"The people's war ——" he began, but checked himself.

"It will come," said Mossi, "when the weapon is ready."

George Wedderton took a dangerous plunge.

"Is it not being forged even now?" and he tilted his head toward the black chimneys of Diplock's, belching forth scarlet flames into the night.

Mossi laid a finger to his lips, and they were silent for a long while. Presently he asked, "How did you serve?"

"Variously."

"Behind the guns?"

"Behind the guns," George replied with a significant inflection.

"H'm!" Another silence. "I think we have met before, but I cannot be sure."

The rider to the sentence was a relief to George, although he hardly expected the man, in the excitement of that day on the Trentino, would associate him with the heavily mustached Italian staff officer in which character he was appearing.

"I should have remembered," said George.

"Perhaps not in the flesh. There was a gallery of photographs—likenesses of men we should do well to know as friends—fellow workers. At one time I had need to study that gallery very closely. You would not know, of course."

Not for nothing had George Wedderton knocked about Central Europe during the war. He fixed the Italian boldly and said: "It is finished now."

"Finished?"

"Broken up."

"I do not understand."

George leaned forward and lowered his voice.

"Hauptmann Strasse, Number 64."

The little Italian did not say a word, but his eyes narrowed almost to nothing.

"Late," said George, and rose to his feet.

Mossi came with him as far as the door, where they stood for a moment watching the flames licking upward into the night.

"So you knew the weapon was being forged?"

"I knew."

"For whom do you know these things?"

"For myself."

"But you are a patriot of the Great Fraternity?"

George grunted.

"Also," said he, "it pleases me to have money to jingle in my pocket."

It was a sure thrust. He felt the sympathetic pressure of the Italian's fingers upon his arm.

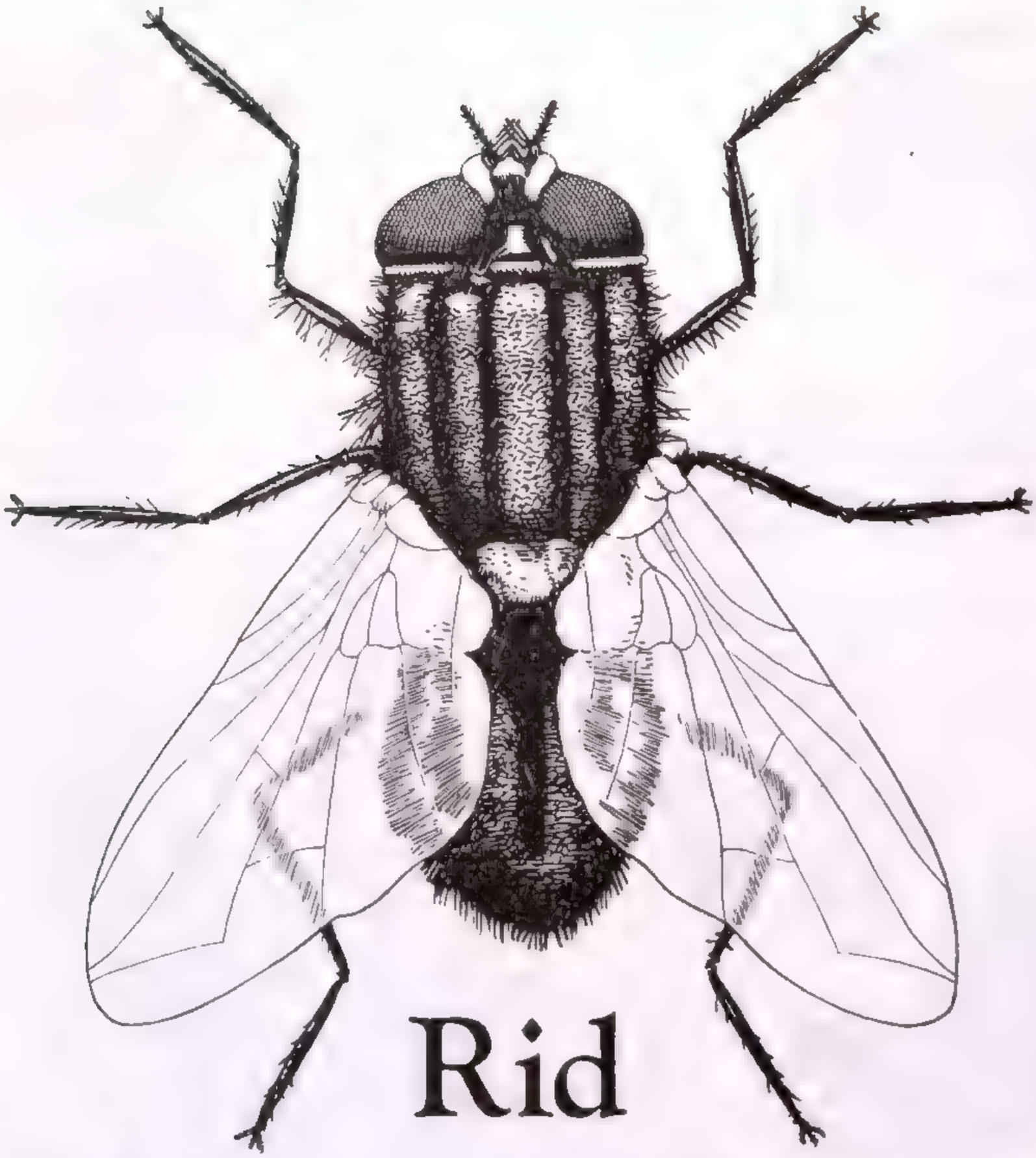
"Ah! we must talk again. I am afraid of patriots, but money is the proof of sanity."

George Wedderton put his hands in his pockets and rolled down the street.

V

ON THE fourth of December, Martyn Saville finally completed his drawings and blithely slammed the door of the second safe. The drawings of A and B

(Continued on Page 90)



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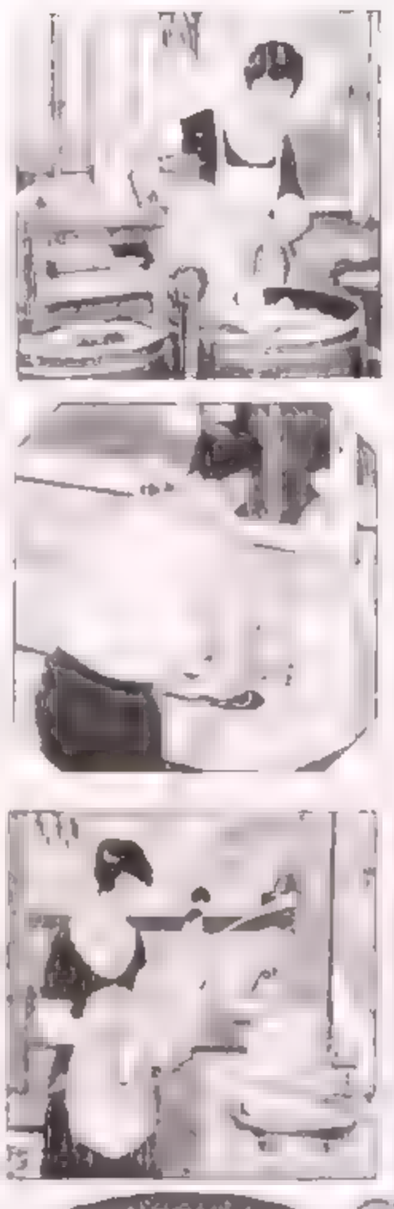

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The Canadian Fairbanks-Morse Co., Ltd., Montreal

25A

(Continued from Page 66)

Types were securely fastened in the first, his period of work was over, his collar bone restored to excellence, and in a week's time he and Leslie would be courting by the Mediterranean shores. His conduct during the preceding months had been exemplary; Leslie's letters were beyond price. His spirits were high and the world was unfolding before him like a blossoming rose. Very cordially he slapped the detective on the back and slapped his hat upon his head. With overcoat slung across his shoulder, despite a fall of snow, he turned toward Mr. Diplock's office, singing as he went.

Throwing open the door he smiled expansively.

"Finis," said he.

And Mr. Diplock repeated the word, gravely adding, "And now I suppose you'll take a spell of holiday?"

"A few days with old Charlie Pearson knocking down pheasants, then presto for the Riviera."

"You're an extraordinary young man. Aren't you going to wait for the R. A. F. Board? The Air Minister is to be present, and there'll be some pretty speeches about you."

"I am not," replied Martyn devoutly. "The drawing speaks for itself. I hate pretty speeches, and I'd rather suck an orange on Margate Pier than be slapped on the back by the entire cabinet."

"I repeat," said Mr. Diplock, "you are a very queer young man, but I suppose you are the best judge of your own tastes."

"You can bet your life I am."

"My life," said Mr. Diplock, "is a small stake, but if you'll accept the advice of an older man you will take care of your own."

"Lord love you! Who'd hurt me? I'm fed to the teeth at being wet-nursed by a whole regiment of 'tecs, and the thought of escaping from 'em makes me want to sing."

"In that case, Saville," Mr. Diplock smiled, "let me implore you not to do it here. Get away and enjoy yourself."

"I will so, and bless your heart!" said Martyn.

He was struck of a heap to find George Wedderton smoking a pipe at his rooms when he got back.

"Where in blazes did you spring from?"

"My dear lad," said George, "I've been blooming in this hedgerow for the past three weeks, only you didn't notice me."

"By way of business?"

"Um-um. Your business."

"Not another of 'em!" Martyn implored. "Oh, I suppose you represent official England."

"Something like it. You're through, ain't you?"

"Thank the Lord, I'm through!"

"Good! I shan't bother you much. Just a couple of questions. Here's my authority."

He threw over a paper bearing half a dozen signatures, among them Mr. Diplock's.

"Fire away."

"Drawings in big safe?"

"Um! Both types."

"Pretty alike, ain't they?"

"To an amateur."

"Any distinguishing feature?"

Martyn reeled off some technical differences.

"Right you are."

"Keys in Number Two safe?"

"Yep."

"Opens to 'finis'?"

"That was quick," said Martyn. "How did you do it?"

"Diplock rang me. Code, no mystery. Well, that's all I want, old fellow, except a whisky-and-soda. If you like I'll sit on the bed and watch you pack."

Armed with a drink he disposed himself luxuriously, while Martyn heaved clothes into a capacious Gladstone bag.

"Pleased with yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, rather! Charlie Pearson says the birds are plentiful and I've just bought these. Their come-up is simply beautiful. Try 'em."

And he pushed over a new gun case for his friend's inspection.

"Extraordinary chap," said George soberly. "You think no more of throwing up this new machine than a baby of being sick. Ever going to grow up?"

"Hope not. Here, give us a hand with this gear. I've a train to catch."

As they bumped the luggage downstairs Martyn asked, "Does old Butterwick know you're in this?"

"If he don't already he'll know to-night."

Martyn grinned.

"He will be pleased," said he. "Coming as far as the station?"

"No, thanks. I'm not wearing these clothes in public at the moment."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Oh, I live on the floor above when not otherwise engaged," was the amiable reply.

VI

CHARLIE PEARSON'S shooting party was a real winner, being made up of stout lads, true sportsmen all, and a complement of girls so excellent in virtue that they hesitated neither to thrust their way through mire and bramble nor to dance gayly until umpteen o'clock in the morning.

The foregoing paragraph is practically a transcript from a letter Martyn wrote to Leslie, the delicacy of style being exclusively his own.

Fearing greatly that he might be lionized for his remarkable engineering attainments, Martyn lost no time in trying to create a stir in other directions. Wherefore at the close of the first night's entertainment beneath this hospitable roof he was generally acclaimed by excellent authority to be the finest dancer that ever happened, nor were words of praise lacking as to his ability to beguile the tedium of sitting out. In this capacity his light-hearted prattle, not untouched with evidences of a sentimental disposition, was unrivaled. Many susceptible maidens, some of them proudly adorned with half hoops of diamonds on the third fingers of their left hands, were beset with misgivings as to the discretion of their choice in the matter of marriage, and one or two ladies who had already knelt at altar steps gazed across the room and realized, in the composition of their husbands, blemishes hitherto unremarked.

The truth was this, Martyn Saville was yearning for the long-denied embraces of his sweetheart; and when this mood descends upon an ardent young man his addresses to young ladies are apt to be honeyed. He accepted the society around him as a proxy for Leslie, and sweetened his disposition and mode of speech in direct ratio to the likeness they bore to his absent love. Once or twice, it is true, a shade of indiscretion entered into his conduct; as, for example, when he brushed with a kiss the cheek of little Miss Phyllis. But then, little Miss Phyllis was sad about something or other, and Martyn, who was a simple man, knew no other means of banishing melancholy. Furthermore, the band was playing Avalon at the time, which, as everyone knows, is sufficient excuse for minor indulgences.

The righteous may, perhaps, wag a finger at him for his behavior with Mrs. Chessleton, but here again he was not entirely to blame. A married woman who is perfectly happy with her husband has no right to put into her eyes an expression of tragedy and misunderstanding, and should a sympathetic observer boldly ask "What's the trouble, my dear?" she has no one to thank but herself.

Considering the long period given over exclusively to work, a period sterile of incident and companionship, Martyn Saville behaved uncommonly well, for after all, as the reader must have gathered, his stock of discretion was considerably below par and everyone expected him to make the fur fly and would have been disappointed if he hadn't.

Whatever shades of resentment may have been born in the bosoms of the men present were speedily dissipated by his performance at the next day's shoot. His judgment and timing were perfect, and his bag at the end of the afternoon a third larger than anyone else's. He seemed to specialize in difficult shots, bringing off the most forlorn hopes with clockwork regularity. Nor was any man less greedy than he, and even the cry of "Woodcock," which has been the undoing of so many gentle instincts, left him modestly awaiting the direction of the chance before drawing trigger.

Several of his birds he attributed to the prowess of his neighbor on the right, a small, shortsighted man whose power to miss amounted to a certainty.

And this gentleman, for very shame at his want of skill, gracefully accepted Martyn's cheery "Not a bit of it. You hit him fair. My shot was wasted; and anyhow I poached."

So convincingly were the words spoken that before the end of this particular beat

(Continued on Page 93)

Westinghouse

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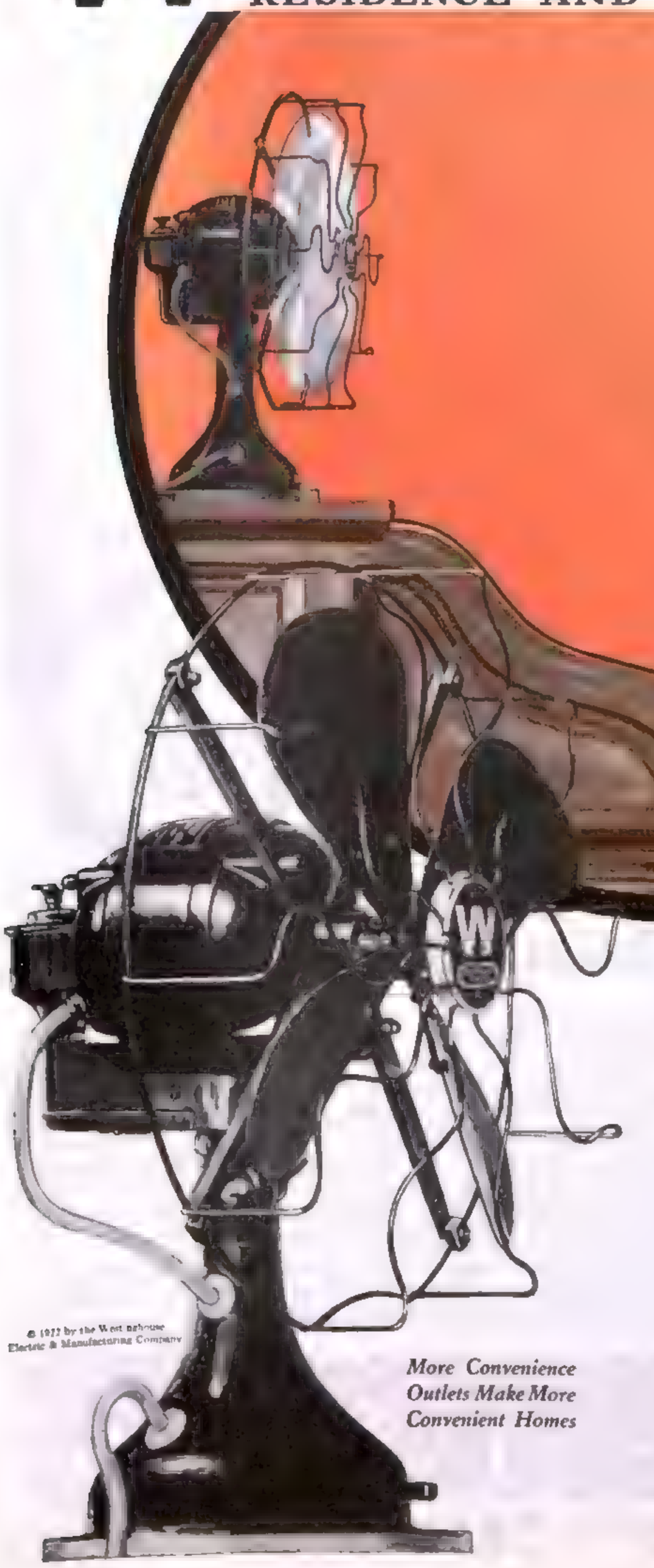

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FULLER BRUSHES

69 USES—HEAD TO FOOT—CELLAR TO ATTIC

(Continued from Page 90)

the small, shortsighted gentleman had almost persuaded himself that he was a bit of a Nimrod with the gun.

Such small graces readily win popularity, and before the first twenty-four hours had passed Martyn had the joy of finding himself disrated as an eminent inventor and flung into the ranks of the all-round good chaps.

Now, it is probable the few days at Charlie Pearson's prior to his departure for Nice would have passed peaceably enough but for an unforeseen incident. On the third night of his stay a burglar entered the bedroom where Charlie Pearson lay comfortably at rest with his wife, and stole a few trinkets from the dressing table.

The property lost was not of such value as to cause much concern. On the other hand, Charlie Pearson was angry that such a thing could have happened.

"Take my oath no one could get in from outside," said he. "There's a sheer drop of seventy feet from our window, and on that rock face no ladder could stand up."

The bedroom in question was situated in the old wing of the house, which had been built on the top of a little cliff.

"Came in by the door," someone suggested.

"It was locked and the key was on the dressing table. The missus is a bit nervous at night."

"Might have had a duplicate."

"That key is three hundred years old and 'ud take a devil of a lot of copying. Besides, how 'ud the chap get into the house?"

There was a lively discussion about it.

"From the stuff he pinched," said Martyn, "imagine he was only a second rater. Your first-class man wouldn't be content with a little haul like that."

"Beats me," said Charlie Pearson. "I fancy myself as a light sleeper, and I'd bet a pony no one could move about in my room without waking me."

A considerable part of the morning was devoted to the work of detection, in which, although many fancied themselves, but little actual skill was betrayed.

The small, shortsighted man, who had recently been present at a Sherlock Holmes film, appointed himself with a tape measure and a pocket lens, and armed with these prostrated himself at the foot of the cliff, making an exhaustive microscopic examination of the lesser insectivora which inhabit grass.

He was discouraged from further research only by cutting his hand severely on a broken bottle that lay concealed beneath a coverlet of fallen leaves.

Little Miss Phyllis had attached herself to Martyn Saville, and walked at his side in narrowing or widening circles round the house. She had decided early in their acquaintance that he was a hero; it was only natural, therefore, to look to a hero in moments of emergency.

"Oh, Mr. Saville, do tell me how you think he did it," she besought.

"The window, kid; through the window."

"But how could he?"

"Ah, that's it," said Martyn mysteriously.

The saucer eyes opened wide.

"Do you think you could get in through the window, Mr. Saville?"

"S'pect so," came the cheery answer.

Miss Phyllis clasped her hands.

"Wouldn't it be just too wonderful if you did—when he was asleep—for fun, I mean?"

"H'm," said Martyn.

"It'll be such a topping leg pull for Uncle Charlie."

"Dear old Charles," Martyn smiled.

"What are you thinking about?"

"Hey? Dunno. Think it 'ud be worth it?"

But Miss Phyllis was wise enough to make no observation. A mere glance at her companion was enough to show that the poison was already at work. Martyn's eyes were fixed on the bedroom window and he seemed to be measuring the distance between it and the opposite wing, a matter of some fifteen feet, perhaps, with the deep fissure in the rocks intervening.

"Does your uncle sleep with the window open?"

"Always," Miss Phyllis nodded, her innocent little heart thumping against her ribs.

"Oh!" said Martyn. "Ha!"

"Are you really going to do it?"

"Well, I dunno."

Miss Phyllis sucked in her breath ecstatically.

"I think you're simply gorgeous!" she said.

And Martyn laughed.

It was silly of no one else to have thought of it. They had concentrated on how the burglar could have ascended from the ground. It did not occur to them that he might have walked across on a plank from the flat roof of the opposite wing. It was in such matters Martyn scored, realizing the obvious at a glance. There would be no trouble in getting on the roof from the front of the house. Any man of average agility could shin up the ivy in a dozen different places. He did not even bother about a plank, being morally certain he would find one waiting for him hidden behind the crenelations somewhere near the spot at which the burglar must have crossed.

But what Martyn did not expect to find when, at four o'clock the next morning he sneaked along the leads, was the burglar himself concealed behind a chimney stack in a very advanced state of nerves. Walking across the plank overnight had so reduced his stock of courage that he had simply stayed where he was, trusting that the natural fortitude needed for making the descent would return to him before starvation claimed another victim. The fruits of his raid, glittering pathetically, were laid upon a loose brick at his side, and when Martyn came upon him he appeared to be weighing up the relative virtues of material possession and physical hazard. He showed no fight and almost seemed glad of company.

Since Charlie Pearson had not informed the police of the affair and Martyn himself was reluctant to spoil a pleasant holiday by acts of righteous judgment, he lowered the timorous marauder over the parapet to where Miss Phyllis waited beneath.

"Give this old ass a glass of beer and some bread and cheese," said he. "Then turn him loose. I'm just going to put those trinkets back on your aunt's dressing table. Tremendous lark, what?"

Leaving Miss Phyllis with her eyes full of kisses, Martyn, who had removed his shoes that his presence might not be betrayed, shot the plank across the separating gulf and achieved a nimble Blondin act which delivered him safely on the bedroom floor. And Charlie Pearson, who had lain awake puzzling how the burglary could have been committed, produced a neat automatic from beneath his pillow, took a careful sight at the shadowy form and fired.

Martyn Saville said "Hell!" very distinctly and sat down heavily on the floor, for the bullet had cut a nice clean groove in the fleshy part of his upper arm.

Somewhere below, Miss Phyllis screamed, lights were turned on, guests and servants thronged the corridors, and simultaneously a large motor car drew up on the gravel outside the house, delivering a gentleman of small stature, who cried out that his name was Butterwick and that he demanded to see Mr. Martyn Saville on a matter of tremendous national importance.

VII

SHORTLY after Martyn Saville's departure for the country George Wedderton, appearing in his own personality of the engaging middle-aged Englishman, called at the office of Mr. Butterwick. To the man on duty he gave no name, a circumstance in itself sufficient to insure a speedy interview.

After a minute the man returned and invited him to enter.

Mr. Butterwick was standing with his back to the grate, thoughtfully peeling the quarter of a walnut. As George came in he flashed a single glance at him and immediately lowered his eyes to their usual level. They were strangers to each other and it was characteristic that neither of them was anxious to speak first. However, when it came to a competition in silence George was certain to be the winner, a fact Butterwick realized by instinct.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Wait a minute; I'm trying to place you." And once again the twinkling little eyes flashed over George's features. "Ah, to be sure! You work on a hand drill in Number 16 Workshop. Arrived early last month. I hadn't placed you satisfactorily. Let's see then. Yes, yes; a member of the official service, I suppose."

"Well done, Mr. Butterwick," said George. "My real name is Wedderton—George Wedderton. You penetrated my disguise in record time. Curious, for I never saw you in the shops."

"I am not very often seen," came the reply, with a touch of self-satisfaction.

"Still, we have met before."

"I think not."

"I'll refresh your memory. Kimberley, 1892. Used to occupy a kind of sentry box near the entrance. I. D. B., wasn't it? Before that you were employed as handwriting expert for Floyd's Bank at Manchester. Lost your wife in '89, no children. Hobby, bowls—won an open event at Blackpool. And I see you're still fond of walnuts."

Mr. Butterwick raised his head and looked at his visitor with open admiration.

"You made some inquiries?"

"Of my memory."

"H'm—yes—very smart, very. Well, what is it?"

"Need I say?"

"This Saville business?"

"Um-um!"

"Well?"

"There's going to be trouble."

"On the contrary, I have the case in hand."

"We have the case in hand," George amended.

Mr. Butterwick clicked his tongue antagonistically.

"I have been making some inquiries," George proceeded.

"We have been making some inquiries"—from Butterwick.

"Which point to the fact that the new design is likely to be stolen at any moment."

"It won't be stolen."

"The man to be feared is a genius."

"Whatever else Karl von Klune may be he is certainly not a genius."

"Karl von —— My dear Butterwick, you're on the wrong scent."

"Mr. Wedderton!"

"You're making the old mistake of concentrating on the agents of Central Europe. Germany is neither ready nor willing to undertake offensive warfare."

"I do not care for politics."

"The Germans are farsighted people. Our new enemy is shortsighted."

"May I remind you that I control a force of three hundred and seventy-nine skilled and trusted detectives?"

"My dear sir, it is utterly impossible in this corrupt universe to trust three hundred and seventy-nine persons. By the way, that fellow who admitted me—who was he?"

"His name is John Brevies."

"On the contrary his name is Ohlsson. He was employed during the war circulating anti-British propaganda throughout Scandinavia."

Mr. Butterwick cracked a nut fiercely.

"This is mere ——"

"Fact," George interrupted; "and I am also acquainted with at least three of your permanent staff who attend communist gatherings in the town."

"Possibly. But in my interests."

"I venture to doubt it."

Mr. Butterwick scribbled a few names on a scrap of paper, then took from a drawer the nominal roll of his staff.

"Which men?" said he.

George ticked off the ones he referred to with his forefinger. Whereupon Butterwick jerked the scrap of paper toward him. The names he had written were identical with the ones at which George had pointed.

"This may convince you that I know what I am about," he said, smiling none too pleasantly.

"I have never doubted it," said George, "but it is impossible for one man to carry all the correct information in his own head."

"I am surprised you should think so."

The tone was distinctly hostile.

"We will not quarrel," said George. "I have given this matter a great deal of thought and I am morally certain that somehow or another that drawing will either be traced or stolen."

"As long as it remains in my care I have no such misgiving," said Butterwick.

"It remains for us therefore to outwit these folk rather than blockade the port of their ambition. In a word, it would be better to allow them to imagine they have succeeded. Do you follow my reasoning?"

"I do not," said Mr. Butterwick, "and I cannot disguise the fact that I consider your presence in this affair is exceedingly tiresome. My orders are defined. The plans for this weapon are to be protected. I am going to protect them in my own way."

George Wedderton shrugged his shoulders.

"My orders also are defined," he replied, "and are issued by the government

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These red or green fadeless, spark-proof, slate surfaced shingles are on sale at Lumber and Building Supply dealers almost everywhere. If your dealer can't supply you write us.
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of this country, which takes precedence over private enterprise. If you prefer to work alone I have nothing to say, except that I must ask you for an authority which will insure my freedom from obstruction by any of your staff."

Mr. Butterwick took a small silver badge from his pocket and threw it on the table.

"I regret," said he, "that I am in no position to refuse you. Take it. Between the two of us I have little doubt we shall have a fine muddle. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Butterwick. I understand your feelings and sympathize with 'em. Dare say we shan't meet for some time, for there's a devil of a lot to do."

At the door he turned and took an envelope from his pocket.

"I'm leaving you this," said he; "it contains some interesting finger prints. Keep 'em handy; you may find they come in useful. Good night."

He left the little man pacing up and down his office, chin on breast. The smile that usually played round the corners of his mouth had departed.

That night George Wedderton, the Italian, Mossi, and two other men conversed together in low tones until the dawn.

VIII

AT TEN o'clock the following morning George Wedderton presented himself at Saville's office. Mr. Butterwick's silver badge admitted him and also served to dismiss the man who was on guard within.

Since the dawn he had grown a handsome beard and had also increased very considerably in the matter of girth. He wore a fine coat with a Persian-lamb collar and had the general seeming of the director of a prosperous business. He carried a stout cane and wore gloves, which he did not remove.

His first care was to lock the door and lower the window blind. This done he turned his attention to the smaller safe, which still opened to the word "Finis." Taking out the keys he unlocked the larger and producing the two drawings laid them side by side upon the table. At the first glance there was little enough to distinguish one from the other, and his brow corded as he puzzled over them. Martyn had explained minutely enough where the differences lay, but George, although a very fair mechanic, was sorely put to it to decide for himself. He shook his head perplexedly, then picking up one of the drawings reversed it. Scrawled in pencil across a corner in Martyn's handwriting were the words Type A. He picked up the second and in the same place was written Type B.

George smiled.

"Silly ass," said he. "Why didn't he say so, instead of making me sweat like this?"

Taking a piece of India rubber from a pen tray he carefully erased the letter A on the first drawing and substituted B, and having done so replaced it in the safe.

The second drawing—the real Type B, the machine destined to revolutionize the world—he put in an envelope, then looking around thoughtfully crossed to a bookcase and slipped it behind.

"That's that," he murmured. "Now we'll just close the safes, and there we are."

But before leaving he did one other rather curious and apparently meaningless thing. Projecting from the wall near the mantelpiece was an old gas jet, long since out of use, having been superseded by electric light. He unscrewed the burner, dropped it in his pocket and turned on the tap. The supply had been cut off years before and there was no hiss of gas. Then he unlocked the door and passed out into the thin December sunlight, the three detectives giving him good morning as he went.

Twenty yards away a laborer was making a clearing in a big heap of scrap iron and packing cases. Standing beside him was a man in the official uniform of the local gas light and coke company. In his hand was a chart cross-patched with dotted and ruled lines in various colors.

"Just about here," the man remarked as George came by.

Whereat the laborer fell to with pick and shovel and began to dig a hole.

The heavy beard he was wearing conveniently hid the smile that played round George's mouth as he marched past the industrious duet.

An hour later, in the character of John Slave, he was working the hand drill in Number 16 Workshop.

When the siren sounded for dinner he and the Italian, Mossi, sat and ate together on some balks of timber in the building-construction yard. It was a quiet spot and almost deserted at this hour of day.

"So you succeeded? I passed by earlier this morning."

The Italian nodded.

"It was as I expected. The plans of the old gas mains were at the central power house. I have a friend there and it was easy. The workman carried the cylinder in a bag with his tools. And you?"

George humped his shoulders.

"Not so easy," he replied, "but still I managed. I cannot say how without mentioning names. The burner is removed and the tap turned on."

"Good. Then it only remains to dispose of the two at the door."

"Which is arranged, yes?"

"At two A.M. all should be ready. But if it fails then—whiss!" And he passed his hand suggestively across his throat.

George shook his head.

"We must avoid that," said he, rising. "It is against my principles to kill—yet."

"Ten minutes past two, then."

"Tonight." He hesitated a moment. "And the payment for this?" said he.

"Depends upon success."

"The risk is great either way," George grumbled.

"There will be a solatium."

"But the principal sum?"

"Will be paid tomorrow."

"But how—from where?"

The little Italian's eyes twinkled.

"You do not know everything, my friend."

"For instance?"

"There is a cashier in this very city."

George simulated intense surprise.

"So!"

"One word merely will be wirelessed, and by return they will reply—Pay."

"And we divide?"

"There will be two thousand for you."

A horribly greedy expression came into George's eyes.

"That will be good," said he.

MR. BUTTERWICK spent an anxious day, his anxiety being evidenced by an abnormal consumption of walnuts. The constant cracking of their shells synchronized with the snapping of his nerves.

What right had this tiresome fellow, Wedderton, to come upon the scene and upset his confidence? A dozen times he decided to reconstruct the order of his dispositions—to demand that Mr. Diplock should have the drawings removed to a safe deposit, to disavow all future responsibility in the matter, to double the number of the permanent guard—in short, to stand the whole business on its head. That he resisted the impulse to do any one of these things was due to a very considerable self-opinion. He had decided in his own mind what were the proper precautions and he had taken them. There was not the smallest occasion for misgiving or alarm. Nevertheless he hated the day, he hated the business—and he privately condemned the government and all her servants to perdition. To satisfy a desire for action he caused to be rounded up a variety of suspicious characters, whom he dispatched under escort to various remote parts of the British Isles with polite advices not to come back in a hurry.

All this was very bad technic, and he knew it.

At three o'clock in the afternoon he personally visited Martyn Saville's office to satisfy himself that all was in order. The man on duty within annoyed him greatly by a constant repetition of the words "Everything's O. K., chief."

In his mood of irritation the use of the term O. K. in conversation struck him as impertinence.

"Nothing unusual happened?" he demanded.

"Nothing, chief. Everything O. K."

"You came on duty at ——"

"Ten A.M., chief. Night watch reported O. K."

"No one been here?"

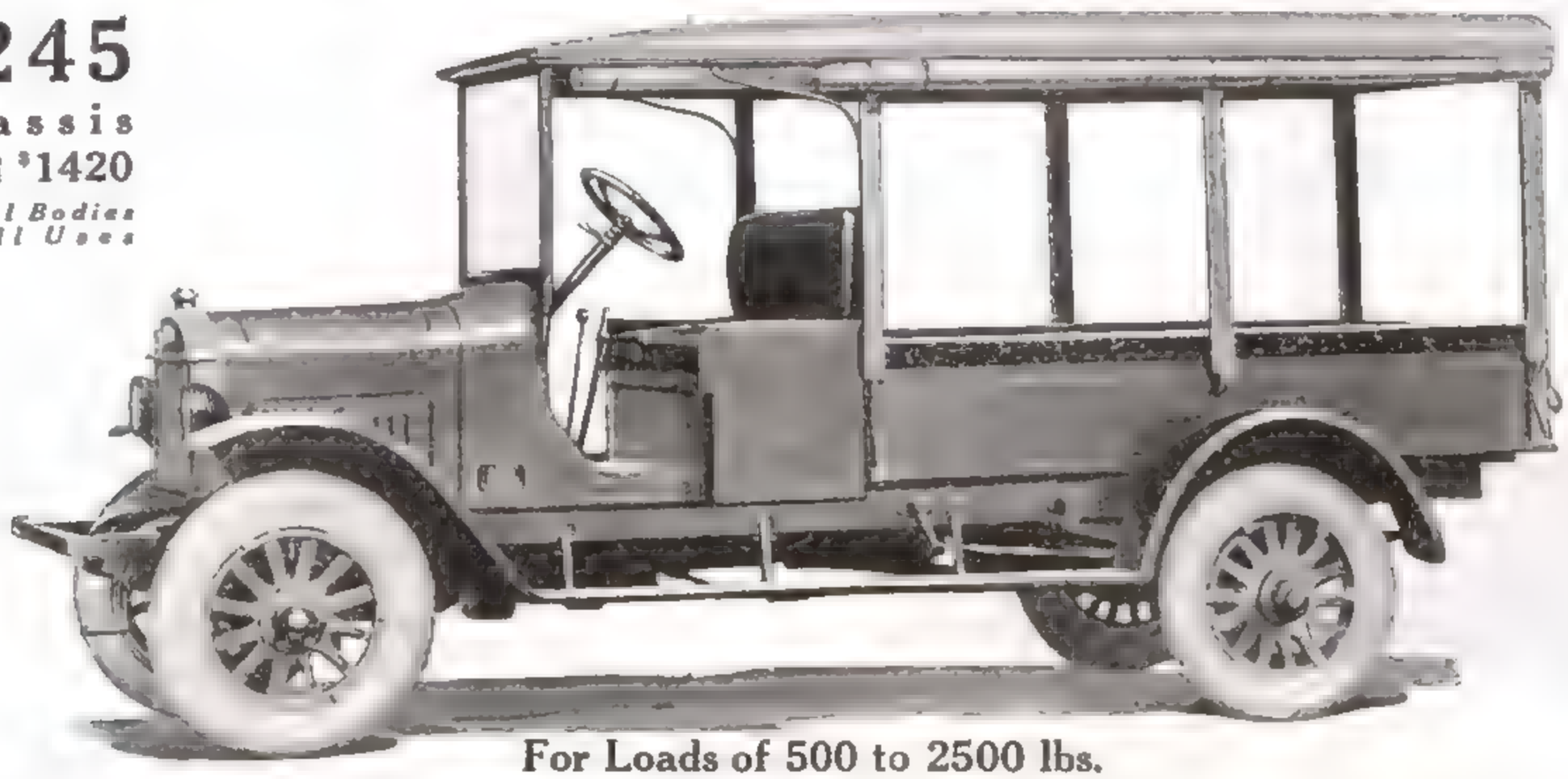
"Only the gentleman you sent, chief. I examined his pass and finding it O. K ——"

"Be damned!" exploded Mr. Butterwick. "Why not say X. Y. Z. for a change? Who was this gentleman?"

The man described George's appearance minutely, as it were relishing his own exactness. *(Continued on Page 96)*

Stewart "Utility Wagon"

$1245
Chassis
Complete as illustrated **$1420**
Special Bodies For All Uses



For Loads of 500 to 2500 lbs.

Differs from All Others

Has Speed With Economy and Reliability

The "Utility Wagon" is something new among speed trucks. How and why it differs is of dollar interest to every buyer.

It is built *entirely of truck parts.* Take particular note of that. No parts designed for lighter duty are utilized.

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That is why it is free from most common causes of trouble. It accounts for the great regularity of the "Utility Wagon" in fast delivery service.

Every part is designed and built for rapid delivery service on big loads. Ten years of successful truck building experience is back of it. It is a truck you can keep busy. Ready to go at all times. Stands up in hardest usage. Asks little attention. As dependable as train service, and everlastingly reliable.

Note its modern motor. It is a truck-type, with three-bearing crankshaft and force feed oiling system. It gives unusual fuel and oil mileage. Other points you will note in comparisons are the sturdy axles, wheels, and heavy, rigid frame.

Drivers like the "Utility Wagon." The seat is broad, springing the finest. Steers easily. Has electric starter, electric lights, Alemite lubrication, 34" x 4½" cord tires, bumper, heavy duck storm curtains, 128" wheel base, 8 ft. loading space.

Be sure to see the "Utility Wagon." It is bound to affect your choice.

Other Chassis Prices

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1½ to 2	ton	- -	1790
2½ to 3	ton	- -	2390
3½ to 4	ton	- -	3190

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The "Utility Wagon" is a beautiful job. It will not cumber up your sales room or look ungainly.

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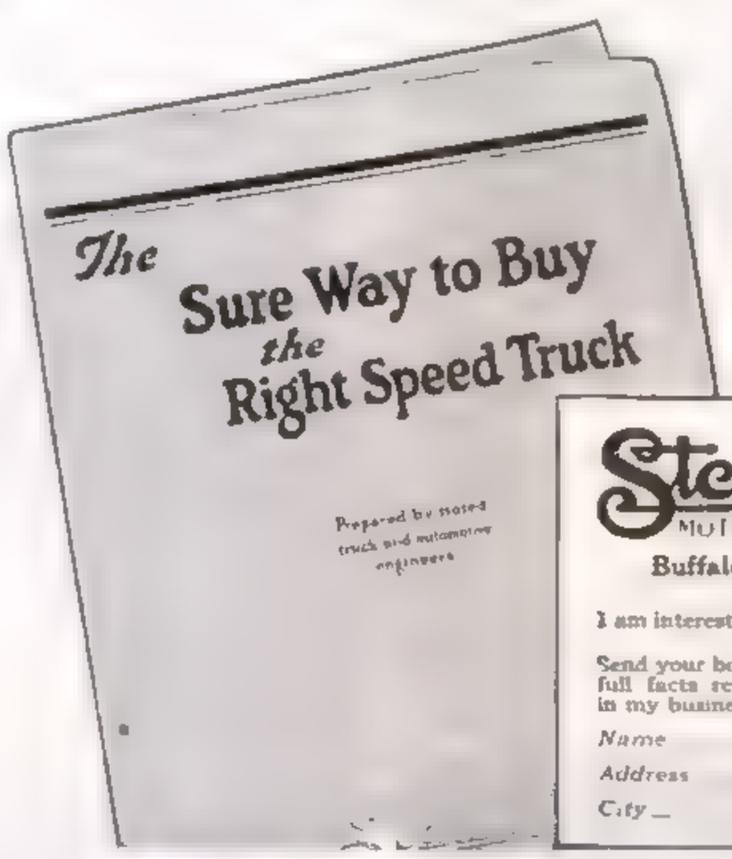
Perhaps your territory is open—write for details.



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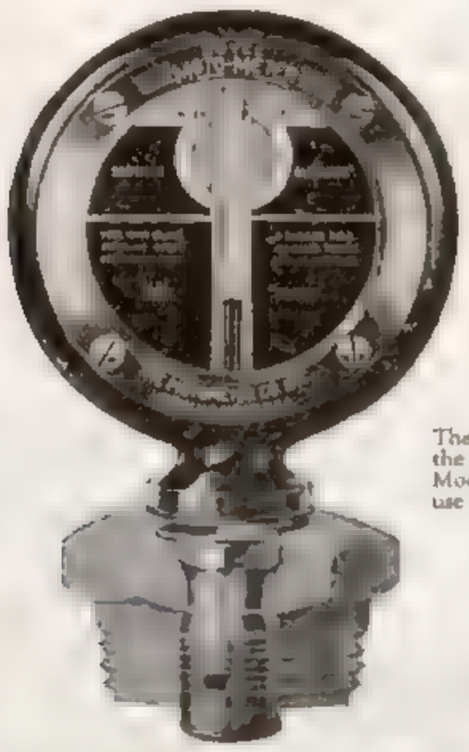
"Your Car Deserves One"



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Seven Models $2.50 to $15.

Trade with the dealer who offers service. Look for the BOYCE MOTO-METER Service Sign.

(Continued from Page 94

"Wore a beard—what sort of beard?"

"Gray, chief."

"Yes, yes, yes. But was it real?"

The man hesitated.

"It looked real, chief."

"Tut, God bless me! I didn't ask if it looked real—but if it was real!"

"Seemed so, chief."

"What was the number of his badge?"

"Q. stroke, three nine eight."

"Ass!" said Mr. Butterwick. "It was a false beard and it deceived you. When on earth will you fellows learn to look for joins instead of effects—when on earth will you look beneath the surface instead of on the surface? If you can't smell spirit gum in the daylight, what can you smell? And what did this precious mountebank do?"

"He was in the office about eight minutes, chief."

"Alone?"

"Alone, chief."

"Then understand this: If he or any more like him come messing around these quarters I am to be rung up before they're admitted—even if it's Mr. Diplock himself."

"Very good, chief."

Mr. Butterwick flashed up and down the little office, his eyes everywhere. At the writing table he stooped and picked up a piece of India rubber.

"Who's been using this?"

"Not I, chief."

"No, and I don't suppose you noticed it had been used?"

"'Fraid I didn't."

"When the relief comes you may report for a change of duty."

The detective looked very glum and chastened.

"Very good, chief."

At the door Mr. Butterwick turned, and once more the smile was playing at the corners of his mouth.

"I'm in a bad mood, Parsons," he said. "A very bad mood. Upset, I am. You're not a bad fellow. Yes, yes, yes. Don't worry."

On the step outside he halted, cast his eyes round the landscape and pointed with a bony finger.

"Who's been messing about with that junk heap?" he demanded. "That scrap has been turned over."

"There were two men from the gas works here this morning," replied one of the two sentries, amazed at the quickness of his chief's perception.

"How do you know where they came from?"

"I asked 'em what they were up to, and saw their authority."

"And what were they up to?"

"Tracing a leak, chief."

"Oh, yes, yes, yes."

He walked to the spot and stood a moment examining the litter of boxes and rusty iron oddments which had recently been disturbed. An indescribable sense of warning whispered in his ear that the key to a possible mystery lay hidden beneath his feet—that it would be wise to procure workmen and examine the scrap heap very thoroughly. But all day long these whispers had been disturbing him, and Mr. Butterwick was not a man who allowed himself to be ruled by instinctive warnings. To yield to such would be a betrayal of his own ideal—the ideal of cold, relentless reason which was the lodestar of his being.

With a shrug of the shoulders he marched away into the humid mist which was settling like a coverlet upon the land.

"I want a tonic," said he.

And bowls being out of season he repaired to a little skittle alley some small distance away, where with no other society than his own he devoted the rest of the day and a part of the night relentlessly knocking down ninepins as though they were the bitterest enemies of man.

x

HERE are a few notes made by George Wedderton upon the three detectives who composed the night guard at Martyn Saville's office, between the hours of twelve midnight and six A.M.:

THOMAS TAUDRIDGE: 42, of 8 Beal Buildings, married, no children. Teetotaler. Ex Indian police, served as instructor of physical culture during the war. Powerful, reliable, unapproachable. Point—inside the office.

CHARLES AMES: 39, of 22 Beal Buildings, unmarried. Fond of company. Moderate drinker. Takes a pint of beer before coming on duty, obtains same at side door of Flying Scud in Marine Street. Late sergeant in Royal Fusiliers, reliable but overcommunicative. Prior to present employment worked at Spears' Private Investigations Ltd." Point—outside office.

ALBERT FLAVER, 28, of 3 Wharfside Walk, unmarried, moderate drinker. Fond of [illegible] society, overanxious to [illegible] of gallantry. Never refuses the invitation of bright eyes. Trustworthy in all other respects. Suspicious and active brained. Sticker for duty. Served with the Heavy Artillery, demobilized into present employment. Point—outside office.

This was the information placed by George in the hands of Mossi, and having done so he left the matter of the men's disposal exclusively to the little Italian's genius, with the sole proviso that no lethal methods should be adopted.

It was Mossi who worked out the details of the campaign with his customary skill and ingenuity.

"The difficulty is to attack these three men simultaneously," said he, "but it is by no means impossible to overcome. At precisely ten minutes after two we must be sure they are all unconscious. Then we can get to work."

The disposal of Taudridge, who was posted inside the office, was already provided for. It was the two others who required skillful handling—and got it.

The communicative Ames had no complaint to register against the pint of beer served him by the landlord of the Flying Scud on this particular night. The blue-striped mug from which he always drank it hung on a nail just inside the back door. It was known as "Mr. Ames' special." During the daytime the door stood open, and no one was suspicious of the tramp who had presented himself during the afternoon and volunteered to chop wood. Certainly no one saw him drop a tiny crystal into the blue china mug, the while he represented himself as a willing son of toil. The crystal was flavorless but potent. It dissolved readily enough in beer, but it was a matter of two hours before it dissolved in the human system. No sooner had it done so, however, than its effect was immediate, consciousness being wiped out and vanishing with the rapidity of a conjuror's coin. Mr. Ames collapsed in his little sentry box as the clocks were striking two.

Nor was the case of Albert Flaver any the less parlous. To him the dope had been administered otherwise, in the form of a hypodermic injection. Indeed, when unconsciousness descended upon him he was pleasantly engaged in reflecting upon the rosy cheek of an unknown damsel who two hours earlier had fallen a victim to his charms. She had bestowed her lips upon his with a pretty and modest grace that he as a connoisseur was quick to approve. The enjoyment had proved so much to his taste that he barely noticed the inevitable pin at her waist that scored his hand. It was not often so pretty a bird fluttered into his net, and Albert Flaver was a man who paid tribute to the gods for the gifts they bestowed upon him.

Wherefore was the door of Martyn Saville's office protected by two sleeping men, while within the third fought for breath in a very mysterious fashion indeed.

Paolo Mossi did not open the valve of the gas cylinder until he had seen, through a crack in the packing case that concealed him, the sudden collapse of the front-line system. Here was a piece of ingenuity for which George was responsible. It is obviously better to have a door opened for you from within than to knock it down from without, and it seemed reasonable to suppose that the first thought of any man experiencing the sensation of suffocation would be to get into the fresh air.

Nor was the surmise unwarranted. Thomas Taudridge was sitting between the two safes when a choking in the throat and a smarting of the eyes advised him of something unusual toward. The gas made no sound as it passed through the old jet and poisoned the air.

A horrible dizziness came over the detective as he sprang to his feet. To shout to his companions outside he filled his lungs, taking in a great draft that seemed to paralyze his voice and action. Only by a prodigious effort of will did he succeed in struggling across the room and throwing back the bolts. He seized the handle and flung open the door. A delicious waft of cool night air enveloped him. He rocked for a moment on his heels, spun half round and pitched head foremost down the steps.

It was George Wedderton, in the rough mechanic's clothes of John Slave, who leaped out of the shadows to catch him as he fell, and saved a skull from being cracked.

He was joined immediately by the Italian, Mossi, who was carrying a black bag.

"So far, good," said he.

With a handkerchief over his mouth he dived into the office, threw up the window and reappeared.

"With this breeze it will be clear in one minute."

They spent the minute putting Ames and Flaver into sitting positions in their sentry boxes. Taudridge they picked up and carried inside as soon as the air was breathable.

"Now," said Mossi, lowering the blind and closing the door, "you say you can open the safe without knowing the combination. You may have five minutes to try—but if you do not succeed ——"

He left the sentence unfinished, but laid upon the table a variety of oddly designed tools.

"I can do it," said George. "But don't talk."

A play called Jimmy Valentine had given him the idea. The hero of the piece was able by the very sensitiveness of his touch to feel out the combination of a safe without knowledge of the key word. It would have been a little difficult for George to explain satisfactorily to his companion how he had come into possession of the key word, wherefore he had attributed to himself this convenient gift.

His acting before the safe was excellent and tremendously convincing. He ummed and grunted unceasingly, and at the end of four and a half minutes said "Ah!" and threw open the door. As a fact he might have saved himself the trouble of these elaborate histrionics, for never once had the Italian looked at him, being too busily engaged setting up a camera and preparing a little trayful of magnesium.

"Here are the keys," said George.

He avoided interfering while Mossi ran through the contents of the larger safe. The little man seized upon the drawing, carried it to the light and paused over it greedily with grunts of satisfaction.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" said he. "Set it up there upon the glass of that framed picture."

Whereupon George took from his mouth a piece of chewing gum, and rolling it up into four small pieces attached one to each corner of the back of the drawing. This done he pressed the corners upon the surface of the glass.

"Ready," said he.

Mossi lost little time in focusing the camera while George appointed himself with the flashlight apparatus, carelessly spilling a very small quantity of the magnesium powder upon the floor. At a word of command he pressed the trigger and there followed a blinding flash of radiance and a pall of white smoke.

"Good," said Mossi. "I shall leave the rest to you. When you have done come to the appointed place. You have a rag and the alcohol?"

George nodded.

"Clean the door of the safe and the surface of this table; also wipe off that chair back and the traces on the picture glass. There must be no finger prints. You understand?"

"I understand very well," said George. "They should not wake for another quarter of an hour.

Slipping his camera and other apparatus into the black bag, the little Italian passed out and vanished into the night.

But George did not carry out the orders he had received; indeed, he neglected them disgracefully. In removing the drawing from the picture glass he carelessly left one of the pills of chewing gum sticking to the surface, and evidences of the others were easy to detect. Curiously enough the adhesive left no marks on the back of the drawing itself, a circumstance which he noted with satisfaction.

Then seating himself at the table he rapidly erased the letter B which he had penciled in earlier in the day and replaced it with the letter A. This done he crossed to the bookcase and from behind it rescued the drawing he had hidden and conveyed both it and its fellow to the larger safe, replacing them in the exact position originally occupied. He closed the door with his elbow, locked it with a rubber-gloved hand and put the keys in the second safe, which he fastened with the appropriate word "Finis."

But this was not the end of his labors. Armed with a pocket torch he made a careful examination of the chair back and the surface of the table, and had little difficulty in finding a few fresh finger prints. But these he made no effort to remove, and instead collected some fine dust from above the door and puffed it lightly over the incriminating impressions, a performance which greatly increased their tangible evidence.

"A very satisfactory evening," he remarked to himself, and passed out of the office, pausing a space to examine the two guards, who were beginning to move uneasily in their sleep.

Somewhere in the distance he caught the sound of approaching footsteps. It was the workshop's patrol on their nightly round. He listened for a second to assure himself of their direction, then pulling his cap over his eyes he turned abruptly and broke into a silent run, keeping well in the shadows and avoiding the open spaces, white-lit by the arc standards that made a mock of night.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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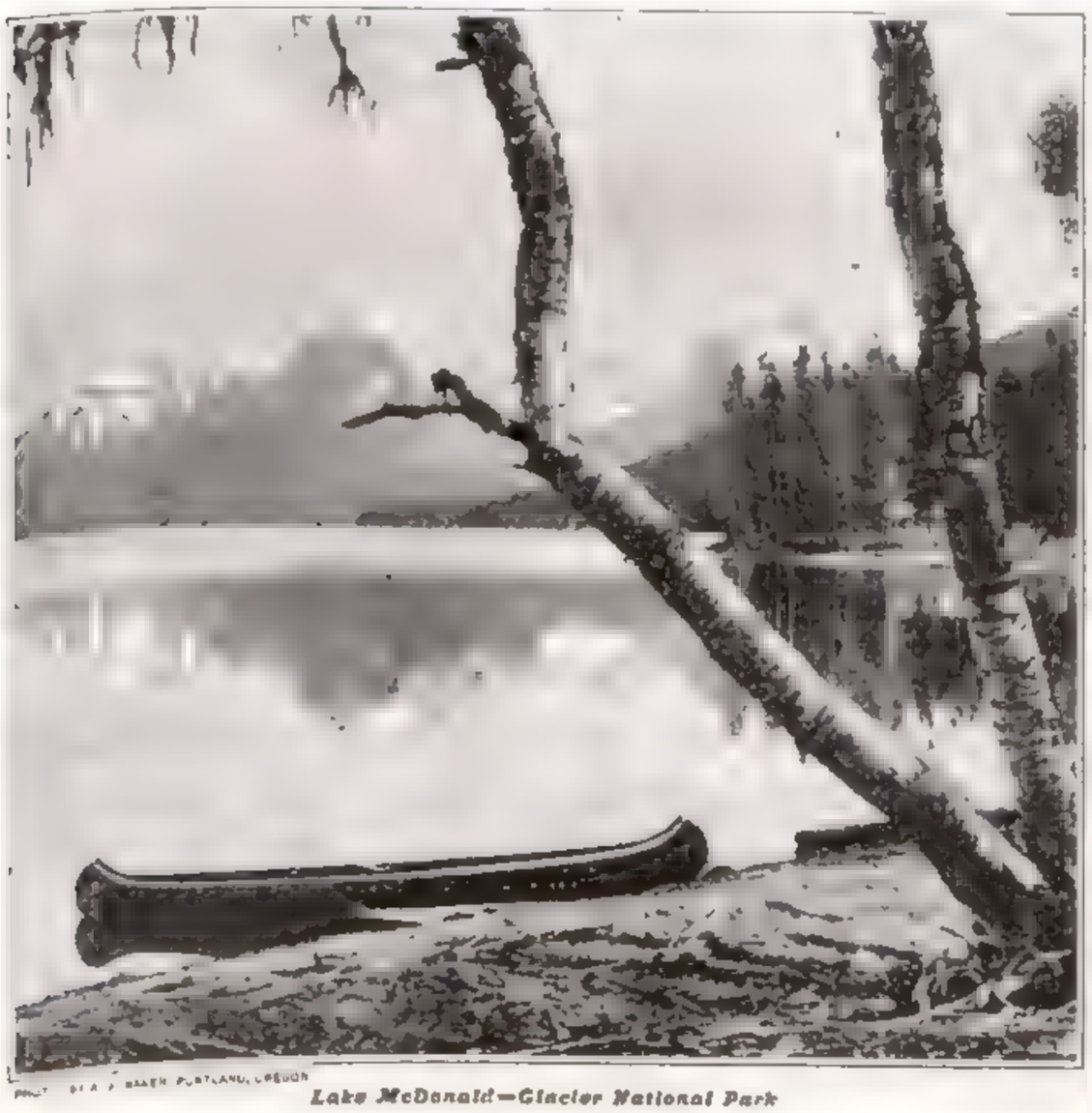

Lake McDonald—Glacier National Park

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THE REMINISCENCES OF A STOCK OPERATOR

(Continued from Page 17)

for the next quotation that comes out on the tape. He writes that price and the time on your ticket, O. K.'s it and gives it back to you, and then you go to the cashier and get whatever cash it calls for. Of course, when the market goes against you and the price goes beyond the limit set by your margin, your trade automatically closes itself and your ticket becomes one more scrap of paper.

"In the humbler bucket shops, where people were allowed to trade in as little as five shares, the tickets were little slips—different colors for buying and selling—and at times, as for instance in boiling bull markets, the shops would be hard hit because all the customers were bulls and happened to be right. Then the bucket shop would deduct both buying and selling commissions and if you bought a stock at 20 the ticket would read 20¼. You thus had only ¼ of a point's run for your money.

"But the Cosmopolitan was the finest in New England. It had thousands of patrons and I really think I was the only man they were afraid of. Neither the killing premium nor the three-point margin they made me put up reduced my trading much. I kept on buying and selling as much as they'd let me."

"How big a line did they let you carry?"

"Ever?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Oh, five thousand shares," said Livingston.

"In a bucket shop, on a three-point margin, which was supposed to be unnecessarily big?"

He nodded and went on:

"Well, on the day the thing happened that I am going to tell you, I was short thirty-five hundred shares of Sugar. I had seven big pink tickets for five hundred shares each. The Cosmopolitan used big slips with a blank space on them where they could write down additional margin. Of course, the bucket shops never ask for more margin. The thinner the shoestring the better for them, for their profit lies in your being wiped. In the smaller shops if you wanted to margin your trade still further they'd make out a new ticket, so they could charge you the buying commission and only give you a run of ¾ of a point on each point's decline, for they figured the selling commission also."

A Ticklish Situation

"Well, this day I remember I had up over $10,000 in margins; not so bad for a kid who looked several years younger than he was."

"How old were you then?"

"About twenty-one."

"And you had made over ten thousand dollars by then?" I asked.

"Oh, I was only twenty when I first accumulated ten thousand dollars in cash. And you ought to have heard my mother! You'd have thought that ten thousand dollars in cash was more than anybody carried around except old John D., and she used to tell me to be satisfied and go into some regular business. I had a hard time convincing her that I was not gambling, but making money by figuring. But all she could see was that ten thousand dollars was a lot of money, and all I could see was more margin.

"I had put out my 3500 shares of Sugar at 105¼. There was another fellow in the room, Henry Williams, who was short 2500 shares. I used to sit by the ticker and call out the quotations for the board boy. The price behaved as I thought it would. It promptly went down a couple of points and paused a little to get its breath before taking another dip. The general market was pretty soft and everything looked promising. Then all of a sudden I didn't like the way Sugar was doing its hesitating. I began to feel uncomfortable. I thought I ought to get out of the market. Then it sold at 103—that was low for the day—but instead of feeling more confident I felt more uncertain. I knew something was wrong somewhere, but I couldn't spot it exactly. But if something was coming and I didn't know where from, I couldn't be on my guard against it. That being the case I'd better be out of the market.

"You know, I don't do things blindly. I don't like to. I never did. Even as a kid I had to know why I should do certain things. But this time I had no definite reason to give to myself, and yet I was so uncomfortable that I couldn't stand it. I called to a fellow I knew, Dave Wyman, and said to him: 'Dave, you take my place here. I want you to do something for me. Wait a little before you call out the next price of Sugar. Call it last, will you?'

"He said he would, and I got up and gave him my place by the ticker so he could call out the prices for the boy. I took my seven Sugar tickets out of my pocket and walked over to the counter, to where the clerk was who marked the tickets when you closed your trades. But I didn't really know why I should get out of the market, so I just stood there, leaning against the counter, my tickets in my hand so that the clerk couldn't see them. Pretty soon I heard the clicking of a telegraph instrument and I saw Tom Burnham, the clerk, turn his head quickly and listen. Then I felt that something crooked was hatching, and I decided not to wait any longer. Just then Dave Wyman by the ticker began: 'Su——' and quick as a flash I slapped my tickets on the counter in front of the clerk and yelled 'Close Sugar!' before Dave had finished calling the price. So, of course, the house had to close my Sugar at the last quotation. What Dave called turned out to be 103 again."

How They Worked It

"According to my dope Sugar should have broken 103 by now. The engine wasn't hitting right. I had the feeling that there was a trap in the neighborhood. At all events, the telegraph instrument was now going like mad and I noticed that Tom Burnham, the clerk, had left my tickets unmarked where I laid them, and was listening to the clicking as if he were waiting for something. So I yelled at him: 'Hey, Tom, what in hell are you waiting for? Mark the price on these tickets—103! Get a gait on!'

"Everybody in the room heard me and began to look toward us and ask what was the trouble, for you see, while the Cosmopolitan had never laid down, there was no telling, and a run on a bucket shop can start like a run on a bank. If one customer gets suspicious the others follow suit. So Tom looked sulky but came over and marked my tickets 'Closed at 103' and shoved the seven of them over toward me. He sure had a sour face.

"Say, the distance from Tom's place to the cashier's cage wasn't over eight feet. But I hadn't got to the cashier to get my money when Dave Wyman by the ticker yelled excitedly: 'Gosh! Sugar, 108!' But it was too late; so I just laughed and called over to Tom. 'It didn't work that time, did it, old boy?'"

Livingston paused to look at me and I saw him—in the bucket shop twenty years before, a sandy-haired kid with blue-gray eyes, laughing at the discomfited bucketeers. There was nothing in Livingston's voice to show that he ever had felt any great indignation or resentment against the Cosmopolitan gang. The game was the game he had chosen to play and he took both a square deal and sharp practice as alike, being conditions on which he must reckon. He went on:

"Of course, it was a put-up job. Henry Williams and I together were short six thousand shares of Sugar. That bucket shop had my margin and Henry's, and there may have been a lot of other Sugar shorts in the office; possibly eight or ten thousand shares in all. Suppose they had $20,000 in Sugar margins. That was enough to pay them to thimblerig the market on the New York Stock Exchange and wipe us out. In the old days whenever a bucket shop found itself loaded with too many bulls on a certain stock it was a common practice to get some broker to wash down the price of that stock far enough to wipe out all the customers that were long of it. This seldom cost the bucket shop more than a couple of points on a few hundred shares, and they made thousands of dollars

(Continued on Page 101)

—"When he had lashed her with his cutting tongue into actual sobbing, with tears falling hotly on her cheeks, he abruptly called out 'Camera!'" —from Samuel Merwin's extraordinary novel of the screen world—"Hattie of Hollywood," beginning in the July issue. The enthralling life story of a girl who, at last, was made, not marred, by the movies. Daringly truthful, superb in local color—Mr. Merwin at his very best—you should not miss a chapter of it.

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"Shall I go to the movies tonight?" "Do I know anything about the 'feature play,' except the advertisements of it?" "Will it bore or thrill me?" "Shall I be glad I took the children—or sorry?" Millions are asking themselves such questions every day. Millions of dollars are wasted on plays that disappoint. Photoplay's monthly review of the new pictures is saving an immense amount of time and money for its readers. Fearless, fair, unbiased and authoritative, this department is acclaimed as a national index of plays worth while—and those that are not. You will read it with profit and pleasure—it's "not the usual sort of thing," because

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"Never Told Tales About"—wouldn't you like to know? The hero of a hundred interviews turns his private notebook over to the editors and escapes incognito! Here are his never-before-published impressions of some famous screen stars. Frank and humorous, with a touch of delightful satire, this galaxy of interviews is "not the usual sort of thing."

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"The sneeze was accidental, but the photographic effect was excellent . . ." The first actor before a motion picture camera was a mechanic in the Edison laboratories. He sneezed—and a scenario came into being! A true incident in Mr. Ramsaye's "Romantic History of the Motion Picture." A fascinating epic of human ambition, love, conflict and achievement. For the first time the inside history of one of the world's greatest industries has been written, in all its details.

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The screen needs new faces and Photoplay believes there is star material in every city, town and hamlet. Photoplay is going to help find the unknown and the unsought and give them the opportunity to learn the first steps necessary to advancement. As in the past, Photoplay will continue to publish every month the most authoritative articles, giving the real facts about the chances of fame and fortune in motion pictures.

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The July Photoplay, on sale today everywhere, will be the greatest magazine ever published about motion pictures. Twenty-one fascinating features, richly illustrated, plus a beautiful painting of Rodolph Valentino reproduced in colors on the cover. Photoplay is the outstanding, outselling moving picture magazine because of its fearless editorial policy of telling the truth and because of its belief that the American public can have better and more wholesome pictures by expressing their opinions at the box office. If it is "not the usual sort of thing"—

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For dress wear, business, street and sports wear and Knock-about use. Silk, Lisle, Wool and Cotton.

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It carries with it the *personal pledge* of the maker's responsibility for uniform high quality and money's worth.

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COOPER'S - BENNINGTON
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The Allen A Company
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(Continued from Page 98)

"That was what the Cosmopolitan did to get me and Henry Williams and the other Sugar shorts. Their brokers in New York ran up the price to 108. Of course it fell right back, but Henry and a lot of others were wiped out. Whenever there was an unexplained sharp drop which was followed by instant recovery, the newspapers in those days used to call it a bucket-shop drive.

"And the funniest thing," continued Livingston, "was that not later than ten days after the Cosmopolitan people tried to double-cross me a New York operator did them out of over seventy thousand dollars. This man, who was quite a market factor in his day and a member of the New York Stock Exchange, made a great name for himself as a bear during the Bryan panic of '96. He was forever running up against Stock Exchange rules that kept him from carrying out some of his plans at the expense of his fellow members. One day he figured that there would be no complaints from either the exchange or the police authorities if he took from the bucket shops of the land some of their ill-gotten gains. In the instance I speak of he sent thirty-five men to act as customers. They went to the main office and to the bigger branches. On a certain day at a fixed hour the agents all bought as much of a certain stock as the managers would let them. They had instructions to sneak out at a certain profit. Of course what he did was to distribute bull tips on that stock among his cronies and then he went in to the floor of the Stock Exchange and bid up the price, helped by the room traders, who thought he was a good sport. Being careful to pick out the right stock for that work, there was no trouble in putting up the price three or four points. His agents at the bucket shops cashed in as prearranged. "A fellow told me the originator cleaned up seventy thousand dollars net, and his agents made their expenses and their pay besides. He played that game several times all over the country, punishing the bigger bucket shops of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis. One of his favorite stocks was Western Union, because it was so easy to move a semiactive stock like that a few points up or down. His agents bought it at a certain figure, sold at two points profit, went short and took three points more. By the way, I read the other day that that man died, poor and obscure. If he had died in 1896 he would have got at least a column on the first page of every New York paper. As it was he got two lines."

Early Weeks in New York

"Well, between the discovery that the Cosmopolitan Stock Brokerage Company was ready to beat me by foul means if the killing handicap of a three-point margin and a point-and-a-half premium didn't do it, and hints that they didn't want my business anyhow, I soon made up my mind to go to New York, where I could trade in the office of some member of the New York Stock Exchange. I didn't want any Boston branch, where the quotations had to be telegraphed. I wanted to be close to the original source. I came to New York ——"

"How old were you?" I interrupted.

"A little past twenty-one."

"And you didn't look it?"

"I suppose not."

"How much of a roll did you bring with you?"

"All I had; twenty-five hundred dollars."

"But you had made a lot more. You had ten thousand dollars when you were twenty, and your margin on that Sugar deal was over ten thousand."

"I didn't always win," said Livingston.

"But how was it your system sometimes won and sometimes lost?"

"That wasn't it. My plan of trading was sound enough and won much oftener than it lost. If I had stuck to it I'd have been right perhaps as often as seven out of ten times. In fact, I always made money when I was sure I was right before I began. What beat me was not having brains enough to stick to my own game—that is, to play the market only when I was satisfied that precedents favored my play. There is a time for all things, but I didn't know it. And that is precisely what beats so many men in Wall Street who are very far from being in the main sucker class. There is the plain fool, who does the wrong thing at all times everywhere, but there is the Wall Street fool, who thinks he must trade all the time. No man can always have adequate reasons for buying or selling stocks daily—or sufficient knowledge to make his play an intelligent play.

"I proved it. Whenever I read the tape by the light of experience I made money, but when I made a plain sucker play I had to lose. I was no exception, was I?"

He asked it almost indignantly.

"No," I gratefully assured him, thinking of what I had written about the unbeatable game. "You would not bide your time."

Livingston said almost apologetically: "There was the huge quotation board staring me in the face, and the ticker going on, and people trading and watching their tickets turn to cash or to waste paper. Of course I let the craving for excitement get the better of my judgment. In a bucket shop where your margin is a shoestring you don't play for long pulls. You are wiped too easily and quickly. The desire for constant action irrespective of underlying conditions is responsible for many losses in Wall Street even among the professionals, who feel that they must take home some money every day, as though they were working for regular wages. I was only a kid, remember. I did not know then what I learned later, what made me, fifteen years later, wait two long weeks and see a stock on which I was very bullish go up thirty points before I felt that it was safe to buy it. I was broke and was trying to get back, and I couldn't afford to play recklessly. I had to be right, and so I waited."

"When was that?"

"In 1915. It's a long story. Do you want to hear it?" he asked.

The Boy Trader Goes Broke

"Sure, later. Now let's go on from where you left off. You, with your unusual mathematical mind and your remarkable memory, with your exceptional aptitude for the game and your years of practice at it, you the Boy Terror of the Bucket Shops, making a living out of it, you let them take away most of your winnings?" I asked.

Livingston nodded.

"Right! And with my eyes wide open, to boot! And it wasn't the only period of my life when I did it, either. A stock operator has to fight a lot of expensive enemies within himself. Anyhow, I came to New York with twenty-five hundred dollars. There were no bucket shops here that a fellow could trust. The Stock Exchange and the police between them had succeeded in closing them up pretty tight. Besides, I wanted to find a place where the only limit to my trading would be the size of my stake. I didn't have much of one, but I didn't expect it to stay little forever. The main thing at the start was to find a place where I wouldn't have to worry about getting a square deal. So I went to a New York Stock Exchange house that had a branch at home where I knew some of the clerks. They have long since gone out of business. I wasn't there long, didn't like one of the partners, and then I went to A. R. Fullerton & Co. Somebody must have told them about my early experiences, because it was not long before they all got to calling me the Boy Trader. I've always looked young. It was a handicap in some ways, but it compelled me to fight for my own because so many tried to take advantage of my youth. The chaps at the bucket shops seeing what a kid I was, always thought I was a fool for luck and that that was the only reason why I beat them so often.

"Well, it wasn't six months before I was broke. I was a pretty active trader and had a sort of reputation as a winner. I guess my commissions amounted to something. I ran up my account quite a little, but, of course, in the end I lost. I played carefully; but I had to lose. I'll tell you the reason: It was my remarkable success in the bucket shops!

"I could beat the game my way only in a bucket shop, where I was betting on fluctuations. My tape reading had to do with that exclusively. When I bought, the price was there on the quotation board, right in front of me. Even before I bought I knew exactly the price I'd have to pay for my stock. And I always could sell on the instant. I could scalp successfully, because I could move like lightning. I could follow up my luck or cut my loss in a second. Sometimes, for instance, I was certain a stock would move at least a point. Well, I didn't have to hog it, I could put up a point margin and double my money

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in a jiffy; or I'd take half a point. On one or two hundred shares a day, that wouldn't be bad at the end of the month, what?

"The practical trouble with that arrangement, of course, was that even if the bucket shop had the resources to stand a big steady loss, they wouldn't do it. They wouldn't have a customer around the place who had the bad taste to win all the time.

"At all events, what was a perfect system for trading in bucket shops didn't work in Fullerton's office. There I was actually buying and selling stocks. The price of Sugar on the tape might be 105 and I could see a three-point drop coming. As a matter of fact, at the very moment the ticker was printing 105 on the tape the real price on the floor of the Exchange might be 104 or 103. By the time my order to sell a thousand shares got to Fullerton's floor man to execute, the price might be still lower. I couldn't tell at what price I had put out my thousand shares until I got a report from the clerk. When I surely would have made three thousand on the same transaction in a bucket shop I might not make a cent in a Stock Exchange house. Of course, I have taken an extreme case, but the fact remains that in A. R. Fullerton's office the tape always talked ancient history to me, as far as my system of trading went, and I didn't realize it.

"And then, too, if my order was fairly big my own sale would tend further to depress the price. In the bucket shop I didn't have to figure on the effect of my own trading. I lost in New York because the game was altogether different. It was not that I now was playing it legitimately that made me lose, but that I was playing it ignorantly. You told me you thought I was the best reader of the tape you ever saw who was not a member of the New York Stock Exchange."

Livingston looked at me. I nodded and said, "You are."

"Well," he went on, "reading the tape like an expert did not save me. I might have made out a great deal better if I had been on the floor myself, a room trader. In a particular crowd perhaps I might have adapted my system to the conditions immediately before me. But, of course, if I had got to operating on such a scale as I do now, for instance, the system would have equally failed me, on account of the effect of my own trading on prices.

"In short, I did not know the game of stock speculation. I knew a part of it, a rather important part, which has been very valuable to me at all times. But if with all I had I still lost, what chance does the green sucker have of cashing in?"

A Change of Base

"It didn't take me long to realize that there was something wrong with my play, but I couldn't spot the exact trouble. There were times when my system worked beautifully, and then, all of a sudden, nothing but one swat after another. I was only twenty-two, remember; not that I was so stuck on myself that I didn't want to know just where I was at fault, but that at that age nobody knows much of anything.

"The people in the office were very nice to me. I couldn't plunge as I wanted to because of my margin requirements, but old A. R. Fullerton and the rest of the firm were so kind to me that after six months of active trading I not only lost all I had brought and all that I had made there but I even owed the firm a few hundreds.

"There I was, a mere kid, who had never before been away from home, strapped. Of course there was only one thing to do and that was to get back to trading. I studied my failure to make good in Fullerton's office. I was flat broke, but what was the use of getting hot with anybody? I knew there wasn't anything wrong with me; only with my play. I don't know whether I make myself plain, but I never lose my temper over the stock market. I never argue with the tape. Getting sore at the market doesn't get you anywhere.

"I was so anxious to resume trading that I went to old man Fullerton and said to him, 'Say, A. R., lend me five hundred dollars.'

"'What for?' says he.

"'I've got to have some money.'

"'What for?' he says again.

"'For margin, of course,' I said.

"'Five hundred dollars?' he said, and frowned. 'You know they'd expect you to keep up a 10 per cent margin, and that means one thousand dollars on one hundred shares. Much better to give you a credit ——'.

"'No,' I said, 'I don't want a credit here. I already owe the firm something. What I want is for you to lend me five hundred dollars so I can go out and get a roll and come back.'

"'How are you going to do it?' asked old A. R.

"'I'll go and trade in a bucket shop,' I told him.

"'Trade here,' he said.

"'No,' I said. 'I'm not sure yet I can beat the game in this office, but I am sure I can take money out of the bucket shops. I know that game. I have a notion that I know just where I went wrong here. But what I need now is that five hundred dollars.'

"He let me have it, and I went out of that office where the Boy Terror of the Bucket Shops, as you called him, had lost his pile. I knew I couldn't go back home because not one of the shops there would take my business. New York was out of the question; there weren't any doing business at that time. They tell me that in the 90's Broad Street and New Street were full of them. But there weren't any when I needed them in my business. So after some thinking I decided to go to St. Louis. I had heard of two concerns there that did an enormous business all through the Middle West. Their profits must have been huge. They had branch offices in dozens of towns. In fact I had been told that there were no concerns in the East to compare with them for volume of business. They ran openly and the best people traded there without any qualms. A fellow even told me that the owner of one of the concerns was a vice president of the Chamber of Commerce, but that couldn't have been in St. Louis. At any rate, that is where I went with my five hundred dollars to bring back a stake to use as margin in the office of A. R. Fullerton & Co., members of the New York Stock Exchange."

Adventures in St. Louis

"When I got to St. Louis I went to the hotel, washed up and went out to find the bucket shops. One was the J. G. Dolan Company, and the other was H. S. Teller & Co. I knew I could beat them. I was going to play dead safe—carefully and conservatively. My one fear was that somebody might recognize me and give me away, because the bucket shops all over had heard of the Boy Trader. They are like gambling houses and get all the gossip of the profesh.

"Dolan was nearer than Teller, and I went there first. I was hoping I might be allowed to do business a few days before they told me to take my trade somewhere else. I walked in. It was a whopping big place and there must have been at least a couple of hundred people there staring at the quotations. I was glad, because in such a crowd I stood a better chance of being unnoticed. I stood and watched the board and looked them over carefully until I picked out the stock for my initial play.

"I looked around and saw the order clerk at the window where you put down your money and get your ticket. He was looking at me so I walked up to him and asked, 'Is this where you trade in cotton and wheat?'

"'Yes, sonny,' says he.

"'Can I buy stocks too?'

"'You can if you have the cash,' he said.

"'Oh, I got that all right, all right,' I said, like a boasting boy.

"'You have, have you?' he says with a smile.

"'How much stock can I buy for one hundred dollars?' I asked, peevedlike.

"'One hundred; if you got the hundred.'

"'I got the hundred. Yes; and two hundred too!' I told him.

"'Oh, my!' he said.

"'Just you buy me two hundred shares,' I said sharply.

"'Two hundred what?' he asked, serious now. It was business.

"I looked at the board again as if to guess wisely and told him, 'Two hundred Omaha.'

"'All right!' he said. He took my money, counted it and wrote out the ticket.

"'What's your name?' he asked me, and I answered 'Horace Kent.'

"He gave me the ticket and I went away and sat down among the customers to wait for the roll to grow. I got quick action and I traded several times that day. On the next day too. In two days I made twenty-eight hundred dollars, and I was hoping

(Continued on Page 105)

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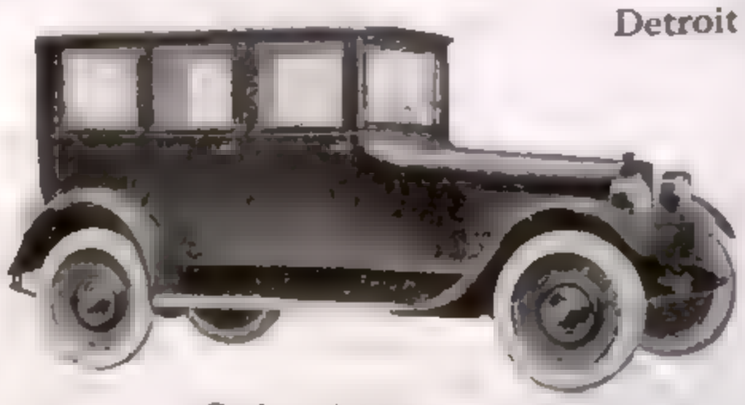

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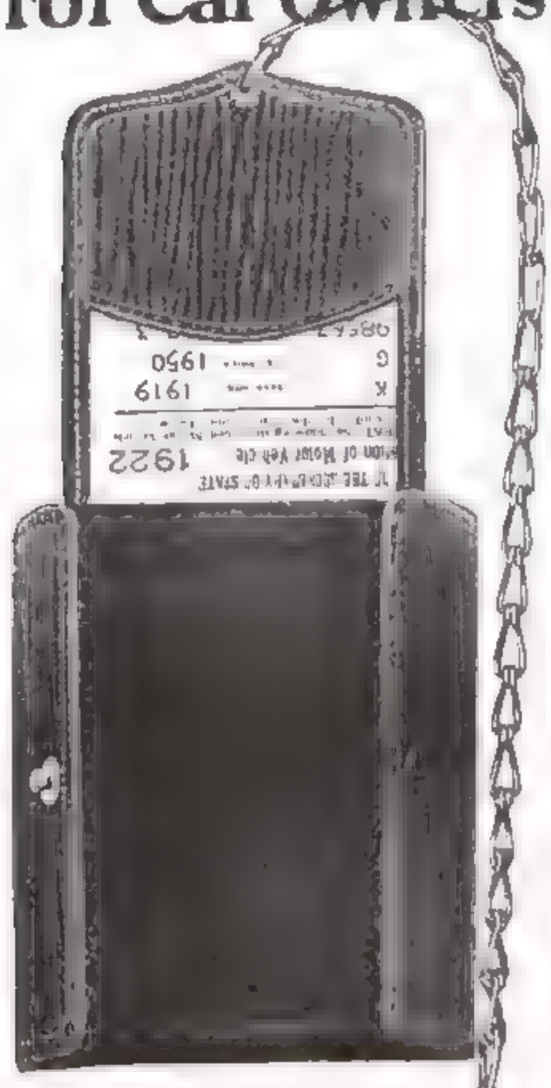

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(Continued from Page 102)

they'd let me finish the week out. At the rate I was going, that wouldn't be so bad. Then I'd tackle the other shop, and if I had similar luck there I'd go back to New York with a wad I could do something with.

"On the morning of the third day, when I went to the window, bashful-like, to buy five hundred B. R. T. the clerk said to me, 'Say, Mr. Kent, the boss wants to see you.'

"I knew the game was up. But I asked him, 'What does he want to see me about?'

"'I don't know.'

"'Where is he?'

"'In his private office. Go in that way.' And he pointed to a door.

"I went in. Dolan was sitting at his desk. He swung around and said, 'Sit down, Livingston.'

"He pointed to a chair. My last hope vanished. I don't know how he discovered who I was; perhaps from the hotel register.

"'What do you want to see me about?' I asked him.

"'Listen, kid. I ain't got nothin' agin yeh, see? Nothin' at all. See?'

"'No, I don't see,' I said.

"He got up from his swivel chair. He was a whopping big guy. He said to me, 'Just come over here, Livingston, will yeh?' And he walked to the door. He opened it and then he pointed to the customers in the big room.

"'D'yeh see them?' he asked.

"'See what?'

"'Them guys. Take a look at 'em, kid. There's three hundred of 'em! Three hundred suckers! They feed me and my family. See? Three hundred suckers! Then yeh come in, and in two days yeh cop more than I get out of the three hundred in two weeks. That ain't business, kid—not for me! I ain't got nothin' agin yeh. Yer welcome to what ye've got. But yeh don't get any more. There ain't any here for yeh!'

"'Why, I

"'That's all. I seen yeh come in day before yesterday, and I didn't like yer looks. On the level, I didn't. I spotted yeh for a ringer. I called in that jackass there'—he pointed to the guilty clerk—'and asked what you'd done; and when he told me I said to him: "I don't like that guy's looks. He's a ringer!" And that piece of cheese says: "Ringer my eye, boss! His name is Horace Kent, and he's a rah-rah boy playing at being used to long pants. He's all right!" Well, I let him have his way. That blankety-blank cost me twenty-eight hundred dollars. I don't grudge it yeh, my boy. But the safe is locked for yeh.'

"'Look here ——' I began.

"'You look here, Livingston,' he said. 'I've heard all about yeh. I make my money coppering suckers' bets, and yeh don't belong here. I aim to be a sport and yer welcome to what yeh pried off'n us. But more of that would make me a sucker, now that I know who yeh are. So toddle along, sonny!'"

What Happened at Teller's

"I left Dolan's place with my twenty-eight hundred dollars' profit. Teller's place was in the same block. I had found out that Teller was a very rich man who also ran up a lot of pool rooms. I decided to go to his bucket shop. I wondered whether it would be wise to start moderately and work up to a thousand shares or to begin with a plunge, on the theory that I might not be able to trade more than one day. They get wise mighty quick when they're losing and I did want to buy one thousand B. R. T. I was sure I could take four or five points out of it. But if they got suspicious or if too many customers were long of that stock they might not let me trade at all. I thought perhaps I'd better scatter my trades at first and begin small.

"It wasn't as big a place as Dolan's, but the fixtures were nicer and evidently the crowd was of a better class. This suited me down to the ground and I decided to buy my one thousand B. R. T. So I stepped up to the proper window and said to the clerk, 'I'd like to buy some B. R. T. What's the limit?'

"'There's no limit,' said the clerk. 'You can buy all you please—if you've got the money.'

"'Buy fifteen hundred shares,' I says, and took my roll from my pocket while the clerk starts to write the ticket.

"Then I saw a red-headed man just shove that clerk away from the counter. He leaned across and said to me, 'Say, Livingston, you go back to Dolan's. We don't want your business.'

"'Wait until I get my ticket,' I said. 'I just bought a little B. R. T.'

"'You get no ticket here,' he said. By this time other clerks had got behind him and were looking at me. 'Don't ever come here to trade. We don't take your business. Understand?'

"There was no sense in getting mad or trying to argue, so I went back to the hotel, paid my bill and took the first train back to New York. It was tough. I wanted to take back some real money, and that Teller wouldn't let me make even one trade."

Livingston paused, possibly for sympathy. But I said, "Well, you could scarcely blame him."

"Why not?"

"He had to live," I said.

"Well, I had to live too," said Livingston, aggrievedly. It was his first show of feeling.

"And then what did you do?" I said.

"I got back to New York, paid back Fullerton's five hundred, and started trading again with the St. Louis money. I had good and bad spells, but I was doing better than breaking even. After all, I didn't have much to unlearn; only to grasp the one fact that there was more to the game of stock speculation than I had considered before I went to Fullerton's office to trade. I was like one of those puzzle fans, doing the crossword puzzles in the Sunday supplement. He isn't satisfied until he gets it. Well, I knew there must be a solution to my puzzle."

"Not necessarily," I interjected controversially.

Old McDevitt's Tip

Livingston stared and then he said: "If there is a reason why prices go up or down, then there is a solution to the problem of making money out of anticipating advances or declines. It may not be an easy solution to find. At all events, I was done with trading in bucket shops."

"And you never operated in a bucket shop after that?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," Livingston laughed.

"Broke again?"

"No. That wasn't why. About a couple of months after I got back to New York an old jigger came into Fullerton's office. He knew A. R. Somebody said they'd once owned a string of race horses together. It was plain he'd seen better days. I was introduced to old McDevitt. He was telling the crowd about a bunch of Western race-track crooks who had just pulled off some skin game out in St. Louis. The head devil, he said, was a pool-room owner by the name of Teller.

"'What Teller?' I asked him.

"'Hi Teller; H. S. Teller.'

"'I know that bird,' I said.

"'He's no good,' said McDevitt.

"'He's worse than that,' I said, 'and I have a little matter to settle with him.'

"'Meaning how?'

"'The only way I can hit any of these short sports is through their pocketbook. I can't touch him in St. Louis just now, but some day I will.' And I told McDevitt my grievance.

"'Well,' says old Mac, 'he tried to connect here in New York and couldn't make it, so he's opened a place in Hoboken. The word's gone out that there is no limit to the play and that the house roll has got the Rock of Gibraltar faded to the shadow of a bantam flea.'

"'What sort of a place?' I thought he meant pool room.

"'Bucket shop,' said McDevitt.

"'Are you sure it's open?'

"'Yes; I've seen several fellows who've told me about it.'

"'That's only hearsay,' I said. 'Can you find out positively if it's running, and also how heavy they'll really let a man trade?'

"'Sure, sonny,' said McDevitt. 'I'll go myself to-morrow morning, and come back here and tell you.'

"He did. It seems Teller was already doing a big business and would take all he could get. This was on a Friday. The market had been going up all that week—this was twenty years ago, remember—and it was a cinch the bank statement on Saturday would show a big decrease in the surplus reserve. That would give the conventional excuse to the big room traders to jump on the market and try to shake out some of the weak commission-house accounts. There would be the usual reactions in the last half hour of the trading, particularly in stocks

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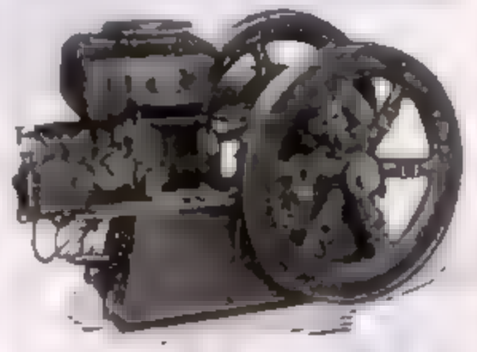

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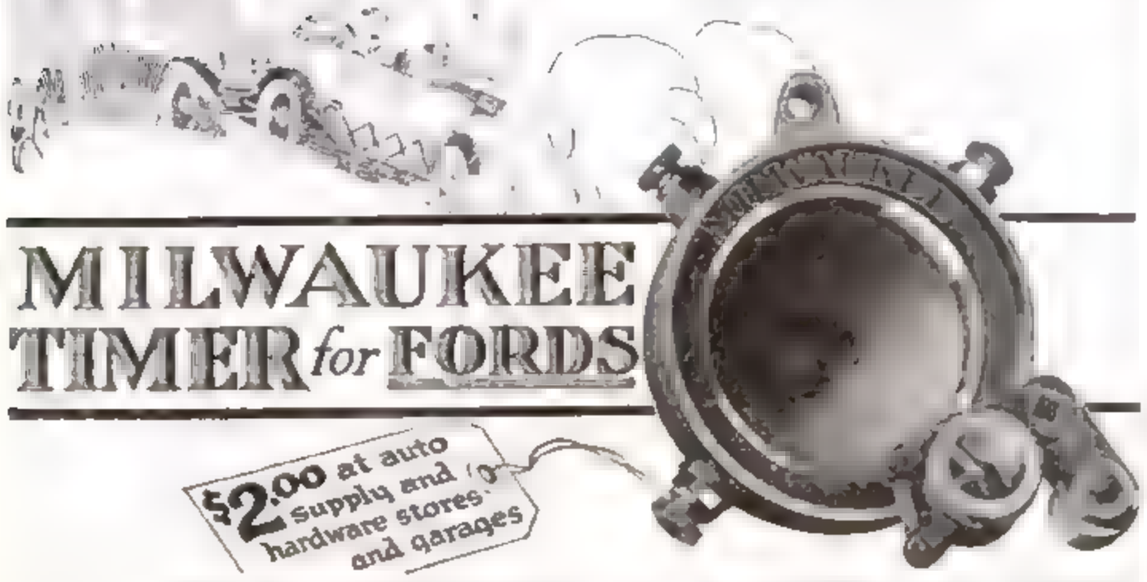

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in which the public had been the most active. Those, of course, also would be the very stocks that Teller's customers would be most heavily long, and the shop might be glad to see some short selling in them. There is nothing so nice as catching the suckers both ways; and nothing so easy—with one-point margins.

"That Saturday morning I chased over to Hoboken to the Teller place. They had fitted up a big customers' room with a dandy quotation board and a full force of clerks and a special policeman in gray. There were about twenty-five customers.

"I got talking to the manager. He asked me what he could do for me and I said nothing: that a fellow could make much more money at the track on account of the odds and the freedom to bet your whole roll and stand to win thousands in minutes instead of piking for chicken feed in stocks and having to wait days, perhaps. He began to tell me how much safer the stock-market game was, and how much some of their customers made—you'd have sworn it was a regular broker who actually bought and sold your stocks on the exchange—and how if a man only traded heavy he could make enough to satisfy anybody. He must have thought I was headed for some pool room and he wanted a whack at my roll before the ponies nibbled it away, for he said I ought to hurry up as the market closed at twelve o'clock on Saturdays. That would leave me free to devote the entire afternoon to other pursuits. I might have a bigger stake to carry to the track with me—if I picked the right stocks.

"I looked as if I didn't believe him, and he kept on buzzing me. I was watching the clock. At 11:15 I said, 'All right,' and I began to give him selling orders in various stocks. I put up two thousand dollars in cash, and he was very glad to get it. He told me he thought I'd make a lot of money and hoped I'd come in often.

"It happened just as I figured. The traders hammered the stocks in which they figured they would uncover the most stops, and, sure enough, prices slid off. I closed out my trades just before the rally of the last five minutes on the usual traders' covering.

"There was fifty-one hundred dollars coming to me. I went to cash in.

"'I am glad I dropped in,' I said to the manager, and gave him my tickets.

"'Say,' he says to me, 'I can't give you all of it. I wasn't looking for such a run. I'll have it here for you, Monday morning, sure as blazes.'

"'All right. But first I'll take all you have in the house,' I said.

"'You've got to let me pay off the little fellows,' he said. 'I'll give you back what you put up, and anything that's left. Wait till I cash the other tickets.' So I waited while he paid off the other winners. Oh, I knew my money was safe. Teller wouldn't welsh with the office doing such a good business. And if he did, what else could I do better than to take all he had then and there? I got my own two thousand dollars and about eight hundred dollars besides, which was all he had in the office. I told him I'd be there Monday morning. He swore the money would be waiting for me."

Settling an Old Score

"I got to Hoboken a little before twelve on Monday. I saw a fellow talking to the manager that I had seen in the St. Louis office the day Teller told me to go back to Dolan.

"'I came for the balance of my money,' I said to the manager.

"'Is this the man?' asked the St. Louis chap.

"'Yes,' said the manager, and took a bunch of yellow backs from his pocket.

"'Hold on!' said the St. Louis fellow to him and then turns to me. 'Say, Livingston, didn't we tell you we didn't want your business?'

"'Give me my money first,' I said to the manager, and he forked over two thousands, four five-hundreds and three hundreds.

"'What did you say?' I said to St. Louis.

"'We told you we didn't want you to trade in our place.'

"'Yes,' I said; 'that's why I came.'

"'Well, don't come any more. Keep away!' he snarled at me. The private policeman in gray came over, casual-like. St. Louis shook his fist at the manager and yelled: 'You ought to've known better, you poor boob, than to let this guy get into you. He's Livingston. You had your orders.'

"'Listen, you,' I said to the St. Louis man. 'This isn't St. Louis. You can't pull off any trick here, like your boss did with Belfast Bay.'

"'You keep away from this office! You can't trade here!' he yells.

"'If I can't trade here nobody else is going to,' I told him. 'You can't get away with that sort of stuff here.'

"Well, St. Louis changed his tune at once."

"'Look here, old boy,' he said, all fussed up, 'do us a favor. Be reasonable! You know we can't stand this every day. The old man's going to hit the ceiling when he hears who it was. Have a heart, Livingston!'

"'I'll go easy,' I promised.

"'Listen to reason, won't you? For the love of Pete, keep away! Give us a chance to get a good start. Will you?'

"'I don't want any of this high-and-mighty business the next time I come,' I said, and left him talking to the manager at the rate of a million a minute. I'd got some money out of them for the way they treated me in St. Louis. There wasn't any sense in my getting hot or trying to close them up. I went back to Fullerton's office and told McDevitt what had happened. Then I told him that if it was agreeable to him I'd like to have him go to Teller's place and begin trading in twenty or thirty share lots, to get them used to him. Then, the moment I saw a good chance to clean up big, I'd telephone him."

Teller Trimmed Again

"I gave McDevitt a thousand dollars and he went to Hoboken and did as I told him. He got to be one of the regulars. Then one day when I thought I saw a break impending I slipped Mac the word and he sold all they'd let him. I cleared twenty-eight hundred dollars that day, after giving Mac his rake-off and paying expenses, and I suspect Mac put down a little bet of his own besides. Less than a month after that, Teller closed his Hoboken branch. The police got busy. And, anyhow, it didn't pay, though I only traded there twice. We ran into a crazy bull market when stocks didn't react enough to wipe out even the one-point margins, and, of course, all the customers were bulls and winning and pyramiding. No end of bucket shops busted all over the country.

"That was the last time I traded in a regular bucket shop. I don't suppose there is one shop in operation anywhere today; not the old-fashioned kind."

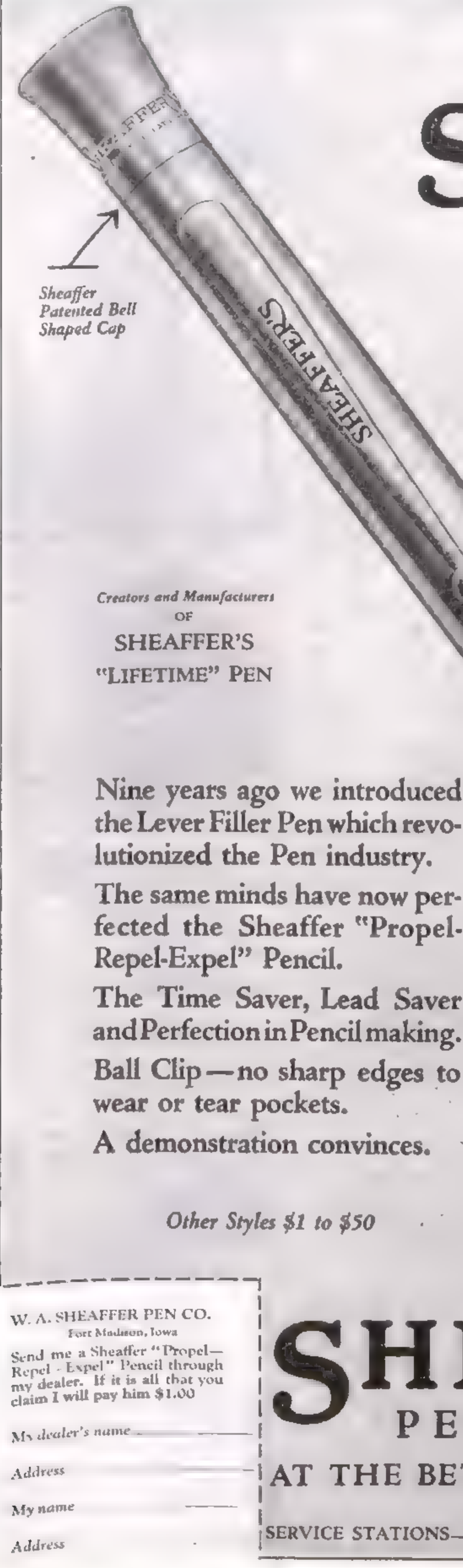
"Their game has changed," I said to Livingston. "Trading in the old-fashioned bucket shop had some decided advantages over speculating in a reputable broker's office. For one thing, the automatic closing out of your trade when the margin reached the exhaustion point was the best kind of stop-loss order. You couldn't get stung for more than you had put up, and there was no danger of rotten execution of orders, and so on. Here in New York the shops never were as liberal with their patrons as I've heard they were in the West. Here they used to limit the possible profit on certain stocks of the football order to two points. Sugar and Tennessee Coal and Iron were among these. No matter if they moved ten points in ten minutes you could only make two on one ticket. They figured that otherwise the customer was getting too big odds; he stood to lose one dollar and to make ten. And then there were times when all the shops, including the biggest, refused to take orders on certain stocks. In 1900, on the day before Election Day, when it was a foregone conclusion that McKinley would win, not a shop in the land let his customers buy stocks. The election odds were 3 to 1 on McKinley. By buying stocks on Monday you stood to make from three to six points or more. A man could bet on Bryan and buy stocks and make sure money. The bucket shops refused orders that day."

"They refused mine all the time," said Livingston. "If it hadn't been for that I never would have stopped trading in them. And then I never would have learned that there was much more to the game of stock speculation than to play for fluctuations of a few points."

"They did you a good turn, then," I said.

But Livingston merely shrugged his shoulders, as I looked about the sumptuous room.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Lefèvre. The next will appear in an early issue.



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SECRET MOVEMENTS

(Continued from Page 9)

with the Russian. He must look sad and innocent himself, and hold them there until their train went out—encouraging this Twohey's talking. And then when once those two pulled out he could have the Russian there to himself—and smash him alone and peaceful! "What will they," he says, "be founded on?"

"What are the big secret radical leaders striving to do now," he says back—"in the first place?"

"You tell me," says Mike, still making talk. "What are they?"

"They're bringing in and starting up the new wise and universal labor ideas that they've worked out in Europe here."

"I seen so," says Mike.

"And would you know," he says, leaning forward and engaging still more earnest Mike's eye with his own—"would you know what the new leaders of this all must do to bring this advanced, united and well-considered labor movement in Europe here into this barbarous, backward and degraded situation here?"

"I would," says Mike.

"They'll move, you might say, Europe here!"

"Move Europe here—with what?" says Mike.

"It's here to-day, ain't it?" he says. "All over—in the minds of the European worker that's everywhere in this country today. That's doing all the work—the real actual hard work and producing of this country."

"The poor scissor-bills!" says Mike.

"Call them what you will," he says. "In scorn or carelessness or contempt! But they are the real downright actual producers—that create by their labor all we have. The real bed-rock protelariat."

"The protelariat?" says Mike after him.

"As they call the real worker—those wise theoretic boys that have it all figured out over there," says Twohey, going on. "And you can say what you want, it's them and their labor that everything is built up on. And they're just the boys that are wise to that fact to-day—coming over like they do, from Italy and Russia and the new Polak kingdom, with their grand new modern education on such things that they are getting all over now in Europe—how we workers have got to be all bound up together in one grand central mass of the toilers.

"And so, as I was telling you," he says, "that's the guy that these great, still, wise leaders are starting in with here as elsewhere—founding the new labor movement on the great knowledge and hopes and understandings of the grand, noble, humble, strong European worker that's come over here. It's the foreign European toiler that we all ——" he says, and stopped.

For all at oncet there was this strange and unusual noise—a sound between a grunt and a groan—that stopped in a kind of a cough. And they both had to look around.

"My foot slipped," said the Wobbly, his face red and fiery—and kind of mad looking. "My foot slipped when I was crossing my legs, and I guess I must have kicked him. But I guess there wasn't no great harm done, was there, Hunkie?"

"No," says the Hunk. "No hurt me!" And he turned and looked outside again—only flattened up against the window now, more out of his reach.

"Oh, that was all, huh?" says this Twohey, starting up and going on again. But Slattery seen him give a dark and warning glance at the Wobbly. And then he went on to talk some more in that fine, polite, pleasing way he had—and Mike helping on, even more polite than him.

"And now," he says to Slattery, "would you know the real, honest-to-goodness dope on the new secret way these wise new leaders of labor are framing up underneath in this country everywhere—in all these labor troubles you see about in the papers now to take charge of this old dying rotten carcass of the old federation, and the rest of the dying old crafts unions here—and put it onto the new modern organization of labor by industries and countries and the world—where the toiler, instead of always getting it in the neck, has all the say-so?"

"I would," says Mike.

"You've heard of them radical clothing workers of New York and Rochester and Chicago and elsewhere?"

"I dunno but I have," says Mike.

"All Russian Jews and Italians—full of them grand new Russian and Italian plans for the workers. With the wisest and most farseeing leaders in the country, winning strikes when all the others lose them. And all organized, and hooked in like brothers, way down underneath, with the leaders of the great new ruling protelariat in Russia. And all organized and constructed in the way they've worked out there—by industries and countries—so that when the day comes to take all over for the workers they'll be there in sections—all ready to be hitched together like a train of cars, to one grand and universal world movement of the toilers, by a few known and simple commands."

"So them's the ones?" says Mike, pushing him on, and still watching back behind him when he could.

"That's the chief, strong, practical starting point," he says, and Slattery thought he seen with the corner of his eye the Wobbly look back quick and ugly when he said it. "That's the place where all them educating, driving movements are coming out from, secret—the East Side of New York.

"And from this place just lately the bright enduring flame of revolt is spreading in the new radical textile workers' movement that's bursting forth now in all them old baronies and tyrannies and hell holes for the foreign European workers in them New England factory towns."

"Are they all Hunks and Dagos there, as well?" says Mike.

"They are," he says, "and they're in touch all the time with them clothing workers in New York, who were, in fact, the ones that organized them first."

"Then it all goes back there into New York?"

"Yes. The real practical place—where they've got the real money and the backing, and the connection back in with Russia, and the push and enterprise to go ahead. And it's from there that this new boring-in thing of this Foster you was asking about first, is starting really—this educating and boring-in plan in the federation and brotherhoods, which is all working on the European toiler."

"Its headquarters," says Mike, "they claim, is Chicago."

"Yes, but it's started and backed up elsewhere. You know who it was that backed this man Foster up most in organizing the European workers in the great steel strike?"

"Who was it?" says Mike. "The other unions in the federation?"

"It was not," he says. "They never come across one-half so much and so hearty as these radical clothing workers back there in New York. Why should they, when the bunch at the head—Sammy Gompers and the rest—knew they were done for if it once got going: that it was only the same plan of boring in underneath with the low-paid European worker that's going on now, and that the Soviet of Russia leaders were all the time planning for.

"And naturally on the other side—working for the idea, just as they are to-day—were the farseeing workers for the new industrial unionism, working with the trained, educated, understanding toiler from Europe. For, as I was telling you," he says, "it's all founded on the grand, noble, patient, understanding European toiler, that we're learning every day now to know and appreciate and look up to more. The grand, noble, patient protelariat," he says—and stopped again.

For at that both him and Mike gave a quick sudden jump, for there was another strange unearthly sound out of the Russian—not loud, neither, but kind of deep and terrible, as if it was knocked out of something, like when you hear them killing cattle with an ax.

"It's my foot slipping again," says the Wobbly, right away without waiting. "It must be something on the soles."

"You should have gone to dancing school more when you was young," says the other brakeman, sarcastic, giving him a short and evil look, "and got trained so you'd be safer with your feet."

"You'd think so if I handed you one of them!" says the Wobbly, giving back as ugly a look as he got.

And Slattery saw it with great joy, for it was clear to him now that they were on the

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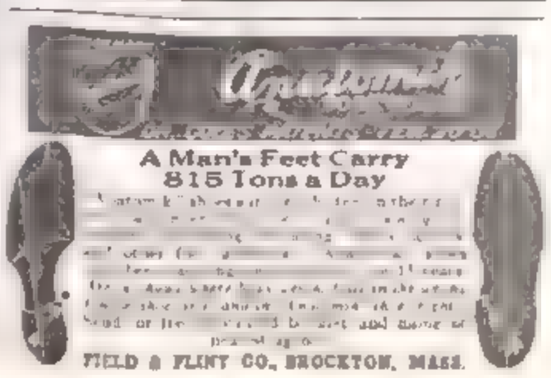

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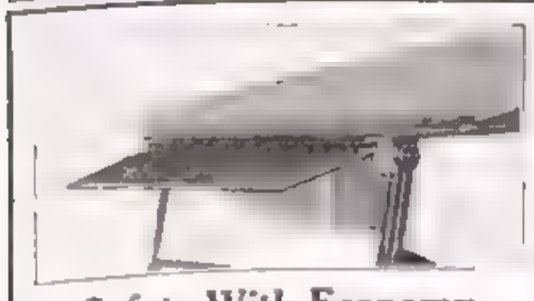

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edge of a break-up between them—if the patient Russian would hang on still. And he thought he would, for he stood there still at the window, with that sad, puzzled, suspicious look these Hunkies have on their foreheads, and his little eyes staring far away as if he never heard nor understood nor thought about a thing that was being said.

"Yes," says Mike, keeping them on talking, not wanting them to come to any real actual mix-up there before their train pulled out. "Yes," he says. "But what show have they got with all these schemes you're mentioning?"

"They've got all the show there is, ain't they?" he says, turning his eyes back and starting in all over again with his explaining and his blandandering with Mike.

"Is that your opinion?" says Mike.

"It is," he says. "And for many reasons. For in the first place you see now how still and quiet it's all going through today, hid beneath the general contempt and carelessness of the enemies of labor. For the fat bourjaws at the head of capital in America, and their paid, pampered and prostitute press are all passing up the movement in ignorant and foolish and studied silence, while underneath the still, sure, secret forces of the revolution are eating on at the federation and the brotherhoods and all like that till their foundations are all hollowed out underneath them."

"You don't tell me," says Mike, more wishful than ever to keep him going.

"I do," he says. "Although any fool who's studied as much history as you'll find in the almanac knows that radical movements start all over after wars—for ten years, anyhow, like they did in this here country after the Civil War, all through the '70's, romping and raging among all the workers."

"So I seen once in a paper," says Mike, urging him on and on, taking up the time.

"Yes," he says. "Only now it will be far different from the '70's. For the world has moved on since that time, and capitalism has grown rottener and rottener and riper for its doom; and we are today not a nation of ignorant bourjaws and poor pioneer peasants, but of educated, dissatisfied, class-conscious workers, growing more and more so under the leadership of men who have got their strings out now, and well and deeply laid among all the toiling millions—the 98.3 per cent that produce everything in America today and have it taken away from them by the 1.7 per cent."

And while he was saying this Mike shot another look behind him and seen them still there—the poor patient Russian standing staring off, and the other one sitting back, as if he was cursing under his breath, ready to give up the whole thing disgusted—and just smash him and go!

"Millions," this Twohey was going on, with his deep-down explaining. "More and more millions—all getting more together and united every day."

"Do you mean it?" says Slattery.

"I do," he says. "And you can count them. Starting, where you should start, with the foreign European radical, outside the old-time labor unions entirely. Taking the clothing trade and the textile workers and all like that—the real European industrial type union! And there's one million, without a doubt."

"So much as that?" says Mike.

"Or will be soon," he says, going on. "And from there you come into the federation, through the mine workers, by far the biggest union there—practically all foreign radicals, and organized already the right way, as an industry—and not split up into crafts. And bound, just as soon as they can get loose from the wiles and tricks of them central politicians, to run free and wild and radical. And that's another half a million. Yes—and more!"

"It is?" says Slattery.

"Yes. And with them the railroad unions and the federation—who are tuned up in just about the same way. And that's a half a million and over, more."

"Is it?" says Mike.

"It is. And with the machinists, and the federation clothing workers and the others that are radical and modern in thought, they're easy a majority of the American Federation of Labor, which they'll make short work of controlling, as soon as this Foster and his borers-in shows and educates them how to handle them political tricksters in control there now with their own tricks."

"I believe you," says Mike.

"So there's the federation," he says. "And that's four million more, they claim. Or put it three and a half—for sake of being conservative."

"Sure," says Mike.

"And then next, when that's done," he says, "them railroad brotherhoods will fall into line—all smooth and easy. And there's two million or so more."

"Making seven, about, in all," says Slattery.

"Yes," he says, now growing warmer and more enthusiastic as his millions came rolling in. "And from there we will go on into all those great unorganized millions that have never come in, and never will like it was in England—till we give up the old out-of-date idea, and give them a modern union organization that's worthy of the name."

"So there's ten or twelve million more," says Mike, helping him out.

"Twenty at the least," he says, "if we go by England. And if you go by Germany, twenty-five. Twenty-five millions—or more," he says—"all bound up and united," he says, and stopped again a third time. For there was another sudden thump and a groan, followed by a kind of clank. And looking over, Mike seen what had happened. The Wobbly had taken his old hickory brake club, that he'd had lying by his chair, and thrown it at the Russian, ugly and disgusted, taking him fair in the back.

"Say—what is this?" says the other shack, ugly and insulting.

"Oh, nothing much," says the Wobbly in a kind of reckless careless voice. "I was just trying to see if it was alive. Some are and some ain't!"

And Slattery seen it was what he thought. He hadn't made no impression on the Hunk; he'd tried till he got tired out and disgusted. And he'd finally heaved his stick at him, and let it go at that.

But not a word out of the patient Russian toiler yet. He stood there, deaf and dumb. You couldn't get a sound out of him, probably, if you run him through a meat chopper, starting all the most sensitive parts first. He'd still stand there patient and humble and silent to the end.

"Twenty-five millions!" says Mike, starting keeping them moving on. "As much as that?"

"Twenty-five or more," says Twohey, talking on now at random like and kind of hoarse and downhearted—and giving one last warning look at the Wobbly to try once again. "Twenty-five million," he went rambling on, like a man who had got sick and worn out with talking, and was just shooting off from memory words he'd shot off many times before. "Twenty-five millions. All marshaled in and marching on under the grand old T. U. E. L."

"The T. U. E. L.?" says Mike. "What's that?"

"If you want to know," says the Wobbly, breaking in now, harsh and sneering, "it's a poor piffling piece of punk, like all the rest he was feeding you—about the sewer rats and the crawlers and the borers-in and the communists ever uniting up the workers of this country into one big union."

And Mike saw now finally it had come—what he had been waiting for from the first!

"Is that right?" says the borer-in, staring back at him, resolute and hard and bloodshot.

"It is," says the Wobbly. "As you'd know and admit if you ever read or thought anything half so sensible as a horse."

"I suppose you think," he came back, "it will be the I. W. W. that will be building it up."

"It will," he says, fierce and personal. "And long before Foster and his T. U. E. L. gets more members than can be counted by an idiot child of three."

"They're off!" says Mike to himself.

And now he slipped over to the top of the stairway—to head off the Russian from taking a sneak while all this was going on. For he seen he had them going now for good—starting in one of them old-time radical arguments over their letters and initials.

"What about the dying membership of the I. W. W. today?" says the borer-in.

"It's got twenty times what'll ever come in under this T. U. E. L. campaign," says the Wobbly, Smear.

"Hold! Wait!" says Mike. "What is this T. U. E. L.?"

"That's the poor fake and camouflage that this Foster and his Kikes and Wops are

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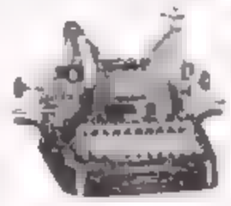

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working under," says Smear, the Wobbly, "handing themselves salaries for breathing. The Trade-Union Educational League, they call it, trying to put out this boring-in scheme under the general campaign of the R. T. U. I."

"Wait up!" says Mike. "What was that one you just got off?"

"The Red Trade-Union International," says the Wobbly; "that thing they cooked up over there last summer—to hitch the labor unions of the world back to the Comintern."

"The Comintern?" says Mike after him. And he seen the Russian now at the window turn and stare with the other brakeman.

"The Comintern, in Moscow, where they're uniting all the grand, strong, powerful trade-unions of Asia and Africa and Russia together—in the R. T. U. I., under the strong commanding right arm of the C. E. C."

"The C. E. C.?" says Mike after him. But he passed right on now, getting warmed and interested over his initials.

"Did you see that stuff the members of the P. P. W. I. U., No. 450, brought out," says the Wobbly, turning now straight and vicious on the borer, "about your band of murdering assassins? What Fellow Worker Williams had to report about that gathering of whiskers and sashes there in Moscow last July, when your poor silly R. T. U. I. was formed directly under the hand of the C. I.?"

"Hold! Wait!" says Mike. "Must you talk like two madmen learning shorthand? Let me in on this."

But they just passed along over him.

"I did not," says the borer-in, answering harsh and firm, "for I knew in advance what it would be. But did you read yourself what the Unity Bulletin had to say against Solidarity on the report of the Canadian O. B. U. delegates over there—and the grand world-wide work of the R. L. U. I.?"

"What nonsense is this?" says Mike to them, getting curious and then mad himself. "You sound like a manifest clerk reading the letters off of freight cars. For the love of heaven, talk slower and more in full."

But they whirled on regardless, scattering initials all over the place.

"I ask you this," says Twohey, the borer-in, of the Wobbly: "Did or did not the I. W. W. send a delegate to the preliminary session of the C. C. of the R. L. U. I.? And did or did not this first delegate subscribe to its theses?"

"More initials!" says Mike, standing at ease now—striving no more to follow on the different letters of the million or more of them radical societies, each one set to unite the workers of the world.

He stood now and listened to the initials rolling on—and watched them with the Russian. And after that he watched, cautious, the Russian himself—for fear he might take a notion to make a break while they were talking. And he seen then he wasn't intending to do so now, for he just stood there staring at the other two like those Hunkies do, still and quiet—with their little shifty eyes and their wrinkled-up foreheads and their little turned-up noses, with that still, suspicious, puzzled, sour look they have.

"The preliminary session of the C. C. of the R. L. U. I.," the Wobbly was saying. "Don't make me laugh!" he says.

"You'd think, I suppose," says the other one, "that the F. A. U. D. would unite them better. Or the F. R. A. U. D., as it should be spelled."

"I don't feed out of the hand of the Third anyway!" says the Wobbly, increasing the mysterious talk. "Nor the Two-and-a-Half. Nor any of them whiskered political bums—red or yellow. For they're all alike."

"You're an anarchosyndicalist!" says the borer-in. "And a decentralizer. And a dirty Wobbly yegg."

"You're a centrist and a chipmunk!" says the Wobbly back.

"And you're a separatist, and a defeatist! And a low-down dirty dualist!" says the borer-in.

"And you're a liquidater and a murderer of women. And an all-round maggot and cowardly sewer rat!" says the Wobbly.

"And you're full of the infantile sickness of leftism!" the other says, and stops for a minute, with Mike and the Russian staring.

"And as for the cowardly communists ever uniting anything," says the Wobbly, going on, "they can't crawl out of one of their underground dugouts where they live, and hold a gathering in one of the cellars or swamps or trees—or wherever they sneak off to meet in—but they split up into a few hundred more pieces—the C. P. and the C. P. of A. and the A. L. A. and the W. P. of A.—and the million more that have split off lately."

And Slattery gave a start now, for all at once he heard a grunt like, and looking up he seen the face of the Russian all lit up, with the puzzled wrinkles gone from his forehead—staring and opening his eyes as if he was going to butt in and speak, after all that silence.

"For the love of heaven," says Slattery to himself, watching him, "he understands this! This is the kind of language he can talk!"

"Unite the world!" the Wobbly now goes sneering on. "With the R. T. U. I., working under the C. E. C. and the Comintern? They couldn't unite a postage stamp to a letter."

And Mike looked back again, for he heard the Hunk give another fiercer grunt.

"They're torn up, among themselves, in Russia," says the Wobbly, "like a dog fight. The C. E. C. spend all their days after they've eaten up the food they've swiped from the famine districts—making plans and diagrams how to escape destruction from the S. R. and the R. C. and the A. S. and the W. O.—and all the rest of the real genuine revolutionists who pop their heads up everywhere now, and are on the eve of throwing over the educated goats in uniforms—the driveling, crazy tyrants of the C. E. C. and the seventeen P. C.'s."

"And the eighteen B. V. D.'s of the thirty-one Y. M. C. A.'s!" Mike was saying to himself, giving up listening to that crazy language that nobody understands anyway but a radical. He gave it up and was thinking instead what amusement he would have after the other overtalked their train time and left the still patient suffering Russian, with his three hundred dollars, to him. But then he gave his third and highest jump, for all at once he heard the Russian hollering, breaking in, frothing at the mouth.

"Liar!" he says. "Dog! Little hen! The S. R. and the W. O. all bad mens, in Russia! All bad mens! Ve shoot—ve kill them all!" he says, raising up his arms.

"Will you listen to this?" says the Wobbly, staring. "The dead can talk!"

"The C. E. C. and the C. P. C. all good mens. All good for other good mens of Russia," he yells, and brings down his both arms again, and goes on raving and roaring.

But, after this, Slattery wasn't listening.

"Saints reward us!" he says of a sudden to himself.

For when the Russian's arms come down he heard something soft fall, and looking down he seen his old smooth wallet go rolling down the stairs where he was standing. The Hunk had it poked in kind of hasty somewhere in his overalls, no doubt; and now when he got excited over the revolution he'd shaken it loose some way—and out upon the floor.

There was a kind of wooden fence around the top of the stairway to protect it; and Mike ducked down underneath and grabbed his wallet, and opened it, all unseen. And the three hundred was all there! And then he ducked up again and watched them—and they were still raving and roaring and bawling out their initials, especially the Russian, for they couldn't stop him now.

"In Russia—in my peoples—all go good to-day. The C. E. C.'s all good mens! Oh—all fine! Oh—all grand! Oh—all good!" he was hollering, waving his arms around. And the other two trying to choke him off—and not able to!

"Shall I hold him here," says Mike, considering, "till the others go, and beat him up? For he certainly should have it."

And then he smiled, for he seen the better way.

"Say," he says, jumping in suddenly at the Russian. "What do you think I'm going to do—stay here till night listening to you bellowing and bawling and praising up the alphabet? Get out of here, you wild, crazy scissor-bill!" And taking him he gave him a shove down the stairs.

And when he done so, and he went banging down, he seen the other two stop their jawing away at once, and give a quick still look at one another—as he had expected that they would.

"Well, so long!" says the two shacks both together.

And with no more words they slipped down the tower stairs and outside. And

(Continued on Page 112)

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(Continued from Page 110)

Slattery stood watching around the corner of the window. The Russian was going on ahead—walking fast and straight. And then the two came out, and the Wobbly started hollering at him, and the trainman stopped him, glancing up at the window where Mike stood and looked down at them. And then they started on after the scissor-bill, walking very fast and stiff, but never running, for fear, no doubt, that Mike might notice them and remember when he finally found out that he'd been trimmed. And on ahead the Russian was walking, fast and stiff as well, but never running neither—no doubt with the same idea in his nut. And so, not speaking a word, they walked up to the siding across the road till the Russian, looking around quick, jumped in back of the freight train finally, and out of sight; and the other two after him, darting in just like he did, when they got up to the cover of the cars.

"Secret movements," says Mike to himself, standing wondering what they'd do to him and to one another when they got to him and found what they were going after wasn't there.

He wondered after the train pulled out—for he seen them no more—and all that night about it, until the next day—when he run across the conductor of the local freight on the street in the morning—and he seemed quite excited.

"Say, Mike," says the man, "what was going on yesterday over in the tower?"

"I dunno," says Mike. "What was?"

"Say, listen," he says. "I seen something I never seen before."

"What was that?" says Slattery.

"A silent, speechless fight," he says.

"Go on," says Mike. "Tell me about it."

So he done so.

"I was sitting there," he says, "in the caboose, waiting for them to patch up that driving rod—all alone, for the shacks were out somewheres; I thought, over with you in the tower. And then I heard the sound of steps and I looks out, and there they was chasing one of them Russian trackwalkers up and down behind the train. And just when I looked they stopped short and hurled themselves together, right underneath me, without a word."

"Without one word?" says Mike.

"Nor a loud noise," he says. "You'd hear only the stifled sounds of straining and lifting and grunting and tearing."

"Is that right?" says Mike.

"Yes," he says. "A fight without one sound but grunting!"

"It must have been," says Mike. "There must have been some reason for it."

"There was, without a doubt," he says. "Some reason for keeping it still, and not drawing attention. But that wasn't all, nor the strangest of it!"

"What came next?" says Slattery.

"At first," he says, "they hurled themselves, the two shacks, upon the Hunk."

"And what did they do to him?" says Mike, expectant.

"They didn't do nothing," says the fellow. "It was the other way round. For after not more than three or four grunts the Russian had them down, and had snatched the brake stick from the Wobbly, who was carrying his, and was beating him something terrible."

"All in silence?" says Mike.

"Yes. But that wasn't the half of the mystery!"

"No?" says Slattery.

"Not half," he says. "For suddenly, in the midst of his pounding and beating them, for some reason the Russian stopped up short and put his right hand on his chest—as if he was looking for something he'd just thought of."

"Did he find it?" asks Mike.

"He did not," says the other man, "if actions are any guide. For all at once, after feeling once or twice, he jumps up and begins pawing himself all over—and up and down his legs—disregarding the other two and they both standing staring at him."

"I see," says Mike. "And what did they do—jump him again?"

"They did not—nor run—which is more surprising," says the man, "considering how much he'd banged and battered them. They stood there—all beaten up and torn to pieces, staring at him—kind of interested and anxious. And then they went in and helped him, patting him all over before and behind."

"And not a word yet?" says Mike.

"Not one," he says. "And he stood stock-still while they was doing it. But after that, when they didn't find it, whatever it was—he let out a low snarling, mooing sound, like a wild mad bull, only softer. And he come at them. And I almost mixed in then from where I was watching, concealed, around the corner of the car—for I feared murder."

"But there was not?" says Mike.

"No; for they signed to him they would do just what he wanted."

"And what did he want?" says Mike.

"He wanted to search them, it seems, like they did him."

"And did he?"

"Did he?" says the conductor. "To the taking off of most they had on!"

"And did they find it yet—whatever it was?"

"They did not," he says. "Though they searched each other persistent and suspicious. And then after that they went searching up and down the track behind the freight train where they had been running. And when they found nothing yet, it looked terrible bad. For they all stood off and glared, each suspicious at the other. And all at once the Russian came charging after them again like a mad, roaring lunatic. And the two came jumping into the front end of the caboose, carrying their shoes and pants with them, where he'd made them strip them off for searching purposes."

"And did he come on after them—the Russian?" says Mike.

"He did, yes; up to the door," says the conductor. "Till he seen me! And then he took a sneak—as if I'd had a gun on me—scared, it looked like, to have me just see him there. And there was nothing out of the shacks neither—not a word. They won't explain nothing—except they got arguing and fighting with the Russian."

"And what did you say to that?" Mike asked him.

"'Do you always fight,' I says, 'with your shoes and trousers off?'"

"It must have been a hot fight!" says Mike.

"It was," says the conductor. "Both hot and mysterious. And for my part, I have no clew to it."

"I have," says Mike. "They was over in my place jawing and arguing just before. In one of them radical jawing matches."

"They was?" says the conductor. "Then probably you know what it was all about."

"I don't," says Mike. "Not unless it was one of these secret movements they have now all over—breaking out finally into open revolution."

"Revolution is the right word," says the conductor. "You'd think so if you'd seen them at the height of it!"

"Yes," says Mike, "without a doubt. That must be it. 'Twas the radical workers, probably, uniting and getting together in one mass, the way they're doing now, all up and down the known and civilized world."

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Everybody's Business

By FLOYD W. PARSONS

Retail Business Practices

A MAN'S success and position in life depend largely upon the character of those with whom he is most closely associated in his everyday work. The fellow who is satisfied to mix with second-raters will never climb to a high place in business, even though there is in him sufficient latent ability to handle successfully the bigger job. Many a natural-born athlete who might have become a great star on some famous varsity team has frittered away his time playing a mediocre game at some small college where he was not obliged to extend himself in order to be better than the average. Familiarity with inferiority tends to make a man inferior. Keen rivalry resulting from competition always brings out a person's best efforts. It has ever been true that men and women react to their environment.

Such were the remarks of the president of one of America's most successful commercial organizations.

Consistent with his expressed beliefs, this executive has surrounded himself with the best talent money can procure. It is his idea that the bigger the men around you the bigger you will be yourself; the more credit you give to others who work for you the more credit you will reflect upon yourself. As a result of such a policy, the corporation headed by this executive is a live organization with a managerial personnel noted for its originality, efficiency and initiative.

The president has never permitted his increasing responsibilities to isolate him and cause him to lose touch with his workers. He is opposed to long-distance rule, and with this thought in mind has two desks—one where he can devote a part of each day to working among his associates, and the other in a more secluded office where he can transact business or consider important matters without being disturbed. It is his belief that an executive benefits largely from close contact with the rank and file of his organization. Trying to manage a corporation without getting acquainted with the employes is like trying to operate an automobile on a country highway after dark with the lights out. The motorist may succeed in avoiding a ditch, but it is certain that he won't travel very fast.

This president makes it a rule to limit all efforts toward expansion to the single line and style of business on which the corporation's success has been founded. Many failures have resulted from efforts on the part of a management to expand in such a way that it was necessary to transform the character of the business and largely eliminate the one feature which had provided the early profits.

One of his precepts is: "Don't devote tomorrow to hunting yesterday's mistakes. Finish each day the tasks set for that day, and see that the work has been done right, so that tomorrow has a clear field for its own jobs."

Ever since starting in business this successful executive has made it a daily practice to record each and every worthwhile idea gathered either from reading or from observation. First, he used only memorandum books, but now he employs an idea file which contains thoughts and clippings on various phases of business which may not be used for months or even years. Ideas that are worth little today may be lifesavers tomorrow. Workable ideas are the food of business, and it is well to keep the larder filled against days of emergency.

The president attributes such success as he has attained, first, to his plan of making prompt decisions so that the same matter will not come up twice; second, to his policy of transferring all minor and many major tasks to his able assistants; and third, to his practice of providing a personal schedule for each day's work, and then not permitting anything except a matter of vital importance to interfere with the carrying out of his prearranged schedule. He suggests that the way for anyone to discover just where and how he is burdened with unnecessary work is to sit down each morning for a week or more and prepare a daily schedule that divides up the person's time. No one can work effectively in a business that requires a frequent change of thought without paying close attention to a fixed schedule and its relation to the minutes on the clock.

It was my privilege to observe some of the practices used in the different departments of the organization. Of much interest were the methods employed in fixing the limits of credit for customers and the collection of accounts. From five to twenty per cent of the capital of every big retail corporation is tied up in accounts receivable. For this reason the credit man of the large commercial organizations today is a most important individual. In this particular business the credit man is charged with collecting never less than sixty-five per cent of the outstanding accounts each month. Experience has shown that the earlier the bills are got out the greater the percentage of accounts collected. It is quite important to have your bills first in the hands of the debtors. On the other hand, it is not advisable to close the month's account before the last day of the month.

Much care is exercised in extending the proper amount of credit to new customers. In sizing up a man's qualifications as a credit risk the individual's character and ability are placed before money. In fixing the limit of the risk the credit man bases his decision on the three C's—character, capacity and capital. A customer may have both capacity and capital, but if he lacks character there is no certainty that he will pay. When character and capacity or ability are present, even though capital is lacking, the risk is a good one, for the man can create capital through his capacity, and his character will cause him to pay his obligations.

The method followed by this particular company is rather unusual. The name of each customer is written on a card, and the cards are placed in visible files. The limit of the credit allowed each customer is pasted on the card, and is indicated by a colored disk. A blue disk on the card means that the customer's credit is limited at twenty-five dollars; black indicates a credit of seventy-five dollars; yellow indicates one hundred and fifty dollars; and green, three hundred dollars and up. When the card contains a red disk it signifies that the account is closed. The authorizers are furnished with five rubber stamps, and by means of these stamps every charge ticket bears a notice of the account's limit. All bills are posted daily, and it is therefore easy for a biller to note when a limit of credit has been exceeded by any customer. Whenever an account has passed the limit of risk the matter is brought to the attention of the credit manager, and he either O. K.'s the enlarged credit risk or sends a polite letter to the customer asking that the account be reduced before any further purchases are made. The letter also suggests that the company would be pleased to review information that might lead to the extension of the credit limit. The credit man always endeavors to meet new customers personally and form his opinions first-hand. He also bears in mind at all times that credit customers are more critical than cash customers.

In collecting money the entire effort is based on courtesy and human interest. The practice is followed of having a definite understanding with each customer at the time the credit is extended as to when the account is to be paid. Under a new plan recently inaugurated each customer is asked to sign the sales check at the time of making a purchase. No accounts are permitted to drag along. The first collection letter is signed only with the firm name, for the oversensitive customer is likely to hold the signer of a collection letter personally responsible if he thinks the letter carries a sting. Each individual account is handled on its merits. Threats are never resorted to in the first two letters. The language used is cordial, and an attempt is made to point out to the customer the fairness and liberality of the house, at the same time indicating the necessity of the company paying strict observance to a fixed system. When a customer replies to a collection letter, and promises to pay on a certain date, the credit department immediately acknowledges this letter, mentioning and thus confirming the customer's promise to settle. Form letters are never used, for

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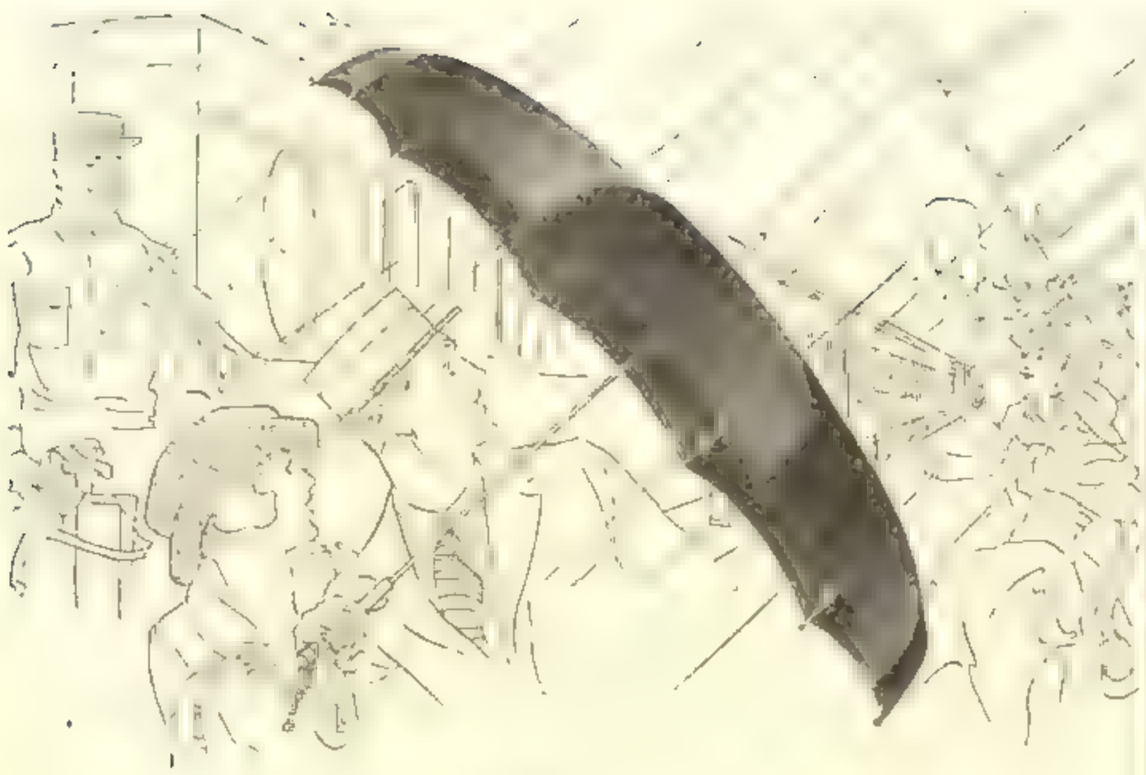

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such a practice indicates plainly to the customer that the company has many unpaid accounts. A personal collection note rather implies that all other customers pay up promptly. None of the letters sent out by the credit man ask for a remittance by return mail, but on the other hand always state a specified day or date.

It is also the policy of the company to avoid conveying the impression that payment is requested because the concern is temporarily in need of money. When the debtor gets a letter basing the request for payment on the needs of the concern, even though he pays the bill, he will likely wait again before paying subsequent bills to see if the company is similarly situated. Collection letters should always be based on the mutual obligation stipulated in the preliminary sales agreement. Under no circumstances is it advisable to be apologetic in asking for the settlement of an account. Collection letters can be specific and dignified, while at the same time containing subject matter that is worded diplomatically.

Considerable success has followed the careful use of the telephone in collecting accounts that are two months or more overdue. Most people like to be considered busy, so the telephone call is based on the assumption that the delinquent's neglect to settle the bill has resulted from his preoccupation with other matters. All excuses offered are carefully investigated, and when an untruth is discovered forceful action is taken.

The fundamental thoughts borne in mind in writing collection letters are: Arouse interest and compel attention; impel to prompt action; make it easy to remit. In order to effect the last-mentioned object, the company recently adopted a plan of having a check form at the bottom of each collection letter with the exception of the first note mailed the customer. The idea is that the check will be filled in with the amount due, and the debtor will write the name of his bank in the blank space reserved for this purpose on the check. While the plan has brought fair returns in the way of remittances, it is said to have benefited the company to an even greater extent by creating a definite impulse in the mind of the customer to pay the bill.

The company's selling methods are right up to the minute, and are ever being revised in accordance with the newest thought on the subject. The concern, of course, has one absolutely fixed price for each article. Whenever a sale is inaugurated to reduce or clear out a line the advertised reductions are bona fide. It is the policy of the company to refuse to handle any line of goods which bears a stamp or carries a name that is likely to mislead the purchaser. For instance, the company refuses to handle a shoe that is machine-made and yet bears the stamp "Bench Made." All the salespeople have been carefully taught that the important thing to bear in mind is not the matter of the sale, but what the article will do after it is sold. A small sale will often hold within it the opportunity for many more sales, while if care is not exercised a large sale may be made and, because the goods fail to give satisfaction, what might have been a permanent and profitable customer is lost. Under no circumstances should anyone be provided with a reason to say truthfully that the company fails to stand behind its goods.

Among other things, the company takes orders for goods over the telephone after hours. Customers reading the concern's advertisements in the evening papers and wishing to purchase certain articles without having to visit the store the next day can telephone the orders up until ten o'clock in the evening and rest assured that the goods will be delivered to them probably the next morning, and certainly during the day. In nearly all cases women are employed to sell to women and men sell to men. The men's clothing department has taken a leaf out of the book of experience in selling women's clothes, and now uses five models to display men's and boys' styles in overcoats, hats, suits, and the like. One selling rule in practically all departments is to describe each article as far as possible before showing it to the customer. The idea is that the word description makes a verbal appeal to the mind, thus creating a mental impression making it easier to sell the goods when once they are brought to view. Experience has shown that the mind acts more quickly and affirmatively in response to the ear than to the eye. It's the old game—describe first and sell afterwards.

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Bon Ami

for white shoes, etc.

HOW clean and snowy-white they look! And just a few minutes ago they were gray and soiled. There's nothing like Bon Ami for cleaning white shoes—all kinds except kid.

Put it on with a wet brush—not too wet—then rub it off when dry—and every speck of dirt and grass stain disappears.

Bon Ami *absorbs* the dirt. It doesn't paint it over with a thick, chalky coating, and it doesn't fill up the seams.

When the original white has worn off, avoid the pasty look by cleaning your shoes with Bon Ami before applying a whitener.

Bon Ami has many uses—read the list opposite.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

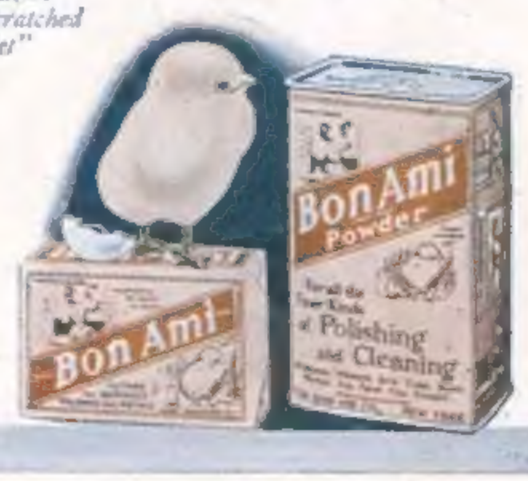
Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing

Bathtubs	Windows
Fine Kitchen Utensils	Mirrors
White Woodwork	Tiling
Aluminum Ware	White Shoes
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware	The Hands
Glass Baking Dishes	Linoleum and Congoleum

Cake or Powder

whichever you prefer

"Hasn't Scratched Yet"



Do you want your teeth to ache and get ugly?

Proper care now will save you from this spectre of the future.

You may not realize it, but the chances are that "Acid-Mouth," a frequent cause of decay, is already at work on your teeth, eating into them slowly but persistently.

Nineteen out of every twenty persons are said to have "Acid-Mouth." And so you have a slim chance of being free from this condition—unless you do something to guard against it.

Pebeco is the tooth paste that counteracts "Acid-Mouth." Thousands of men and women use Pebeco night and morning to keep their teeth clean and sound and to check the destructive work of "Acid-Mouth."

In addition to protecting teeth against decay, Pebeco chases disagreeable tastes from the mouth, leaving a sense of refreshing cleanliness.

From the first to the last squeeze, Pebeco rolls out of the tube rich and creamy.

How to tell if you have "Acid-Mouth"

First, send for Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco

Then moisten a blue Litmus Test Paper on your tongue. If it turns pink, that indicates an acid condition in your mouth. Brush your teeth with Pebeco and make another test. The paper will not change color, thus demonstrating how Pebeco helps to counteract "Acid-Mouth."

Fill in the coupon now, enclose ten cents and mail to us at once. The Litmus Test Papers and big trial tube of Pebeco will be sent you immediately.

Lehn & Fink New York Inc.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
635 Greenwich Street, New York

Enclosed find 10 cents, for which please send me your Litmus Test Papers and large trial tube of Pebeco.

Name_____

Street and No._____

City or Town_____

State_____